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Should the Navy And the Air Force Merge?

By THOMAS K. FINLETTER

A NUN'S STORY:

I Was a Prisoner Of the Chinese Reds

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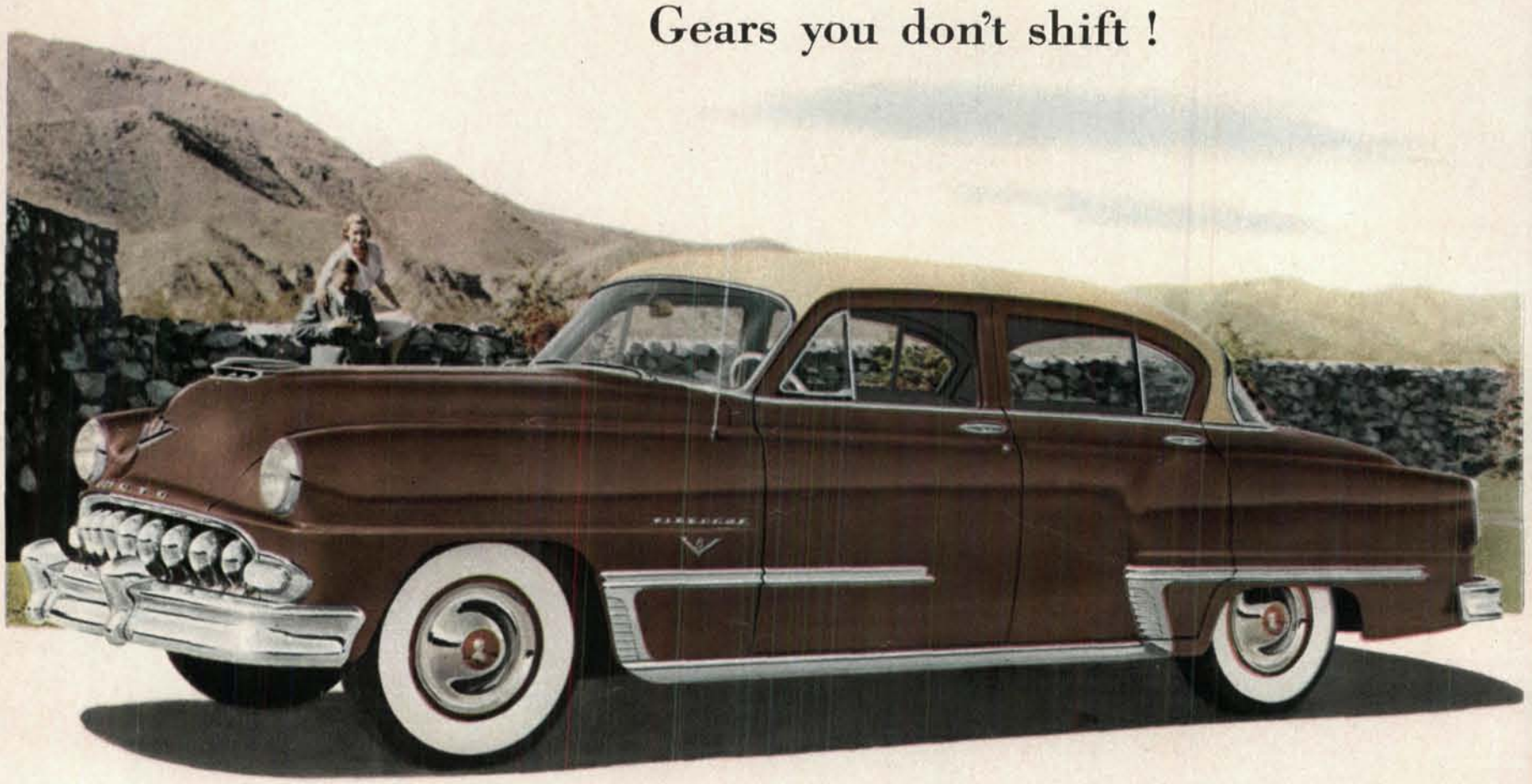

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

When we were young and short of cash (we're still short of cash), the gal didn't trudge to the filling station with us when the old bus ran out of gas. Actually, on most occasions, we and our date didn't care much about the sudden fuel shortage. But this couple looks so neat we figure they're on their way *to* a dance instead of *from* one; otherwise we don't dig the urgency of this emergency.

Week's Mail

Reversed Strategy

EDITOR: Being a Yankee fan from 'way back I enjoyed very much your article Casey Stengel—Good or Just Lucky? (March 28th). However, I believe the article was in error when it stated that Stengel is a devoted slave to the time-honored baseball theory that left-handers do not hit right-handers and vice versa!

Shouldn't it have said, instead, that the time-honored theory is that *left*-handers do not hit *left*-handers, and vice versa? J. F. SECURO, Bristol, R.I.

Mr. Securo has his time-honored theory on straight—the same theory, of course, that manager Stengel subscribes to. Sorry we slipped up on our managerial strategy.

I Was Called Subversive

EDITOR: Dorothy Frank's I Was Called Subversive (March 28th) soberly documents a record of disturbingly anti-American attacks on freedom to teach. Even if the superpatriots in Los Angeles don't realize it, Mrs. Frank's sturdy fight for UNESCO is in the interest of the finest kind of anti-Communist achievement.

I hope that the Los Angeles schools will take steps soon to restore the right to teach the facts of UNESCO, and thus help to make sure—in Paul Hoffman's words—that we have "no Iron Curtain within these United States against freedom of inquiry, freedom of discussion and freedom of debate."

CARLTON F. WELLS, Ann Arbor, Mich.

. . . COURAGE TO SPEAK OUT AGAINST THE PRESENT MARCH TO THE FAR RIGHT IS SELDOM SEEN OR HEARD FROM LARGE PUBLISHERS TODAY. THANK GOD AND COLLIER'S FOR THE ARTICLE ON UNESCO AND THE UN.

JOHN LESPERANCE, Inglewood, Cal.

. . . I would like to express both my commendation and appreciation for the article by Dorothy Frank.

The people that Mrs. Frank told about who have worked against UNESCO and other phases of the school program make it very difficult for anyone on the other side of the situation to be heard, because of the constant interruptions and heckling. Your magazine has made it possible for thousands of citizens to get this side of the story without such interruption. C. C. TRILLINGHAM, Superintendent of Schools, Los Angeles, Cal.

. . . I commend Dorothy Frank for her courage and sacrificing energy and you for your strength to print the truth in this struggle against what appears to be

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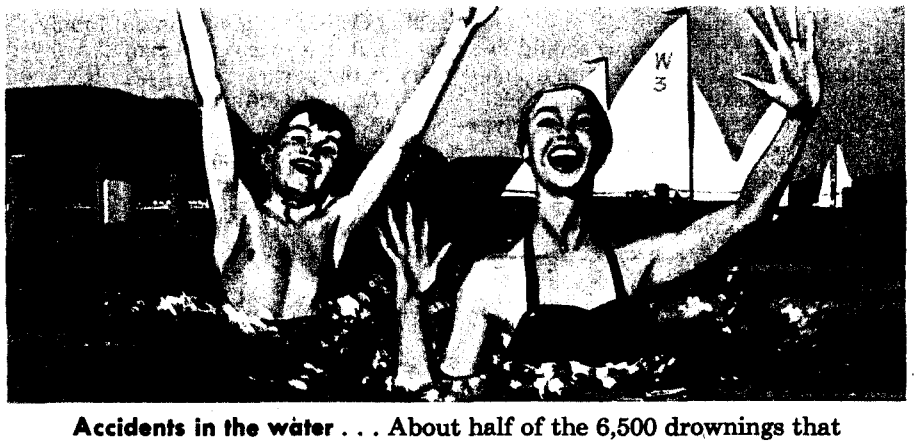
How to enjoy a Safe Vacation

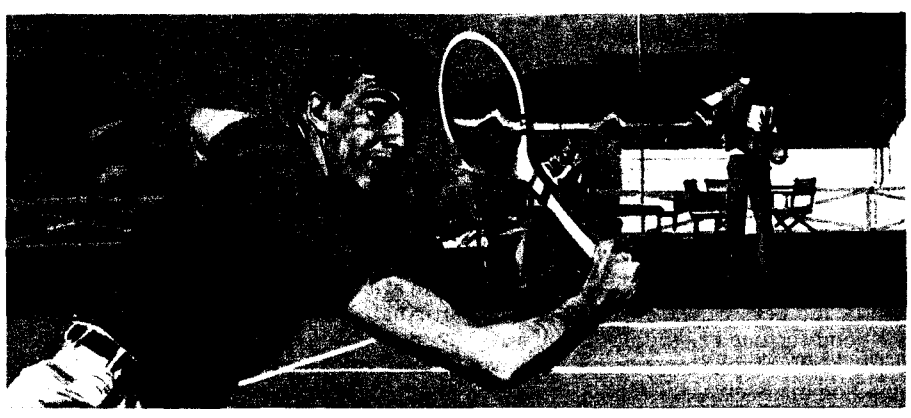
Millions of Americans are now looking forward to their vacations and the good times they will have . . . relaxing on sunswept ocean shores, camping in cool mountain country, or fishing in clear blue lakes and streams.

No matter what point of the compass lures you, there are many things that you can do to make your vacation happy, healthful, and safe. Indeed, you can make your *entire* summer more enjoyable if you plan now against the hazards of this season. Some of these hazards are listed below—with suggestions about how to guard against them or what to do if they should occur.

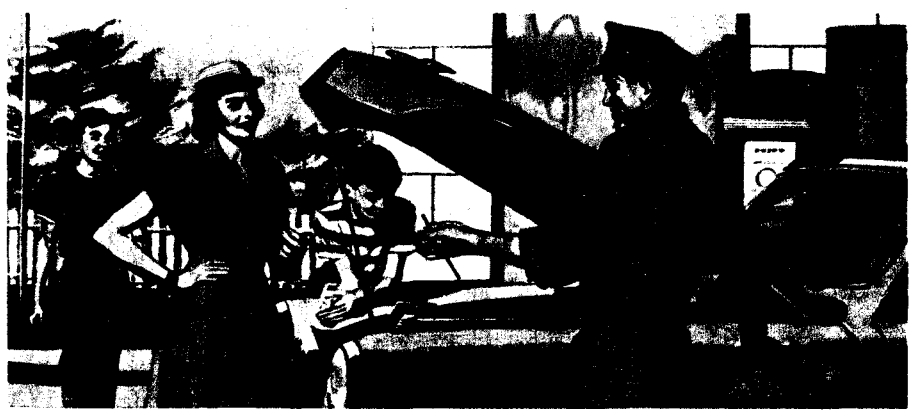


Accidents in the water . . . About half of the 6,500 drownings that take place each year occur during June, July, and August. Safety authorities say that many drownings could be prevented through these simple precautions: *never swim alone or when tired, overheated, or too soon after eating.* When trouble develops, keep calm. If a boat overturns, it is usually wise to stay with it until help arrives. Above all, learn how to give artificial respiration, and always observe safety rules posted on beaches.

Burns from the sun . . . Never over-expose yourself to the sun, especially during the hottest part of the day. Begin your tanning with brief periods, no more than 10 minutes the first day, with gradual increases thereafter. If long periods are spent in the sun, use a lotion or cream which may help to protect you. Apply it after each swim—and every two hours while sunning. Remember, too, that large doses of sunlight may temporarily lower keenness of vision—and make night driving dangerous. This hazard may be overcome by wearing fairly dark sun glasses during the day.

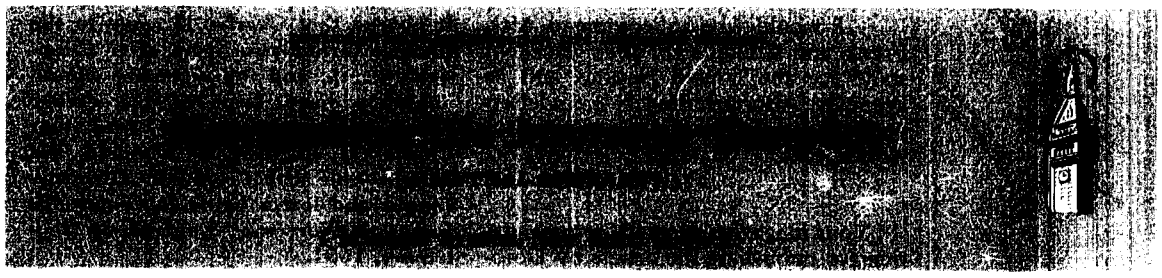


Injuries from outdoor activities . . . Over-stretching can *strain* a muscle. Should this occur, rest the muscle and apply heat. Should a sudden wrench *sprain* a joint, it is best to elevate it and use cold applications. Cover bruises with an ice bag or cold cloths. Cuts and scratches should be treated promptly with an antiseptic such as 2-percent solution of iodine. Always have *deep wounds* and other serious injuries treated by a doctor.



Hazards of the highway . . . Too often automobile accidents mar the family vacation. So, have your car thoroughly checked for safety before starting off. This means that particular attention should be given to the steering wheel, brakes, tires, lights, horn, windshield wipers and door locks. Drive at a safe speed, obey all traffic signals, and stop driving or rest whenever you feel fatigued. Remember, even if you are driving safely, watch out for other cars.

Moreover, it is wise not to try to crowd too much activity into too little time. Take it easy . . . if you want your vacation to give you that refreshed, rested and relaxed feeling. Finally, wherever you go—whatever you do—take along a newly stocked first-aid kit and a first-aid booklet. Metropolitan will be glad to send you a copy of its free booklet, which tells how to deal with many accidental injuries, emergencies and hazards of the summer and vacation season.



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only the beginning of an attack against our democratic educational system.
HARRIET TRONVIG, Santa Monica, Cal.

. . . I regret that I have had no particular interest in or knowledge of UNESCO or the E in it. I have tremendous interest in the right of every American to entertain and advocate his views about this or any program of the United Nations or the United States—and to do so without being called subversive. ROBERT M. HITCHCOCK, Buffalo, N.Y.

. . . I Was Called Subversive should be required reading for every parent and school administrator in the country. All too many of us believe, comfortably, that "this couldn't happen here." May this article open eyes and stir minds to action before it is too late!
KATHERINE W. FULTON, Seneca Falls, N.Y.

. . . I am writing to express my appreciation to Collier's for the true and vivid portrait of what happened here in southern California and to congratulate Mrs. Dorothy Frank for her gallant fight in behalf of UNESCO.
MRS. IRENE LAYMON, La Habra, Cal.

. . . Just so long as we have objective-thinking editors like yours to print such truthful material, just so long will bigotry be held in check.
ROBERT HIGGINS, Southampton, N.Y.

. . . Dorothy Frank's article in defense of herself is nothing but an insult to those who are diligently working to preserve America for Americans.
ALYNE CROUCH, Graham, Texas

. . . I'd like to congratulate Dorothy Frank for having the guts to stand up and be counted—and Collier's for publishing her story.
RICHARD KAPLAN, Flushing, N.Y.

. . . I feel that I must express my hearty congratulations to you for publishing one of the best articles that I have had the good fortune of reading. I congratulate Mrs. Frank for her courageous stand on the issue of the United Nations and UNESCO.
THEODORE PERGINS, Canton, Ohio

. . . Thoroughly as I disagree with the views of Mrs. Frank in her article I Was Called Subversive, I still agree with her right to express those views. Collier's is to be complimented on providing the medium.
ADMIRAL J. W. REEVES, JR., U.S. Navy (Ret.), Warrington, Fla.

. . . Congratulations to you, Collier's, for publishing the excellent article by Dorothy Frank. It should be required reading in every high-school and college history, civics and social studies course.
MIRIAM LOSH CHALFANT, Cincinnati, Ohio

. . . I would like to commend Mrs. Frank and Collier's for their excellent stand for the United Nations and its agencies. Although the UN is not letter-perfect, it is our only present hope for world peace. HAROLD E. ARNEY, JR., West Lafayette, Ind.

. . . Your magazine deserves commendation for publishing the article by Dorothy Frank. A matter of great civic and national importance was vividly presented toward an understanding of the forces at work in the UNESCO controversy. NORMAN L. SCHEINMAN, Los Angeles, Cal.

Still a Must

EDITOR: Every time I get sore at Collier's (I still believe that Truman was one of our greatest Presidents) along comes an editorial like It's Too Big for That, Men (March 28th). Then I realize that Collier's is a must in our family, just as it has been for many, many years in the past.
MEYER COHEN, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Beer-Can Rocket Ship

EDITOR: Thought you might be interested in this shot by our staff photographer, Bill Samaras. Collier's rocket-ship cover inspired this "reproduction," built by Robert Ruman, eleven, James Lay, twelve, and John Boggs, eleven. The components: beer cans, oilcans, fish cans, spark plugs, marbles, toothpicks, and a little bit of junk. Like Collier's original, this is a purely experimental model. BILL SCHLEMMER, Akron Beacon Journal, Akron, Ohio

Double Trouble

EDITOR: In his interesting article Royal Ravens (March 21st), Bill Stapleton states:

"They have inherited the prerogatives of a flock that lived there (the Tower of London) in the seventeenth century, when King Charles II was having trouble with Oliver Cromwell."

Methinks there's a slight mistake in that statement. If I recall my history correctly, Charles I lost his head to Cromwell, and after the death of the latter, Charles II was recalled to England to assume the throne. Therefore, how can Charles II have trouble with a dead man?
ALBERT HAUER, Miami, Fla.

It is true that Charles II came to the English throne two years after Cromwell's death, and the reference should doubtless have been to the earlier Charles. But it is also true that Charles II, as King of Scotland, *did* have trouble with Cromwell. His army fought and lost a battle to Cromwell's forces at Worcester, England, in September, 1651.

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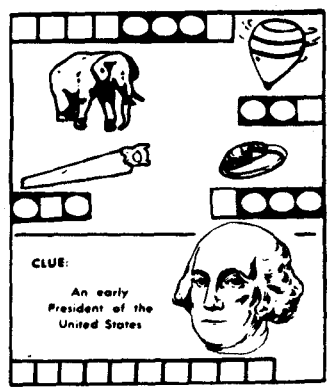
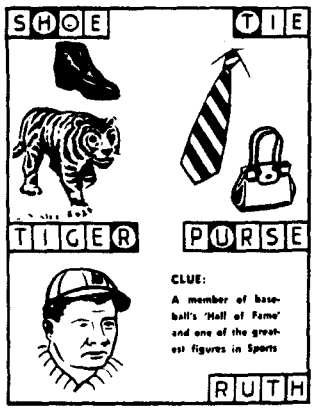
Thomas JEFFERSON — George WASHINGTON
Wm. H. HARRISON — Booth TARKINGTON



SAMPLE PUZZLE



The Solution is One of the Names Below:

Henry CLAY — Zane GREY
Babe RUTH — Aaron BURR

Note how we filled in the identification of each object pictured, with a word of as many letters as there are boxes in the diagram accompanying it: In the upper left we filled in the word SHOE, and then identified the upper right object as TIE. Then we filled in TIGER at the lower left and PURSE at the lower right.

Now observe that some of the letters in the names of those objects fell into boxes with a little circular frame inside. Those circled letters, when arranged into proper order, spell out the famous name we are looking for.

Here, for example, the four circled letters are H, T, R, U. So we run through the list of names printed with the puzzle and discover Babe RUTH, whose last name is the solution to this puzzle, and whose picture you see at the bottom.

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Try Solving Puzzles on This Page

In the meantime, look over the Sample Puzzle at the lower left. Note how we solved it and found the famous name it represents.

Then see if you can solve by yourself the Practice Puzzle printed above it. If you like the idea, remember that your ability at solving puzzles of this kind may bring you riches in this contest.

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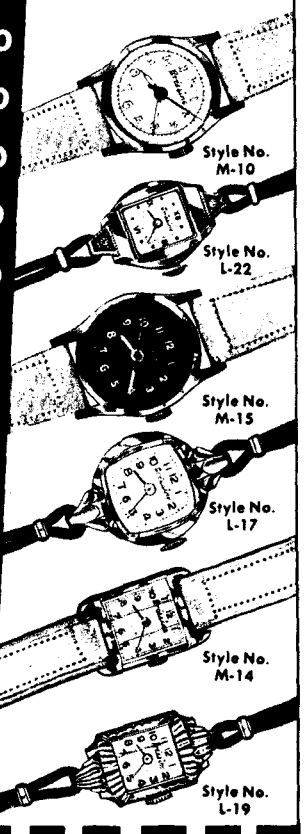

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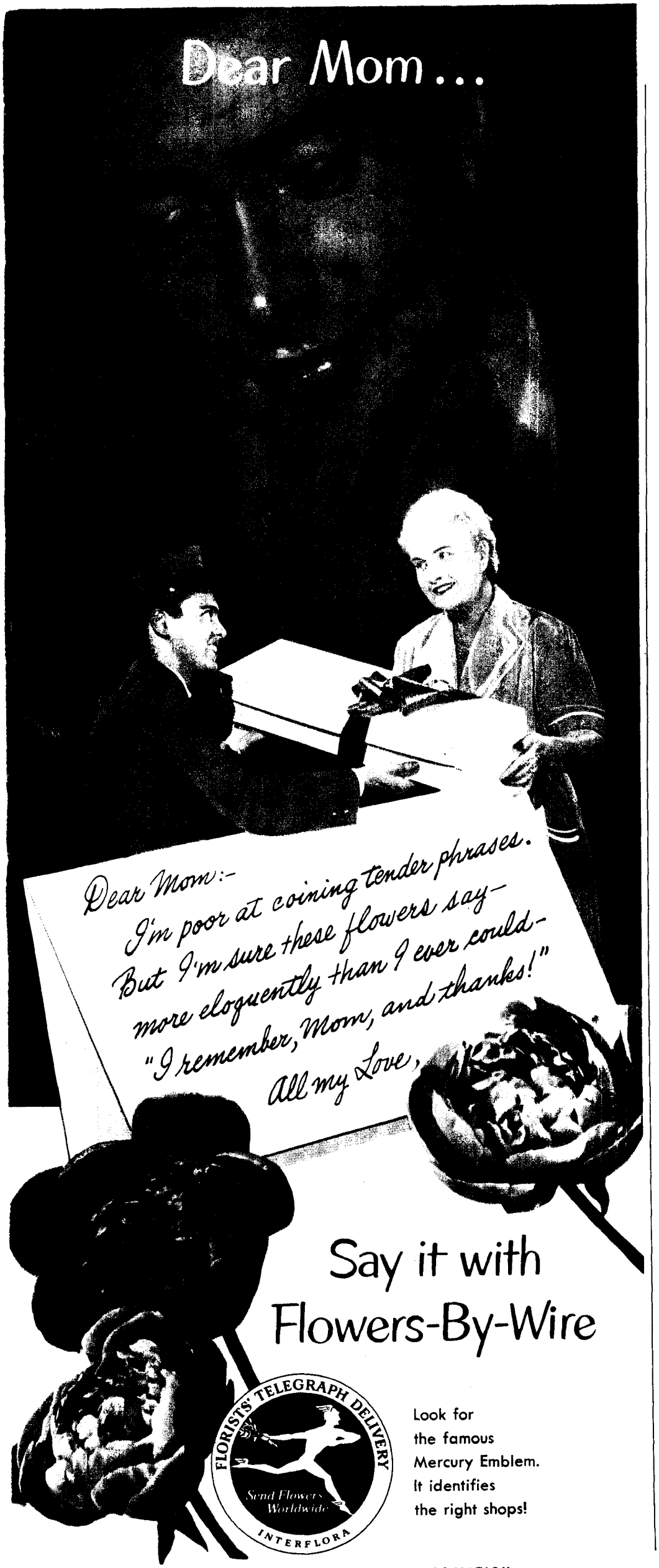


48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

A clergyman in Bangor, Maine, had preached a scorcher. After service, a lady shook his hand vigorously. "A wonderful sermon," she said. "Everything you said reminded me of some of my dearest friends."

★ ★ ★

Haven't had a chance to read this booklet from Fort Wayne, Indiana. It's the work of the Northeast Improvement

Association and its title confirms a suspicion we've had for some time. Title: Water Runs Down Hill.

★ ★ ★

When we get to Butte, Montana, Mr. Leon Radish is going to introduce us to a young lady who, while working out a problem in geometry with her right hand, simultaneously writes the solution with her left, either forward or backward. Same young lady is quite talented as a skater, Mr. Radish says. But at this she uses her feet.

★ ★ ★

Tourist season here again. The American Automobile Association tells us that before it's over this year 22,000,000 cars carrying 66,000,000 Americans will have rolled up and down these 48 states, snatching sleep in 45,000 motor courts and spending $9,240,000,000. Each car will roll an average of more than a hundred miles a day and be on the road 11 days. Sort of tires us out just writing about it.

★ ★ ★

Member of the Wisconsin legislature was telling a friend of ours why he is opposed to lowering the voting age to nineteen. Boys and girls of that age are too irresponsible, he said. "Many of them drive cars. That's bad enough without having them vote like they drive." So saying, he drove blithely through a red light.

★ ★ ★

By an overwhelming vote, the Colorado House of Representatives has killed a bill which would have made equal wages for women mandatory—equal with men's pay for equal work. One of the women members tried to say something in favor of the bill but was shouted down on the grounds that she was prejudiced.

★ ★ ★

In Chicago a gentleman was lamenting the marriage of his daughter to a guy who made only two thousand a year. Said he was particularly annoyed with her because he had spent twenty thousand on her education, hoping she'd be smarter. Friend of his asked him what he was kicking about. "That's ten per cent on your money, isn't it?" demanded the gentleman's friend. "Where can you do better?"

★ ★ ★

The answer to juvenile delinquency in Phoenix, Arizona, is YES. Several years ago a few teen-agers, braving the skeptical endorsement of city officials, organized themselves into a group known as the Youth Employment Service. Objective: to find jobs for boys and girls of high-school and college age. Since 1948, they have placed almost 5,000 youngsters, following up these placements with consultations with the employer and employed. Job applicants and holders talk more freely and frankly to YES than to their elders. And YES operatives, being of the same age, understand more readily. Incidentally, since YES was organized there has been a nice drop in petty theft and burglary in the city of Phoenix.

★ ★ ★

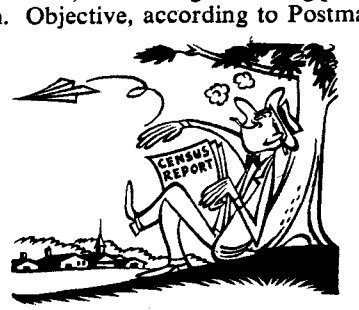
They're talking in Charlotte, North Carolina, about three new junior high schools. Each school would have a garage for bicycles, soda fountains, a greenhouse, a lounging room with fireplace, kitchens for student-teacher teas, and we don't know what all. Some agitation for TV sets beside the fireplaces. We hear, too, that space may be set aside for classrooms.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Ray Schneider, of St. Paul, Minnesota, knows a movie theater manager who wasn't at all peeved by what the newspaper said about his new picture: "This is definitely a waste of good film, without a doubt the worst picture of the year. See it at your own risk." So the theater manager quoted the newspaper review in his ad: "Good film. Picture of the year. See it."

★ ★ ★

Belcherville, Texas, hasn't been paying much attention to Washington's investigations. Belcherville's having one of her own, and feeling is running pretty high. Objective, according to Postmas-



IRWIN CAPLAN

ter John Reeves, is to identify the person who took the town's census. A belittler, if ever Mr. Reeves heard of one. Whoever it was erred when he reported that Belcherville's population is only 31. No such thing. It's 51. ▲▲▲

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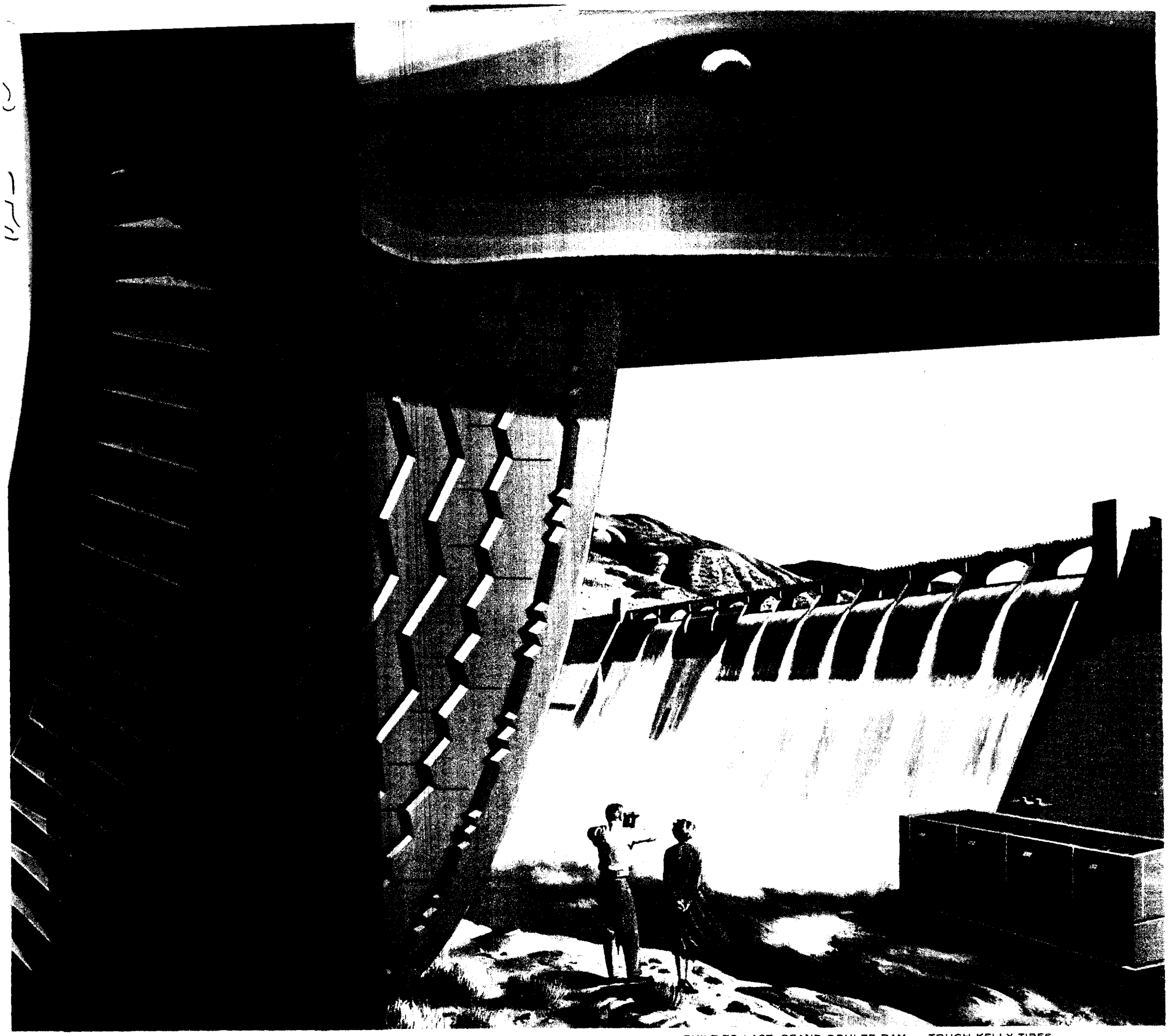

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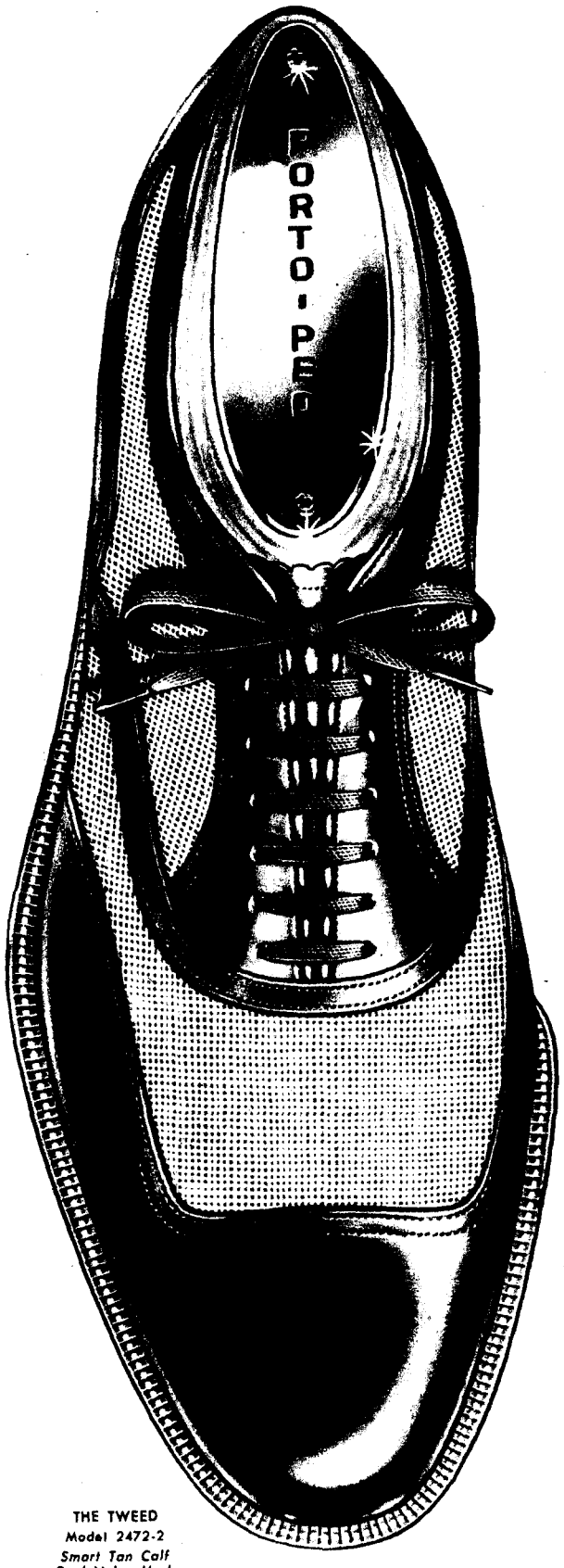

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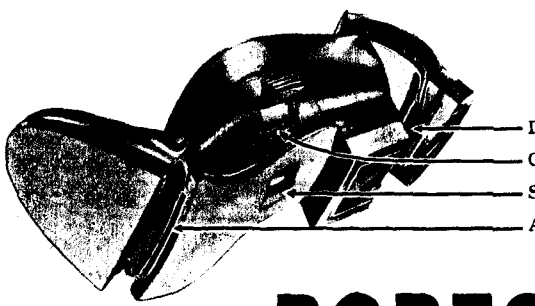

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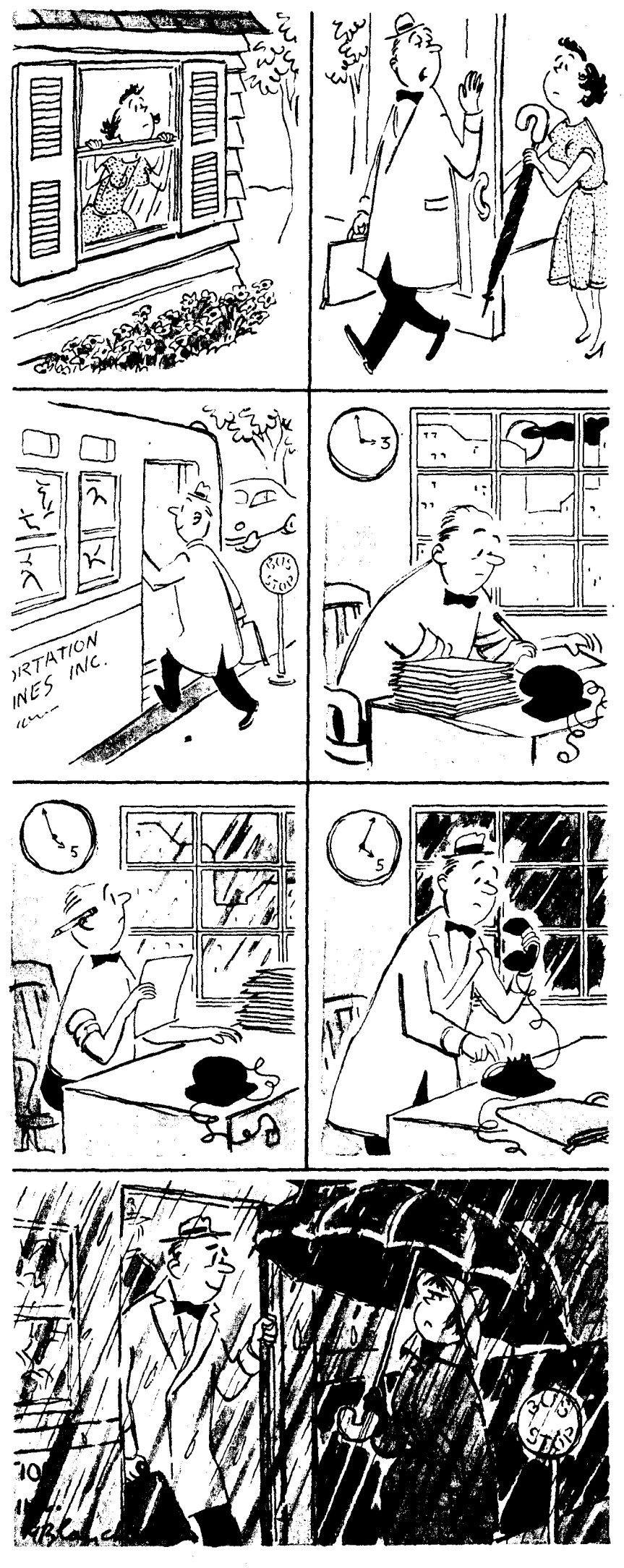
FORECAST

By MARTHA BLANCHARD



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A Score Settled...

Sgt. Ronald E. Rosser, U.S. Army

Medal of Honor

WHEN HIS BROTHER was killed in Korea, Sergeant Rosser re-enlisted. Several months later he, too, was in Korea—pinned down on a hill near Pongil-li by surprise Red fire. He saw it cutting up the platoon.

Suddenly he jumped to his feet. Alone, and armed only with a carbine and a grenade, he charged a Red bunker and cleaned it out. He dropped into a trench and dispatched five more enemies. Twice, under heavy fire, he returned for more ammunition, then renewed his attack.

His one-man fight was furious—and short. It ended with 13 enemy dead, the American platoon saved, and a score settled for Sergeant Ronald Rosser.

"When a man gets back from Korea," says Sergeant Rosser, "it does him good to see people—like you—investing hard-earned money in our country's Bonds. Sure, Bonds are a practical way to save money, I know. But they also help build *production power*—to arm, equip and protect men overseas. And that's proof to people like me that people like you really care."

Peace is for the strong! For peace and prosperity save with U.S. Defense Bonds!

Now E Bonds pay 3%! Now, improved Series E Bonds start paying interest after 6 months. And average 3% interest, compounded semiannually when held to maturity! Also, all *maturing* E Bonds automatically *go on* earning—at the new rate—for 10 *more* years. $18.75 can pay back $33.67. $37.50 pays $67.34. And so on. Today, start investing in U.S. Series E Defense Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan at work. Remember, 8 million Americans find it a wonderfully easy way to save. Or ask your banker about the convenient Bond-A-Month Plan.

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It's a matter of Opinion

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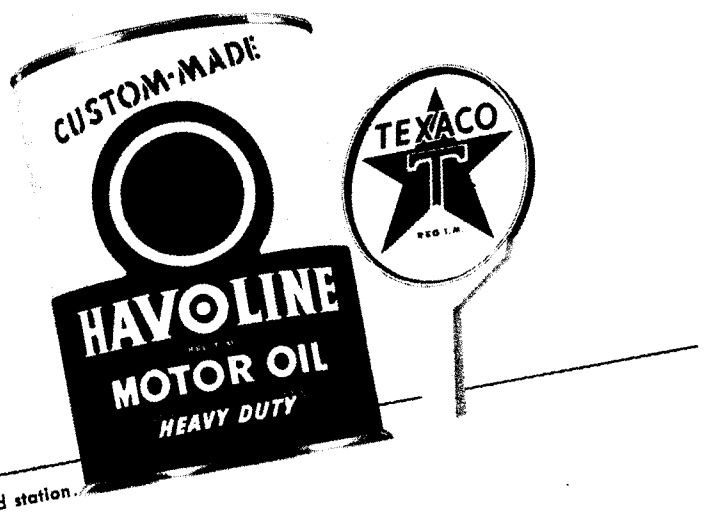

TUNE IN: Tuesday nights on television—the TEXACO STAR THEATER starring MILTON BERLE. See newspaper for time and station.

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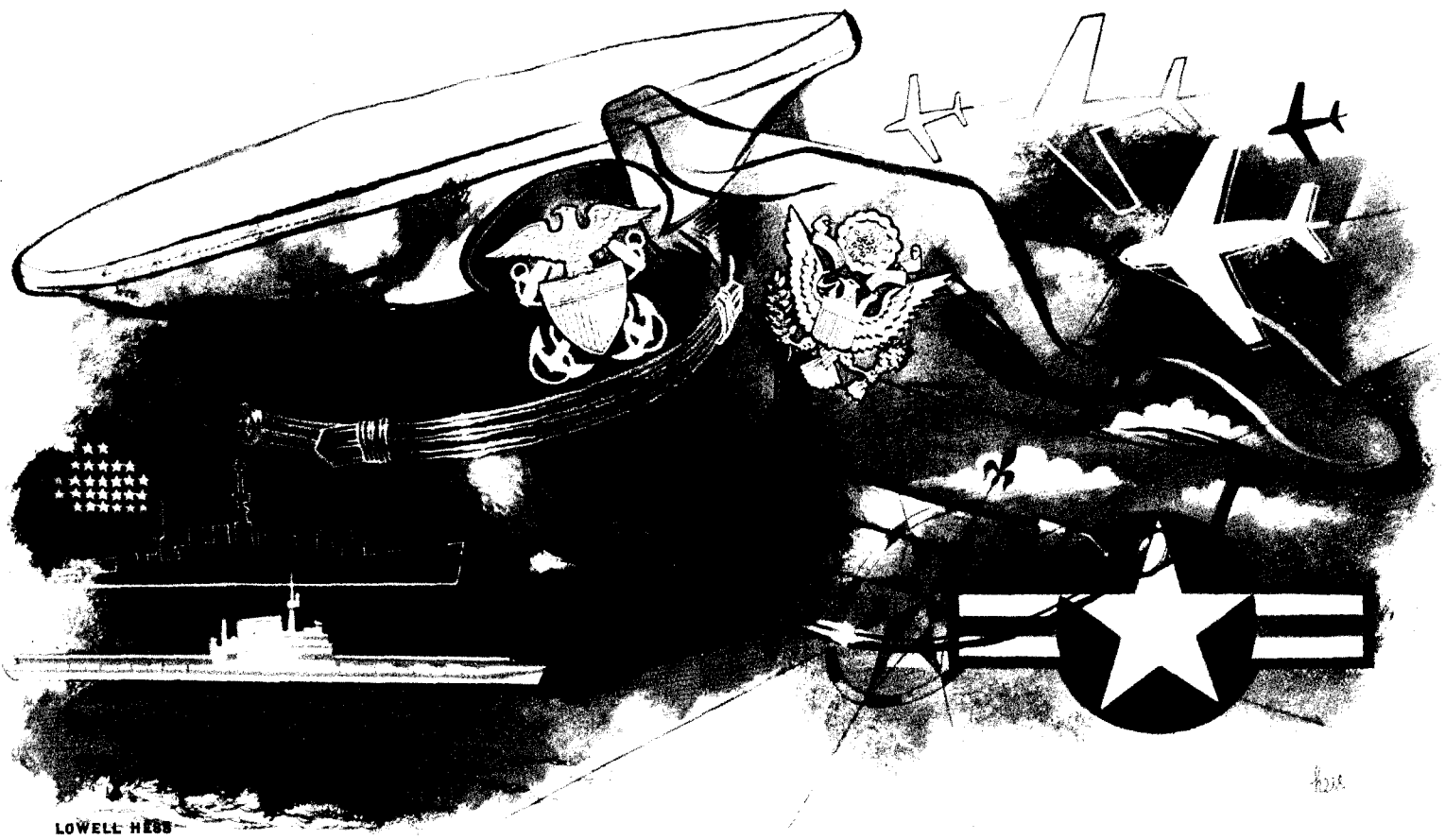
Collier's, May 9, 1953



Should the Navy and The Air Force Merge?

By THOMAS K. FINLETTER

Troubled by mounting demands for a one-uniform defense force, the former Air Secretary offers a provocative plan: if a change is inevitable, let's try a two-service setup that would end waste and feuding, save morale and—most important—add muscle to our vital air atomic punch

THERE is a serious move afoot to do away with the Army, Navy and Air Force as separate services and set up a huge combined service all in one uniform. You may not have heard much about this plan, but for months it has been under consideration at important conferences both inside and outside the military establishment, and now it is breaking into the open.

I am against it.

The intent of those who propose this super-unification is, of course, good. Nonetheless, it would weaken the national defense. It would be particularly bad for our air atomic power—our single strongest weapon, the force the Russians really fear, and our greatest hope for preventing World War III.

Destroy the individuality of the Army, Navy and Air Force and you will deal a heavy blow to the strength on which we must rely for security. Great damage would be done to the pride, ingenuity, foresight and imagination that make a military service good—and nowhere are these qualities more necessary than in our air atomic force. There is no need for a single service. It would be much better to keep the three services the way they are, with amendments to the law which I shall discuss later.

I do not think the move to set up a vast single service has gone so far that it cannot be stopped. But if it has, we should not go all the way. We should stop at two services instead of one. We should combine the Navy and the Air as one service, leaving the Army separate.

Air Atomic Program Would Benefit

The Navy, with its carrier task forces, is today largely an air service. The only two large ships it is building today are carriers. It flies 10,000 airplanes. A combination of the Navy and the Air Force would keep air atomic power individual, separate, single-minded, forward-looking and imaginative.

Carrier task forces are the core of the Navy. Battleships, cruisers and destroyers largely protect and support the carriers. Submarines easily could be operated under the proposed combination without damage to their vital role. It therefore is a practical plan to consolidate the Air Force and the Navy, thus putting together homogeneous elements, both already engaged in the great business of air power.

Much can be said for a two-service arrangement. Two services would be simpler to run than either one service or three. It is a curious political truism that when you have two service departments you do not need a third department to co-ordinate the two; but when you have three service departments, you need a fourth department to co-ordinate the three. Such was the British experience before us, and such has been our experience.

Under a two-service arrangement, the Department of the Air Force-Navy (or whatever it would be called) and the Department of the Army could jointly recommend the forces they needed, after consultations with the Secretaries of State and the Treasury and the Director of the Budget. Differences between them could be resolved by the President. Overlapping or other waste in procurement, supplies, personnel, installations and functions would be handled by the two departments, with the aid of the Budget Bureau.

This arrangement would be good for efficiency

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WIDE WORLD

Defense chief C. E. Wilson should have power to fix size of combat forces, says author

"Two armed services would be simpler to run than eith

and economy. But most important of all, air atomic power would have the position it ought to have in our government. This combined and very powerful Navy and Air Force would be able to put forward directly to the President and other leaders its reasons for believing that our military strategy and tactics in this age of atomic revolution must be centered on air power if we are to prevent war.

A two-service plan such as I suggest would not be a backward step to the setup we had before unification in 1947. In many ways it would be an advance, not only over the old arrangement, but over the present three-service plan, for it would give to air power the pre-eminent and extremely powerful role that formerly was not so necessary as now, and that is sure to become increasingly necessary as we move along in the greatest technological revolution in the history of arms. The atom bomb is the core of this revolution, and the atom bomb must be carried by air power. If we weaken air atomic power now, we will make it that much more likely that the Russians will start World War III.

Single Service Detrimental to Security

And we surely *would* weaken air atomic power if we put it along with the rest of the defense forces into a huge single-service establishment, where it would become not pre-eminent, as safety demands, but almost anonymous.

Some airmen believe that Air is so obviously the key to military strategy and tactics that if everything is put into a single service, the Air will take over. But that is not what happened in SHAPE and the NATO forces, or in the Far East Command, or in the Pentagon's combined staff work.

The reason given for the drive toward a single service is that there is squabbling and waste under the present setup. Put the Army, Navy and Air Force together in one service and one uniform, the argument runs, and there will be no more squabbling. There will be an order not to squabble. There will be no more waste. There will be an order not to waste.

This simple solution is appealing. Simple solutions always are. But the price we would pay for this kind of simplicity would be much too high.

Actually, the squabbling among the services has been much exaggerated. There were some bad interservice rows at the beginning of unification, but they are over. Most of them now do not go beyond the limits of healthy rivalry.

The waste is something else. Waste—a loose term—means having things or people (divisions, warships, airplanes, supplies, military and civilian personnel and the like) that are not necessary or are already provided by one of the other services. There is waste which can and must be eliminated.

The way to get rid of the major waste is to make sure that the Secretary of Defense decides the force levels—the actual number of combat units which are in the country's striking force. In the Army the force level is measured in divisions or detached parts of divisions, such as regiments. In the Navy the measurement is the number of combat ships—carriers, battleships, cruisers, destroyers, submarines and so on. In the Air Force it is the number of combat air wings—the number of planes in each wing depending on the type (bomber, interceptor, fighter bomber and so forth).

What the Support Establishment Does

The support establishment is everything else—everything from the fighting units back to and including the headquarters at the Pentagon. It includes all the personnel, equipment, material, supplies, bases, warehousing and the rest necessary to keep the combat forces ready to fight. There is some waste in the support establishment—but it is pretty well under control.

The public, the press and Congress have directed most of their criticism at the support establishment, leaving the decision on force levels almost entirely to the experts in the Bureau of the Budget or the Joint Chiefs of Staff. That attitude shows a lack of understanding, because it is the force levels which basically fix the cost of the military establishment. If you are building a house, the size of the house you build does, after all, have a great deal to do with what you will pay for it.

The force-level decision is now the most important decision in the Defense Department. If we have unnecessary forces we will waste billions of dollars of the taxpayers' money. If we have inadequate forces we will be playing with the safety of the country.

Before Korea the force-level decision was made mostly by the Director of the Budget. He recommended to the President how much money should be allotted to the Defense Department and the three services. The President, of course, made the final decision. But in government the man who recommends is in a key spot. His recommendation most of the time is in fact a decision. The role of the Joint Chiefs under this way of fixing force levels was only to divide up the money they were given—which they did in about equal thirds among the services—and to translate the dollars into divisions, warships and air wings.

This system of having an economic expert decide the force levels was good for the taxpayers' pocketbook but bad for the security of the country.

After Korea the system was changed. The right to decide the force levels was taken away from the economic expert, the Director of the Budget, and transferred to military experts, the Joint Chiefs of Staff. That method was better for the security of the country, but it was bad for the taxpayers' pocketbook. It is almost sure that a decision on force levels by the Joint Chiefs of Staff will call for certain forces which are not strictly necessary.

Each Joint Chief is the military chief of his own service. Each inevitably represents his own service, with all its traditions and loyalties, when he acts as a member of the Joint Chiefs. And the decisions of the Joint Chiefs have to be unanimous. Try as they will to submerge the interests of their service, the Joint Chiefs' decisions on force levels are inevitably compromises which have unnecessary or overlapping forces in them.

It would appear, therefore, that the Joint Chiefs of Staff should not make the final force-level decision. Who should? The key to the answer lies, I think, in a deep principle of democratic government: that *the experts should be on tap and not on top.*

The important decisions in government are much broader than any one field of expertness. They always affect a wide range of the national interest. Take the important "military" decisions. How exclusively military are they? Was going over the 38th parallel in Korea exclusively military? On first impression it might appear so, but in fact it got us into war with Red China, hurt our relations with our fellow nations in the UN and involved us in great additional expenditures. Certainly the question to bomb or not to bomb over the Yalu was never military only. The deployment of U.S. ground troops to NATO in Europe was a political move of high importance. The kind of airplanes we build affects the bases we must have in foreign lands, and gets us into political matters of considerable complexity.

One could go on forever with examples; but the principle is clear enough. In these days practically no top-level decision in the Defense Department is purely military. They all involve political or economic policies as well. And the most serious of all in its political and military effects is a decision on force levels. Our foreign policy is greatly dependent upon the military forces we have to back it up. The forces we commit ourselves to build have an enormous effect on our federal budget.

Experts Should Advise—Not Decide

The experts, therefore, whether they be economic, military or anything else, should not make the top military decisions of the Defense Department. They should be on tap to advise; they should not be on top to decide. In accordance with a basic principle of our government, the decisions must be made by a civilian, a nonexpert, by a man chosen presumably for his broad judgment rather than his technical know-how—in this case the Secretary of Defense.

To the extent that the decision on force levels involves foreign policy, he must consult with the Secretary of State; to the extent that it involves economic policy, with the Secretary of the Treasury and the Director of the Budget. If it is to be a recommendation to the President, it should be a composite recommendation.

The practical result of having the Secretary of Defense make the force-level decisions would be very good indeed. We should get a sounder force structure—one which will better serve our foreign policy and fit our economic strength—from decisions made by the Secretary of Defense after consultation with his colleagues of State, Treasury and Budget than from decisions made by experts, whether they be in the economic field or in the military field.

One objection is sure to be raised. What makes us think that a civilian Secretary of Defense will know enough to make the force-level decision?

A recent editorial in a New York newspaper expressed worry about having the Secretary of Defense decide such matters as the strength of our striking forces because it was reminded of a Sec-

Background in Defense

In 1947, Thomas Finletter was named chairman of the President's Air Policy Commission. The resulting "Finletter Report," issued the next year, set forth a bold program to assure our future air power. Selected as the Secretary of Air in April, 1950, he held that important position until the new Republican administration came into office early this year

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...e service or three"

retary of Defense some time ago of whose ability it did not think much.

According to this argument we must put the experts on top in military matters because—apparently in this one field alone—we cannot find civilians capable of understanding the problems and making the proper broad decisions.

In Defiance of a Basic Principle

To take this stand is nothing less than to ask for a complete reversal of a basic principle of our government. Of course, a civilian head of the Defense Department chosen for his capacity for broad judgment is capable of listening to expert military advice and of understanding what is being said. It is grotesque to think that in the military departments alone the civilian head cannot do what the acts of Congress say must be done in all departments.

There is another argument against civilian control, based on this same distrust of civilian judgment in military matters. It is that the civilian heads of the Defense Department will be more interested in making economies—in balancing the budget—than in having the right kind of military strength. That's the same as saying that a Secretary of Defense cannot do his job.

But there is one important change that will have to be made in the Congressional legislation affecting the Defense Department if the Secretary of Defense is to have proper control over major decisions of the establishment. A Secretary of Defense can do his job properly under the present statutory arrangements only if he is backed up by strong secretaries of the three services. The service secretaries should be his main partners and agents to help him carry out his broad policies. He will never be able to do it without them.

Here is where a change in the act is needed. Under the original 1947 act the service secretaries were the heads of executive departments, a technicality which gave them Cabinet status. They also were members of the National Security Council and the senior civilian officers of the Defense Department, junior only to the Secretary of Defense. In the first year or so of the act there was some serious squabbling among the services—the row over the B-36 intercontinental bomber being the worst—and it was thought necessary to strengthen the position of the Secretary of Defense in relation to the service secretaries.

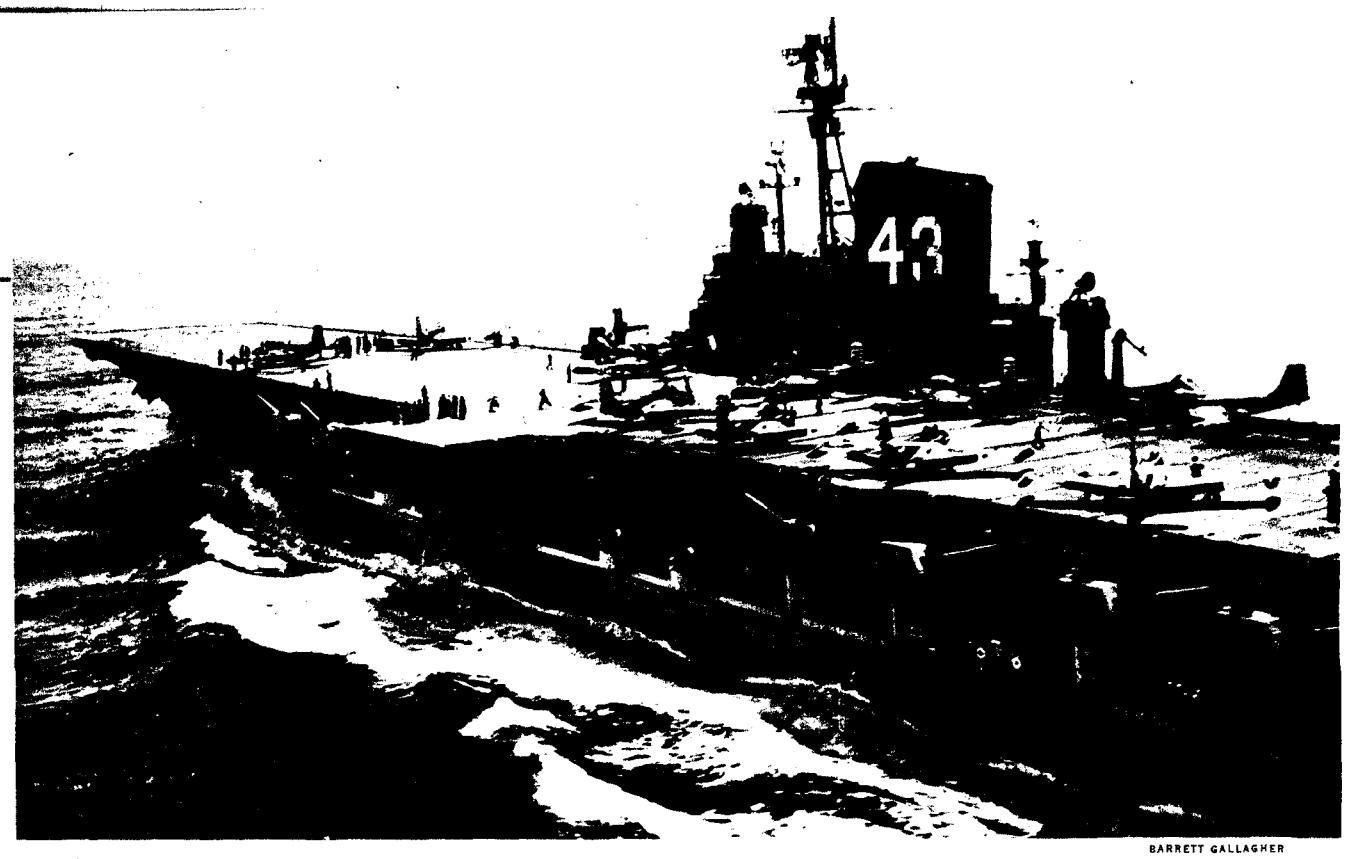
The legal position of the service secretaries was therefore written down. A Deputy Secretary of Defense was created, to rank second in the defense establishment, senior to the service secretaries. The service departments were reclassified as military departments instead of executive departments, thus taking Cabinet status from the service secretaries, and the secretaries were taken off the National Security Council.

This effort to strengthen the legal position of the Secretary of Defense in fact weakened it. It downgraded the position of his principal partners—the civilian officials who should be his great mainstay in exercising his authority over the three services.

Not until the 1949 amendments are reversed and the original arrangement of 1947 is restored will the Secretary of Defense be able to control the three services and do what the act requires him to do.

It is just this weakened legal position of the service secretaries which has built up the move toward a monolithic one-service-one-uniform setup. We now have a legal structure which is neither one thing nor the other. It is not a monolithic department which the Defense Secretary can run from its own central office. Nor is it the original arrangement under which the service secretaries, as the main partners and agents of the Defense Secretary, had the legal status which enabled them to carry out his broad policies.

Being neither fish nor fowl, the present system will have to move one way or the other. It is too expensive the way it is. Expensive in dollars because the great decisions which affect the cost of the establishment cannot be made properly under a confused legal structure. Expensive, too, in the more important regard that we will not get the kind of military force we need for the safety of the country under a compromised, unclear line of statutory authority.



BARRETT GALLAGHER

Mighty carriers like the Coral Sea have made the U.S. Navy largely an air service, Finletter claims; battleships, cruisers and destroyers now exist mainly to support the air arm

To get a workable arrangement which would carry out the original plan of three independent services, co-ordinated only to the extent necessary to have uniformity in grand policy and to prevent squabbling and waste, amendments to the unification act should restore the Cabinet status of the service secretaries; should put them back on the National Security Council; and should reinstate them in their old rank as the senior officials in the department, junior only to the Secretary of Defense.

And, to formalize their position as the principal partners and agents of the Secretary of Defense, the top policy board of the Defense Department, the Armed Forces Policy Council, should be revamped to include only the Secretary of Defense, the three service secretaries and the Deputy Secretary—with (as it is now) the power of decision in the Secretary of Defense. All major decisions should be made by this council, and the amendment should specify force levels as one of the matters to be decided by the council.

Dr. Vannevar Bush's Plan Analyzed

This proposal runs counter to an interesting suggestion in Collier's (December 27, 1952) by Dr. Vannevar Bush. Dr. Bush recommends that defense planning (including, of course, the force-level decision) be done by a body of senior officers from the three services who would have no other duties and would report directly to the President or the Secretary of Defense.

This idea, it seems to me, would keep the experts very much on top; indeed it might put them more on top than they now are. There is another objection: Dr. Bush's proposal would have major decisions of government made by men who did not have the responsibility for carrying them out—and decisions by officials who are not responsible for the execution of the decisions are not likely to be good. A similar proposal was made in Britain during World War II, and Winston Churchill did away with it rather brusquely. He says in his book, The Hinge of Fate:

"The establishment of a War Planning Directorate divorced from the Service staffs responsible for action would have been vicious in principle, for it would have created two rival bodies, one responsible and one irresponsible, yet both nominally of equal status. It would have confronted Ministers with the constant need to disregard the advice of one or the other of these bodies. It would have led at once to immediate and violent friction . . . I was not . . . prepared to invite a disembodied Brains Trust to browse about among our secrets and add to the already immense volume of committees and reports . . ."

Also, there should be legislation which would set up permanent undersecretaries who would not change with administrations. They would be invaluable to incoming civilian secretaries who were not familiar with the military establishment.

High Morale Would Be Maintained

If amendments such as these were adopted, the system would work. The individual services would be kept individual, with all their high morale and pride, and air power would keep its imaginative drive and single-mindedness. Costs would be kept down, for the force-level decisions would be made by an impartial officer, the Secretary of Defense, and the waste which now exists could be done away with. From this one saving alone billions of dollars could be cut annually from the defense budget without cuts in the striking forces necessary for the country's security.

If we go the other way—the merger of the three services into a single Department of Defense—it is not likely that these savings in the force levels will be made. The single monolithic service would be so vast that it would be difficult for the Secretary of Defense to make force-level decisions without help from civilian secretaries of the services. He would be sorely tempted to resolve his problem by putting on an arbitrary dollar limit. Such most probably would be the way it would work out; and security could be a victim.

As a practical matter, it may be hard to retrace our steps to the original 1947 act. The tide is going the other way. If nothing is done in Congress soon, the tendency to put more authority in the office of the Secretary of Defense could create a situation from which the move to a single monolithic service would be only a formality.

Even if a bill to reverse the trend were enacted it might well come out full of compromises by the time it got through the legislative process. It might be a drawn match between the single-service idea and the individual-services idea—and a drawn match would let the trend to the monolithic structure go on as it is going.

I hope that this trend will stop. But if it does not, and if legislation is considered to put it into law, I urge that in the course of the debate the suggestion for two services, instead of one or three, be considered earnestly and seriously. Much more than economy in dollars is at stake. ▲▲▲

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THE STRANGE GIRL

Mark was in an unfamiliar world, filled with long-dead people who were strangely alive, with old songs that were suddenly new, with a girl who was out of place, familiar—and miraculous

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

THERE was a glassed-in passage that ran from the far end of the smoking room to the big conservatory; it was probably a favorite sitting-out place at dances, and the basket chairs might have been left over there from some recent dance. Mark chose a chair that was nearer to the smoking room than it was to the conservatory, so that he could still see the group around the piano. He could hear behind the singing and the piano the steady chug-chug-chug, from somewhere not far away, of the primitive electric-light plant that Lord Broxwood had been boasting about at dinner. The voltage must be low, Mark thought, and the bulbs could not be any more than fifteen watt; they did not give much light, but only had an attractive golden glow.

In the smoking room, however, not far from the piano, there were also two large oil lamps. It was this lighting, mellow and a trifle theatrical, Mark concluded, that gave the suggestion of unreality to the scene.

He was smoking a very fat Egyptian cigarette and not enjoying it, but then there had been no sign of any Virginia cigarettes anywhere and he had not felt like tackling the cigars he had been offered after dinner. He was still feeling some bodily discomfort. It was some years since he had last worn white tie and tails, and these evening clothes were not his. The collar was appallingly high; no wonder some of the older men looked apoplectic.

All the younger men and the girls were clustered around the piano, played with energy and not without skill by the monocled Captain Waterhouse. Now they were beginning in chorus Tell Me, Pretty Maiden, from Floradora, which Mark had heard on an old gramophone record.

The men, beefy and bold, roared their lines, and the girls came in with the responses, giggling a little and sounding very innocent with their wavering soprano.

With their hair piled so high, with such generous offerings of pink arms, white shoulders, plump, soft bosoms, these girls seemed both larger and sillier than any girls he had known before. They made him understand all those winking references to "girls" and "curly-curls" in the old popular songs. He was now looking at the prettiest of all earth's extinct creatures. The men were singing their invitation to take a little walk, and they were having some difficulty with the modulations of the tune, but coming out loud and rich with masculine vigor. They made him feel about a thousand years old.

He dug the heels of his dress pumps, which did not fit him too well, deep into the coconut matting. At first, just after it had happened, he had merely felt bewildered. Then for the next two or three hours, before and during dinner, he had felt frightened—of the fantastic situation he was in and of the social complications it might produce, the embarrassing questions. (Thank Heaven he had landed among this casual, moneyed class, still so certain of themselves!)

But now—and it was this and not fear that had driven him out of the smoking room—he was possessed by a sense of loneliness that was becoming a feeling of utter desolation. The professional social historian in him was completely defeated; and even if he had had a notebook, he could not have made a single note. All he could observe was that distance in time was apparently harder to bear than distance in space. Here he was, not two hundred feet away from his study and bedroom, but back in his own time he would have felt less desolate, he was certain, if he had suddenly found himself wandering on South Cape, Tasmania, half the globe away from home. Was home, then, more in time than in space? Yesterday he would have said no, but now he was not sure. Odd how the young, high spirits of the group around the piano, the sight of their flushed faces, the laughter breaking through the straggling chorus, widened and deepened his desolation.

As he stared at her, wondering at her beauty, everything but her face changed. They were somewhere else—and in another time . . .

BUT here was company—further need for care. For the elderly lady, plump and mottled, who had sat opposite him at dinner, came waddling in from the smoking room and sank with relief into the chair next to his. "I don't think we were introduced," she began. "They're always so casual here, especially when the youngsters have filled up the house. I'm Mrs. Buller—Lord Broxwood's sister—and, let me see, you're Ronald's friend, aren't you?"

This was rather tricky. "Well, yes—in a way," I admitted.

"I'm abominably curious. My family is always teasing me about it, so you mustn't mind. But wasn't there something about a bathing accident, Mr.—er—?"

"Denbow. Mark Denbow." What would she think, how would she behave, if he told her he had finished taking his evening seminar (yes, here in this house) at seven o'clock, had then hurried across to the lake for a quick dip before supper, and had dived—into all this? He gave her what he hoped was a friendly but apologetic smile. "Yes, I was bathing in the lake and somehow lost consciousness—probably hit something when I dived in. And then your nephew, Ronald, fished me out."

"How fortunate!" Although she was so plump and smiling and comfortable, her eyes, with no more color in them than a February sea, were cold. "One of his Oxford friends, I imagine, Mr. Denbow."

"I was at Oxford," Mark said, "but not with Ronald. As a matter of fact, we hadn't met before." One glance at her told him he could not leave it there. "I happened to be staying in this neighborhood and—er—thought I'd bathe in the lake. And after I'd got into difficulties and Ronald pulled me out," he continued, gaining confidence, "I was rather exhausted, and he very kindly insisted on my spending the night here."

"That's so like Ronald," she said, smiling. "So brilliant, too. Even when he was a little boy he was quite clever. We all feel he has a great future."

AND now what would happen if he gave Mrs. Buller a hard look, tapped her on her broad, silken knee, and told her Ronald's future? For the memorial tablet in the family chapel declared that Ronald had been (or would be) killed at Neuve-Chapelle in 1915. But while he was making some vague reply, Mrs. Buller found another topic.

"It's rather odd," she began, "but my niece Muriel followed her brother's example. So there are two of you."

"Two of us?" This really startled him.

"Oh, I don't mean this girl was bathing too. You probably haven't seen her, because she didn't come down to dinner, not having anything decent to wear—mislaid her luggage, apparently. Ann something; I didn't catch her name. Indeed, I only caught a quick glimpse of the girl herself, a curious little creature. I gathered she'd been abroad—France, I believe—and arrived here, thinking it was some other house. And she'd walked from the station and been out in that dreadful thunderstorm, so Muriel, who's always sweet and kind, wouldn't let her go."

"Was there a thunderstorm?" asked Mark innocently.

Mrs. Buller stared at him. "Where can you have been? The one that started just before six o'clock."

"Oh, yes, of course," he cried. "How stupid of me! I ought to have remembered." But what he ought to have remembered was that Mrs. Buller's weather, before seven fifteen tonight, was not weather.

"Ah, here's Dorothy, my daughter," Mrs. Buller cried, with maternal satisfaction. "Well, darling, are you tired of making a noise in there?"

Dorothy was a large, pretty girl in pink. She perched on the creaking arm of her mother's chair. "It's so jolly hot in there, Mummie," she said, smiling vaguely at Mark. *(Continued on page 54)*

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

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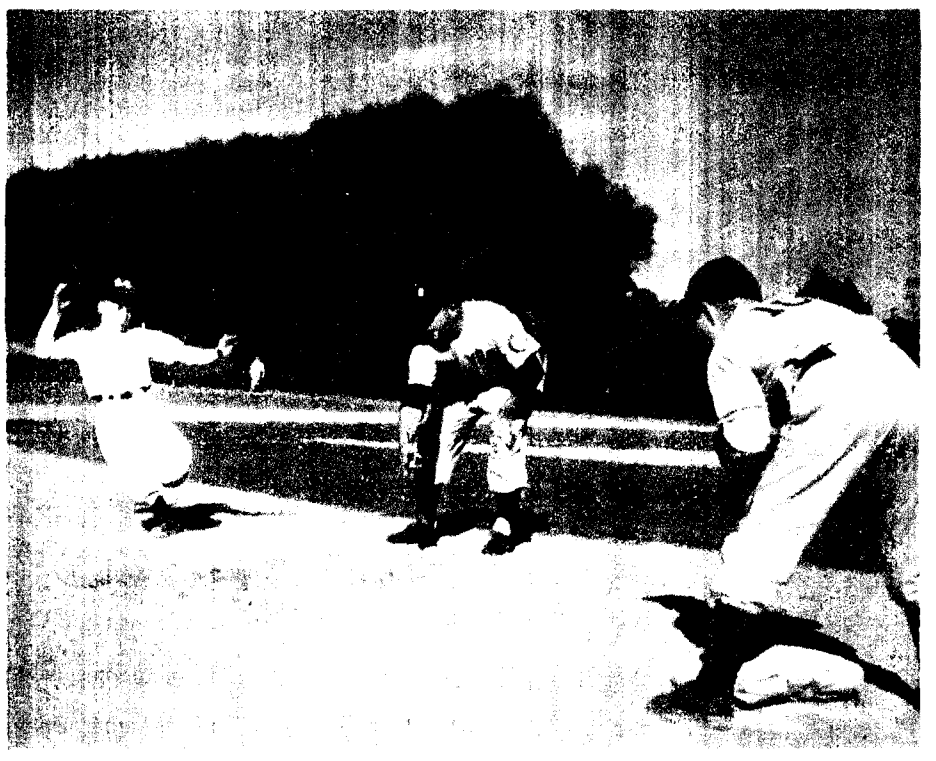
Gene Woodling hits ball to Fair Lawn, New Jersey, Little Leaguers in fielding drill during Saturday-morning practice. Team is one of the best in its area

Little League workout ends and Gene heads for big-league Yankee Stadium, pausing to answer questions from the eager youngsters



"Tuck your leg up," Gene shouts to Little Leaguer sliding into third base. Like all Little Leagues, Fair Lawn teams are uniformed, rigidly regulated

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE COVELLO

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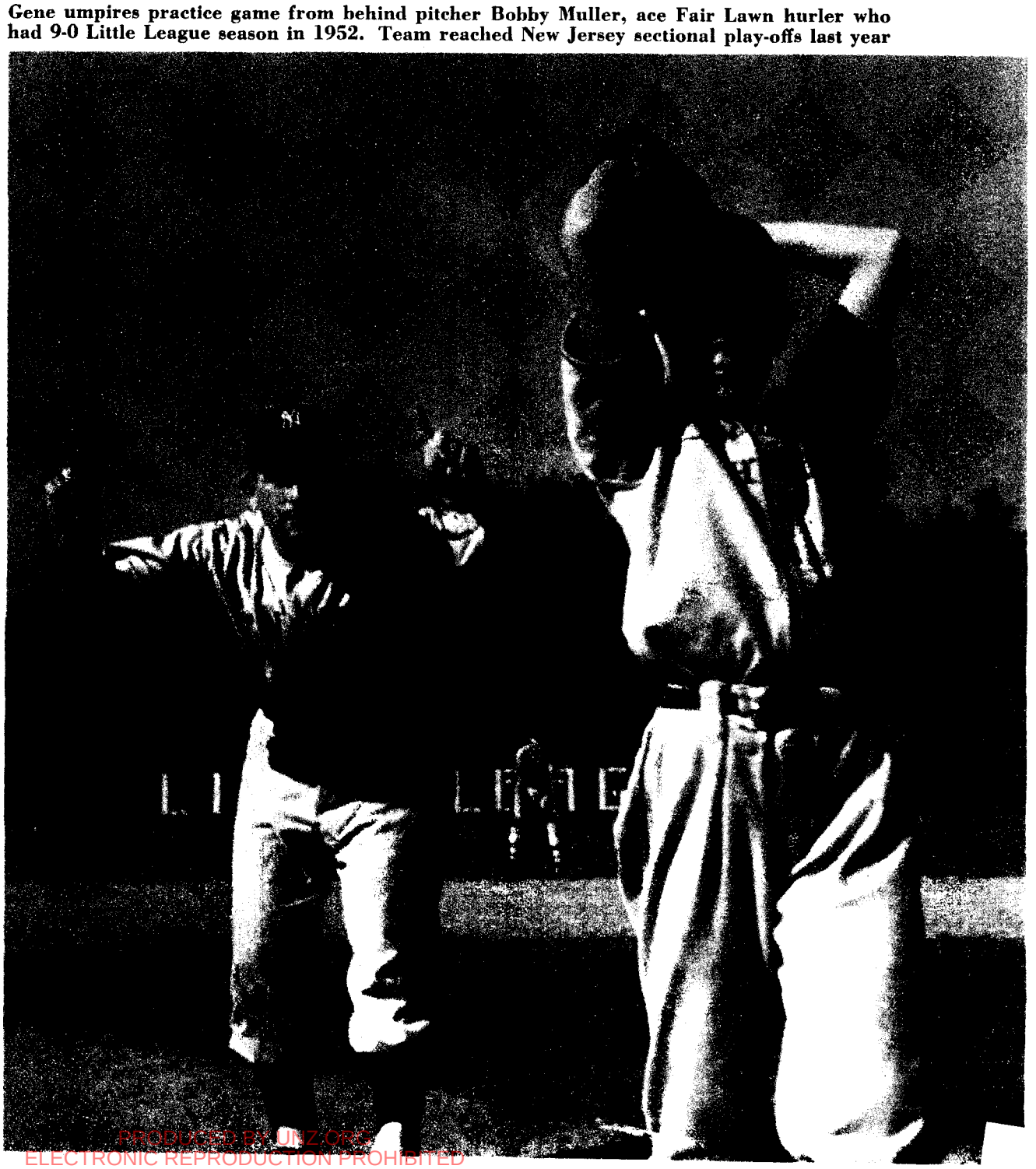
Woodling's Little Leaguers

The small-fry baseball team in Fair Lawn, New Jersey, is good. And little wonder—one of the Yankees' star players is their home-town coach

Woodling, who led regular A.L. fielders in '52 with .996 mark, shows how to scoop ball on run

Gene umpires practice game from behind pitcher Bobby Muller, ace Fair Lawn hurler who had 9-0 Little League season in 1952. Team reached New Jersey sectional play-offs last year



IN THE course of the next few weeks, almost 200,000 fully uniformed youngsters, aged eight to twelve, will be trotting onto miniature baseball diamonds all over the country for the start of this year's Little League play among 15,000 teams. But none will hustle more, nor play harder, than the band of returnees from last year's Fair Lawn (New Jersey) All-Stars.

The Fair Lawn idol is stocky Gene Woodling, the hard-hitting star outfielder for the world champion New York Yankees. In a day when few American boys can get closer to a big-league ballplayer than the picture on a bubble-gum wrapper, the lucky Fair Lawn All-Stars know Woodling not only as their neighbor, but also as a devoted friend and enthusiastic coach.

Whenever Gene can make it, he's down at the local Little League field working out with the youngsters. There are pepper games, sliding and batting practice, and infield drills.

"You've got to get that ball away faster for the double play," he cries to shortstop Bobby Pressman. "Hold that bat a little higher," he tells young Kenny Ackerman.

After the warmup session, the youngsters divide up for a practice game, with Gene as a smiling but unflinching umpire. But sandwiched among his decisions are welcome words of praise or encouragement for the players on the field.

Game over, the youngsters gather around the Yankee headliner for a strategy session. But the bright spot of the day almost always is the walk home, when the boys have a chance to ask their great friend, Gene, about some of the high lights of his baseball career. The fact that they undoubtedly know them already doesn't make any difference. No ballplayer ever had more loyal fans.

Woodling joined the Yankees in 1949. He made a comparatively slow start, batting only .270 his first season. He has since climbed to a point where he's ranked as one of the top players in the game. A brilliant fielder and a clutch batter, he was one of the key figures in the New Yorkers' drive to their fourth straight American League pennant last year, and his .309 batting average was fifth highest in the league.

Gene first moved to Fair Lawn—across the Hudson River from New York City—shortly after he signed with the Yankees. He was determined to be more than just a resident of the pleasant suburb. As the father of a growing family—the Woodlings now have two little girls and a boy (Pamela, 10; Kimberly, 3 and Gene Jr., 6)—he wanted to take an active part in civic affairs.

Has he succeeded? Just ask his devoted Little Leaguers. And Gene happily admits that he has received his share of rewards, too.

"It's mighty easy to feel that baseball begins and ends at Yankee Stadium," he said. "But when a group of great youngsters start whipping the ball around, you soon realize that it's here with the kids that baseball becomes America's national game." ▲▲▲

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Roughly one of every three persons in the capital is a Negro. The races can mingle freely on downtown street corners. The tradition

Can Eisenhower End Segregation in Washington?

By HOWARD WHITMAN

A "sympathetic" atmosphere has been established in the administration to help fulfill a key Presidential pledge. One result: the first Negro secretary ever to be employed by the White House. But what's the atmosphere now in theaters, restaurants and the City Fire Department?

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ources of tension are in jobs, housing, schools

"I propose to use whatever authority exists in the office of the President to end segregation in the District of Columbia. . . ."

President Dwight D. Eisenhower in his State of the Union message, February 2, 1953

WHETHER Ike knew it or not, he put his finger, in those 21 measured words, on the sorest point in his new home town. Washington is 35 per cent Negro. It lies athwart the civil-rights battle lines, an enclave over which both North and South are struggling to impose their racial patterns. "It is a Southern city!" shout the proponents of segregation, pointing out that Washington is, indeed, below Mason and Dixon's line.

"It is an all-American city!" countershout the opponents of segregation, demanding that the national capital be a living paragon of democracy—its showcase.

I heard hotel men and movie owners say they would sooner go out of business than see their doors opened to blacks as well as whites. I heard a real-estate operator warn, "If they break the race barrier this will become a black city, an all-black city." I even heard dire predictions of riot and bloodshed.

This is the hot potato President Eisenhower has grabbed with both hands.

"Oh, don't worry about Ike. He won't do anything," a prominent District of Columbia Republican said to me. "Didn't you notice how he phrased it in the State of the Union message. He said he'd use 'whatever authority exists in the office of the President'—he's no dummy! He knows he hasn't got any authority to end segregation here."

A spokesman for Washington's Board of Trade remarked, "In this town we're used to Presidential pronouncements that nothing ever happens to."

Plain Words in Campaign Interview

Eisenhower had not only laid it on the line in his State of the Union message; he had sprinkled his campaign speeches with antisegregation promises and on one occasion, in Cleveland, went out of his way to say to reporters: "Possibly I should have been a bit more specific. I believe we should eliminate every vestige of segregation in the District of Columbia."

After the President had been settled in his new home long enough to start implementing his promises, I called at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue and went over the segregation issue with one of his official family.

"What we have here is a sympathetic atmosphere on the race question," the White House spokesman said. "We aren't going to have one special man to handle minorities the way they did before (a reference to administrative assistant David K. Niles under Presidents Roosevelt and Truman). We don't want to handle minorities as though they were problem children.

"Our approach is for everyone here to share in the idea. We want to begin our fight against segregation right here at home—with little things."

He picked up a telephone, and presently into the White House conference room walked Mrs. Lois Lippman, a young Negro woman from Boston. "I'd like you to meet the first Negro secretary ever to be employed in the White House," he said proudly.

Mrs. Lippman works in the office of Sherman Adams, assistant to the President. She has five stenographers and secretaries working under her, all of them white.

"How do you like living in Washington? Does the segregation bother you?" I asked her.

"I go to the places where I'm supposed to go and stay away from the places where I'm not supposed to go," she replied.

"How can you always know, being new here?"

"Oh, I clipped a list from a Negro newspaper. It shows the restaurants and movies where Negroes are permitted to go," she answered softly.

After she left, the White House spokesman continued, "The best way to break down segregation is not necessarily through legislation. Many people say, 'Let's rush and pass a law.' But President Eisenhower's idea is, 'Let's do it'—in other words, let's break down segregation by *breaking down segregation.* It's his own idea."

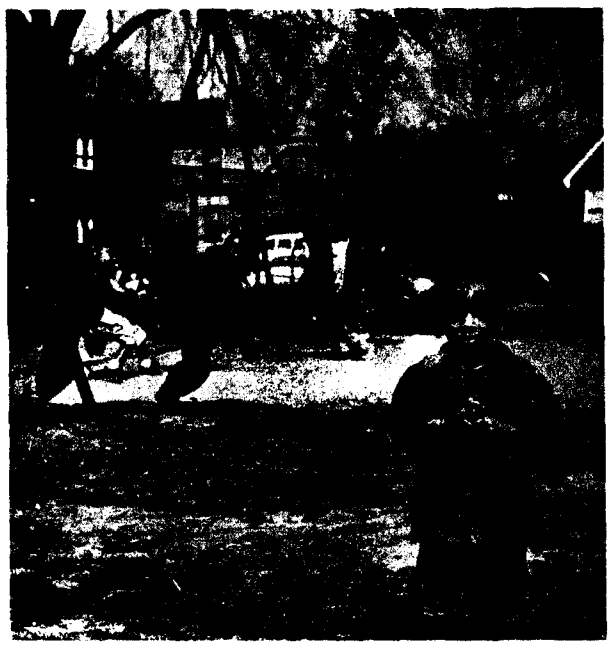
It was a troubled city that Eisenhower moved to last January. The segregation issue had been boiling up to a climax since the close of World War II. In 1947, a Presidential committee headed by Charles E. Wilson, then president of the General Electric Company, called the situation "intolerable . . . a graphic illustration of a failure of democracy." In 1948, the National Committee on Segregation in the nation's capital called it a "blot on our nation." In the 1952 elections, both Democrats and Republicans adopted platform pledges to clean up racism in Washington.

Then along came Ike. He moved in with his 802,178 black and white neighbors to find a Washington in which:

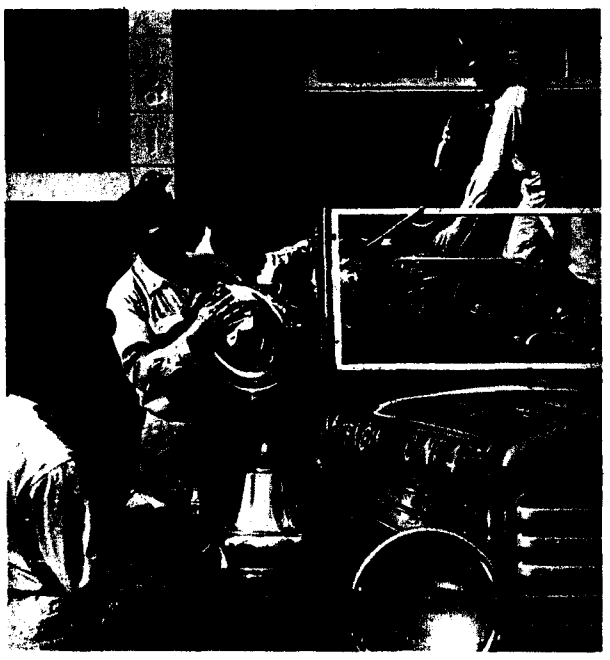
Negro and white public-school children were required to go to separate schools.

More than 2,100 "white" restaurants and lunch counters (out of 2,200 in Washington) refused to serve Negroes.

Negroes were not admitted to any of the large



Lincoln playground is for Negro children. Almost all of city's 141 recreation areas are segregated



Washington's Engine Company No. 4 is one of five Negro fire companies. Forty-four are all white

Negro doctors chat in Freedmen's Hospital—only one in city where they can have staff facilities

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARVIN KONER

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The administration has gone on record in court against segregation in restaurants

Mrs. Lois Lippman, the first Negro secretary ever employed in the White House, talks over some work with aid Sheila Tunney. Mrs. Lippman has five clerical assistants under her

downtown movies. (Of Washington's 62 movie theaters, 40 barred Negroes entirely, four art theaters admitted all comers, and 18 theaters in Negro neighborhoods were attended almost entirely by Negroes though whites were not barred.)

Some hotels had 100 per cent Negro exclusion, some admitted Negroes to banquets and meetings of organizations, some permitted Negroes to occupy rooms if arrangements had been made by the State Department (example: Negro foreign diplomats) and some had a quota system for Negroes coming to Washington for predominantly white conventions.

Of Washington's 141 recreation areas for children and families, 105 were for white only or for colored only.

Hospitals with the exception of Freedmen's, a hospital used almost exclusively by Negroes, had segregated wards; shelters for the destitute also were segregated; and St. Elizabeths, the mental hospital, was segregated; even the District of Columbia jail was segregated.

Two Crucial Cases for Supreme Court

Within a month after Eisenhower moved in, two of the most crucial items—segregation in the public schools and the refusal of restaurants to serve Negroes—were in the United States Supreme Court. The school case had been bulked in with similar cases from Kansas, South Carolina, Virginia and Delaware. The restaurant case was Washington's own baby.

On January 27, 1950, the Reverend W. H. Jernagin, a Negro minister who is now chairman of the National Fraternal Council of Churches, walked into Thompson's Cafeteria on Fourteenth Street in the northwest section of Washington. With him were Mrs. Geneva Brown, a Negro officer of the United Cafeteria and Restaurant Workers Union; Dr. Mary Church Terrell, Negro educator and former member of the District of Columbia Board of Education; and a white man, David Hutchinson Scull, a Quaker.

"I took a tray from the pile of trays," the Reverend Mr. Jernagin recounted. "I then placed the tray on the rail in front of the counters with food. I took a portion of cake from the food counter and placed it on my tray.

"I had moved about twelve or fifteen feet from the beginning of the food counters when I was stopped by a man in a white uniform who identified himself as the manager of the restaurant. He told me that I could not be served and could not eat in the restaurant.

"I asked the manager why I could not be served, and he replied, 'Because we don't serve colored people here. It is against the laws of the District of Columbia and against public policy.' "

Mrs. Brown spoke up, "There is no such law."

The manager, inasmuch as Mrs. Brown's statement was correct, replied, "Well, it is the management's policy not to serve Negroes."

"The company is refusing to serve me merely because my face is black?" asked the Reverend Mr. Jernagin.

"Yes, that is why," said the manager. "Individually, I have nothing against you—but the company will not allow it."

Dr. Terrell, a woman now eighty-nine, born the year of the Emancipation Proclamation, asked, "Do you mean to tell me that you are not going to serve me? Isn't Washington in the United States—and doesn't the United States Constitution apply here?"

"We don't vote here," the manager answered. He apologized once more that it was not his fault, and the Reverend Mr. Jernagin and his friends put down their trays and departed.

Thus began a test case to see whether the District of Columbia's "lost laws" of 1872 and 1873 had any validity. These laws were enacted when Washington was governed by a Legislative Assembly set up by Congress (instead of being governed as it is today by Congress itself and three commissioners named by the President). The laws of 1872 and 1873 made it a penal offense for the owner of a restaurant in the District of Columbia to refuse to serve a person because of race or color.

Lawyers have had a field day pecking through the archives and balancing themselves on the points of constitutional pins to determine whether these laws were valid in the first place and, if so, whether they still are valid. On the pivotal question of whether Washington restaurateurs can be compelled today to serve Negroes, the "lost laws" have been held invalid by the municipal court, valid by the municipal court of appeals, invalid by the United States Court of Appeals, and—one month to the day after Eisenhower's inauguration—were pushed up to the United States Supreme Court.

Regardless of the Supreme Court decision, the Eisenhower administration showed its feeling in the matter when, on March 10th, Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Jr., filed a friend-of-the-court brief favoring the "lost laws" and thus opposing segregation in Washington's eating places.

"Eisenhower was definitely behind Brownell's move, which plainly shows that the administration is on the side of nonsegregation," a White House spokesman insisted. Another indication of the President's attitude was his recent announcement that by September segregation will be ended in the only Army-operated school where it now exists, Fort Benning, Georgia.

Bitter Accusations by Segregationist

For his pains, the President was accused by Georgia Representative James C. Davis, a powerful champion of segregation in the House District of Columbia Committee, of "appeasing radicals to get votes" and trying "to outdeal the New Deal."

The segregation issue is a slippery one, as Eisenhower soon will find out, if he hasn't already. There is more to it than meets the eye.

"Capital Transit will not hire Negro operators," the champions of civil rights protest.

The statement, so far as it goes, is true. The Capital Transit Company, which operates streetcars and busses in Washington, doesn't have a single Negro among its 2,300 operators—nor will it hire any. Why? Is the company race conscious, bigoted, un-American?

I put the question point-blank to J. A. B. Broadwater, president of Capital Transit.

"We have no objection to Negro operators on race grounds, none whatever," he said.

"Then why don't you hire any?" I asked.

"We did," he replied. "We tried it some years ago. We hired several Negroes to be operators and had them in training. Then we put the first one out on the line and what happened? The white operators refused to work."

A check back to the precise facts of the case revealed the following: Capital Transit had a group of Negro operators in training early in 1943. On February 3d, the first Negro to complete his training, a man named Simmons, was put out to work on the Benning line, a line since discontinued. But the white conductor on the car to which Simmons was assigned refused to instruct him. As word spread that a Negro was on the line, other white operators refused to man their cars. One operator walked out of his car and left it standing on the main line. Fifty-eight white employees refused to work, bringing on a stoppage of transportation on the division for several hours—until the Negro operator was withdrawn.

What about that?

I turned next to Walter J. Bierwagen, president of the union to which Capital Transit operators belong, the Amalgamated Association of Street Electric Railway and Motor Coach Employees of America, AFL, Division 689.

"Well," Bierwagen replied, "that work stoppage was not by union action. It was strictly a spontaneous demonstration. It started, it blossomed out—wham!"

"You mean then that the trouble is not so much with the company as with the white workers who won't work with a Negro?" I asked.

"I can appreciate the company's position," said Bierwagen.

"But I thought a union like yours would be fighting discrimination," I pressed

"We don't discriminate, we're against it," said Bierwagen, adding after a pause, "but we haven't gone to bat on it."

Actually the union and the transit company did try to iron out the situation after 1943. A sociologist was engaged to make a confidential survey of

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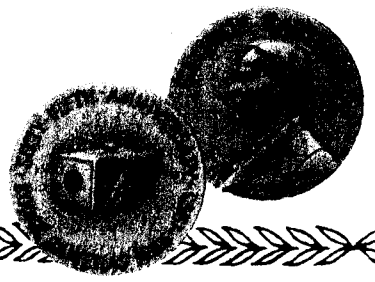

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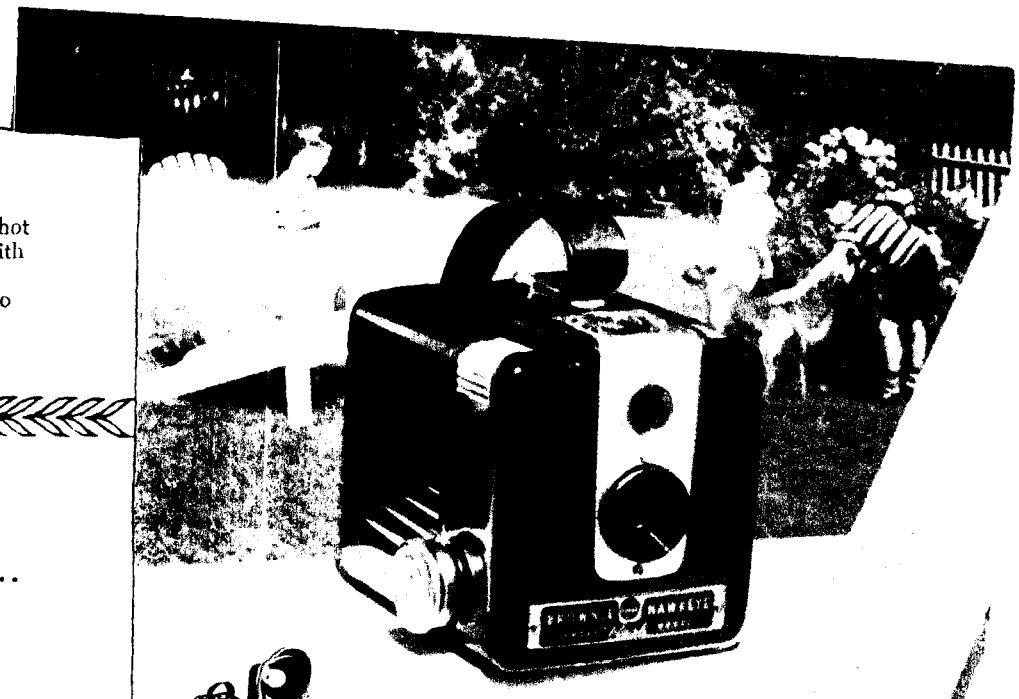

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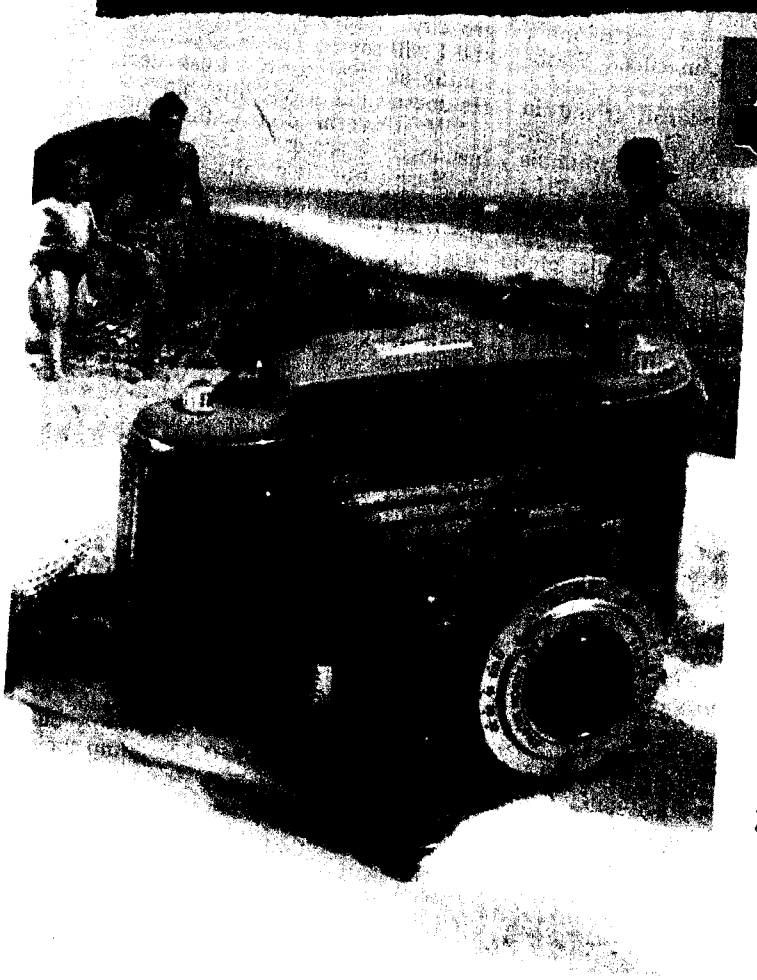

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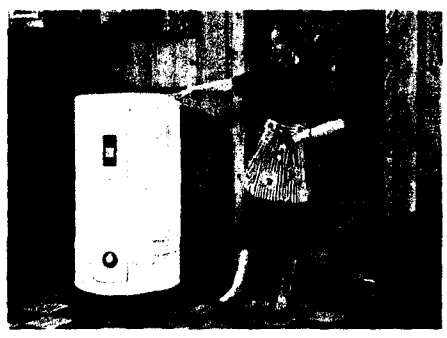

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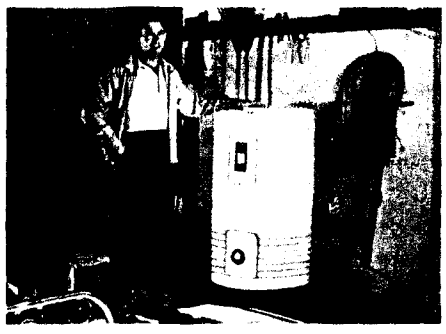

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WATER HEATERS

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

When Negroes moved on one street, 67 whites sold their homes

the attitudes of white operators. He went to their homes. His report was described to me as "so hot it never was released." Its conclusion: if a Negro operator were assigned to a line, service would stop.

And there the situation stands.

The union president acknowledges, "We haven't gone to bat on it."

The company president insists, "I should not do anything that would cause a work stoppage. I don't think my job is to start a social revolution but to provide transportation."

The Washington Fire Department is another sore spot. It is segregated. Negro fire fighters are confined to five companies while the remaining 44 companies are kept entirely white.

Protests by Fire Chiefs

Fire Chief Millard H. Sutton and his predecessor, Joseph A. Mayhew, both have considered segregation a drag on the fire department's efficiency and openly have called for an end to it. F. Joseph Donohue, as district commissioner, insisted, "White and Negro fire fighters fight the same fires—there is no segregation of hazards. Segregation of firemen, paid from public funds, who are risking their lives in your interest and mine, is not only un-American, it is unconscionable."

In the autumn of 1951, the Board of Commissioners, upon the fire chief's recommendation, actually approved a plan to stop segregation and distribute Negro firemen in companies where they would do the most good. It never has been carried out. Chief Mayhew, who fathered the plan, was stopped cold when he tried to put it into effect. Sutton, who became chief in February, 1952, has been similarly stymied for over a year.

"My hands are tied," Sutton told me from his sickbed at Casualty Hospital (he was injured in an explosion in January).

Who ties his hands?

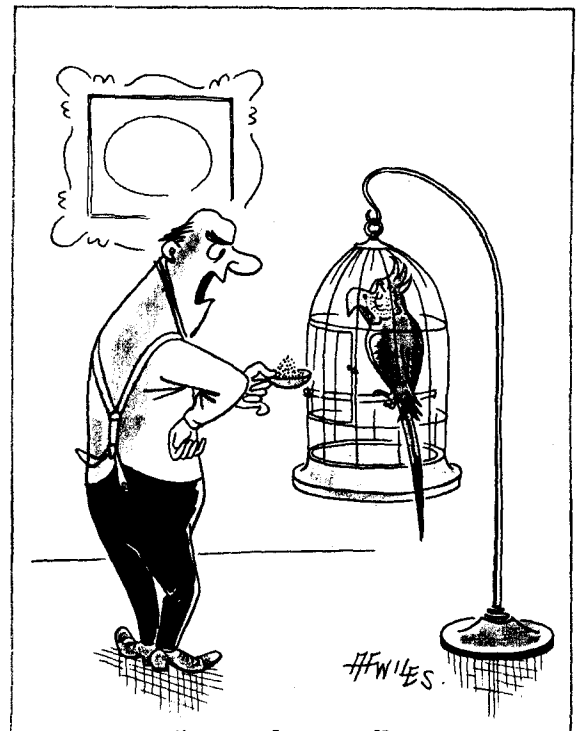
One of Washington's firemen is Sergeant William Waldenmaier. He is president of the Firemen's Association of the District of Columbia, which is Local 36 of the International Association of Fire Fighters, AFL. Speaking for his union, Waldenmaier said:

"I'll tell you who insists on segregation—*we* do, the men do! Right now we have five white officers in the colored companies. That's as much integration as we want—in fact more. We want it to stay as it is."

"Why?" I asked.

"Firemen have to live, eat and sleep in their firehouses. We simply do not want to live closely with Negroes," Waldenmaier responded. "We don't want them in the same enginehouse with us."

That Waldenmaier spoke accurately for the great majority of white firemen is attested by ballot. In June, 1951, white members of the Firemen's Association voted 664 to 9 in favor of segregation. (All 26 Negro firemen who took part in the election voted against segregation.) Last October, another vote was taken when Commissioner Donohue appeared personally before



"... and stop calling me 'Warden'!"

COLLIER'S — A. F. WILES

Local 36 to make an antisegregation plea, his last before submitting his resignation to Eisenhower. He was received sullenly: no applause when he spoke, applause when he left. The vote: in favor of segregation 190 to 3.

It has frequently been pointed out that segregation practices, especially in Washington, embarrass the United States in its dealings with the rest of the world and fill the propaganda hoppers of the Communists.

Waldenmaier's answer to this is at least direct: "They tell us this is bad for the rest of the world. We don't give a damn what happens over there. We want to keep them (the Negroes) out of here."

Segregationist firemen are not alone in their battle. They are amply supported by Southern segregationist congressmen, particularly those on the powerful House District of Columbia Committee, which is, in effect, Washington's city council.

"We've got a wonderful friend in Congressman James G. Davis (a member of the House District of Columbia Committee)," Waldenmaier said. "If I hear about someone scheming to end segregation, I just run to him and tell him about it. I don't know what club he uses, but whatever it is, it works."

Since the District of Columbia Committees of House and Senate virtually govern Washington, there is never any lack of clubs—including the power to cut off money to a recalcitrant city department.

Segregation in real estate, confining the Negroes to certain parts of town, was dealt a hard blow by the United States Supreme Court when it outlawed restrictive covenants in 1948. The nonwhite population of Washington swelled from 188,765 to 284,313 in the decade of the 1940s, an increase of 50 per cent. Negroes even before the court decision had moved far into the predominantly white northwest area, out Thirteenth and Sixteenth Streets to Spring Road, three miles north of the White House. The court decision facilitated further dispersion. By now, Negroes have bought homes five miles north of the White House and are taking up residence in the formerly all-white Crestwood and Petworth sections.

Washington has had plenty of neighborhood hysteria, as many another city has had, when Negroes first "broke a block" and For Sale signs popped up in front of white houses like dandelions the next morning. Adams Street, a little street near the Soldiers' Home, was "broken" in 1949. It runs only two blocks. But fleeing whites sold out 67 homes on those two blocks. There were hot tempers and grumbling but actually little to justify the oft-voiced fears of toppling real-estate values. Homes which had been bought for $6,000 to $7,000 (albeit on a lower market) were sold to their new occupants for $16,000 to $18,000.

What has happened to Washington, as to most cities since the end of World War II, has been a rush of families from city to country. The "Washingtonian" you meet today is likely to live in neighboring Maryland or Virginia. While the population of Washington itself is 802,178, the population of the metropolitan area is 1,464,089.

Social and economic pressures, if not "gentlemen's agreement" restrictions, have kept Negroes almost entirely out of the pleasant suburban purlieus. Thus they have piled up in the city, "infiltrating," as some Washingtonians put it, into more and more neighborhoods. This result would seem to be inevitable: could they be shut out of the new areas without piling up in the old?

Realtor "Views with Alarm"

Rufus S. Lusk, Washington's real-estate mentor, is alarmed by the trend. He is president of the Washington Taxpayers Association and publisher of the District of Columbia Real Estate Directory. "This is going to become a Negro city. I said it twenty years ago—and I still say it. The Negroes are infiltrating all over town," Lusk declared. He doesn't like it one little bit.

"What has this done to the real-estate business?" I asked.

"Hasn't hurt it at all. The market's very active," he replied. "That is—for the time being. In the long run, well, after all, colored people haven't as much money as white people."

Georgetown, Washington's most historic and probably most charming residential section, is an exception to the pattern of Negro influx. It has an intellectual, cosmopolitan population with little prejudice against Negroes. Here the nonwhite population, instead of rising, has sharply dropped, from 3,258 in 1940 to 1,915 in 1950. One reason is the rise in realty values.

Another was given by a Georgetown resident (a Mississippi-born woman, by the way) who explained it this way: "Here, we don't mind Negroes a bit. All we want is good neighbors, whether black or white. So you see, we don't get panicky and sell out. In other neighborhoods, Negroes flood in simply because panicky white people dump their homes on the market."

President Eisenhower must expect

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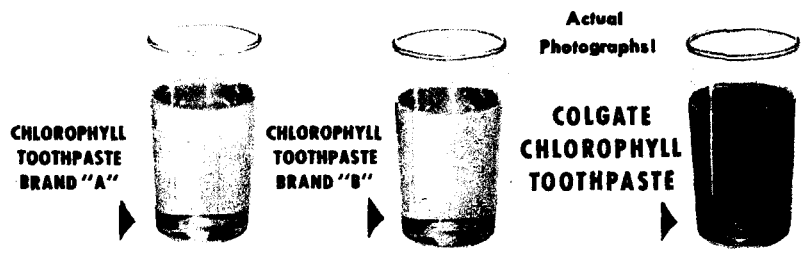

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D. C. segregation has so many aspec

last-ditch opposition—if he really intends to "eliminate every vestige of segregation in the District of Columbia"—from Washington's organization of white neighborhood groups known as the Federation of Citizens' Associations. The leading spokesman and past president of the federation, Clifford H. Newell, not only espouses segregation personally but insists that it is part and parcel of American principles.

"Antis" Called Un-American

"The only people in Washington who oppose segregation are about 5 per cent who are superliberals, people inclined to be socialistic, working in collusion with Negroes," Newell asserted, "and about 3 per cent who oppose it from the Christian standpoint. Both these groups are misled and misguided." He has characterized the anti-segregationists as "unscrupulous agitators," "un-American . . . plotters," and "schemers . . . in the name of social democracy, which is but another name for Communism."

The terrain is, as I said, tricky, and even one so agile in the field as Eisenhower may easily be tripped up. He and Mamie already have had a couple of close calls.

In February, just a month after they moved into the White House, one of Washington's big downtown movie houses, Keith's Theatre, ran a picture called Never Wave at a Wac. Word got around that Mamie was planning to attend. Promptly a spokesman for a Negro group got on the phone to the White House and wanted to know (1) did Mrs. Eisenhower know that Keith's Theatre barred Negroes, and (2) would she patronize such a theater, thereby implying approval of its Jim Crow policy?

Mamie did not go.

In March, Ike narrowly missed a booby trap when he was looking over a list of candidates for judgeships submitted by the District of Columbia Bar Association. Ordinarily, such bar-association recommendations are of the highest reliability, and Ike might have gone for this one without qualm; that is, until he was reminded that the District of Columbia Bar Association excludes Negro lawyers.

The terrain is tricky because Washington hasn't any consistent pattern of segregation. It is spotty, frequently surprising, often illogical. Ike might think of it as Normandy just after the invasion, when the territory was hashed up and you could never be sure who held what.

Though the District Bar Association is Jim Crow, the District Medical Society (since last year) admits Negroes. At one time, but no longer, the Daughters of the American Revolution barred Negroes from the stage of Constitution Hall, but permitted them in the audience, while the National Theatre barred Negroes from the audience and permitted them on the stage. When the District Recreation Board segregated the Rose Park Tennis Courts as a Negro area, it got bitter complaints; whites claimed they were discriminated against!

Ike will have to get used to the fact that the problem of his black and white neighbors is not all black and white. It is full of muddy grays. And there is no better place to find proof than in the famous rendezvous of Washington newspapermen, the National Press Club. It is not exactly a Jim Crow organization. It doesn't *bar* Negroes. But among its more than 4,000 members, including just about every kind of newspaperman, onetime newspaperman and news source, there just doesn't happen to be a Negro.

"Is this a coincidence?" I asked a member with long experience on the membership committee.

BUTCH

COLLIER'S

"Not that way, Slug! It's a pretty tough neighborhood after dark"

LARRY REYNOLDS

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ce must always beware of booby traps

"There's no sense in fencing with you," he replied candidly. "This is Washington. This is a Jim Crow town. This club just doesn't take Negroes."

He continued, "I know Louis Lautier of the Atlanta Daily World (first Negro newspaperman to be admitted to the Capitol Press Galleries). He's as fine a fellow as you'd want to meet. I don't see any reason why he shouldn't be here in the club having lunch now."

Actually Lautier, or any other Negro, *can* have lunch at the Press Club, if a member wishes to bring him as a guest. Waiters have specific instructions to serve any guest of a member; in fact the instructions were made quite specific after Judge William Henry Hastie, then an aide to the Secretary of War and later governor of the Virgin Islands, was turned away without lunch when a member brought him to the Press Club in 1942.

"This is a social club," explained Press Club President Theodore F. Koop when asked the reason for its all-white membership. The club chooses its own members. Two members sponsor a new man and 10 or more can exclude him by blackball. Since the South is heavily represented, members feel it would be suicidal to propose a Negro and no one ever does.

One member, though, did say to me, "I feel I am living a lie, believing one thing and belonging to a club that does something different."

Pressures on the President

Eisenhower will hear plenty of voices for segregation and plenty of voices against it; he will be nudged and goaded at every turn by the pressure groups. But assuming that he deeply holds to his belief that "every vestige of segregation" should be eliminated in the District of Columbia, he may want to take a stroll sometime and talk to a few people with no axes to grind.

It is just five minutes from the White House to the National Theatre, Washington's traditional home of the legitimate stage. Here segregation made one of its bitterest stands. The theater actually closed its doors in 1948, was dark for three months and then switched to movies rather than admit a single Negro to its audience. But today the National is offering stage plays again—and it admits Negroes.

Ike might want a word with pixylike Edmund Plohn, the manager. He was manager both before and after. "I don't know why we ever barred Negroes in the first place," Plohn says. "This town just puts pressure on you, and you've got to do what the others do. Now that we made the move, we're much happier. We have no difficulty at all, and we're doing fine."

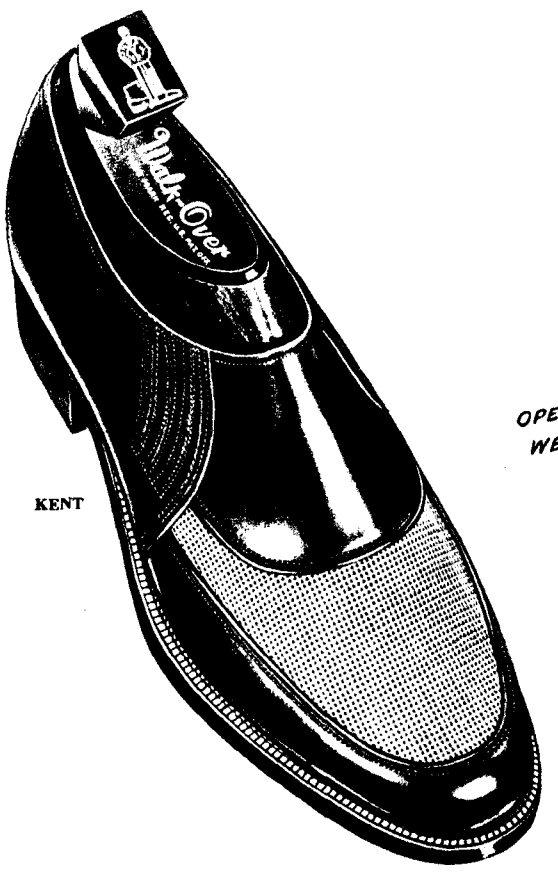
I attended a performance at the National. The fine old theater had its usual audience of top-drawer Washingtonians, and in a row near me a Negro couple seemed to be enjoying the show.

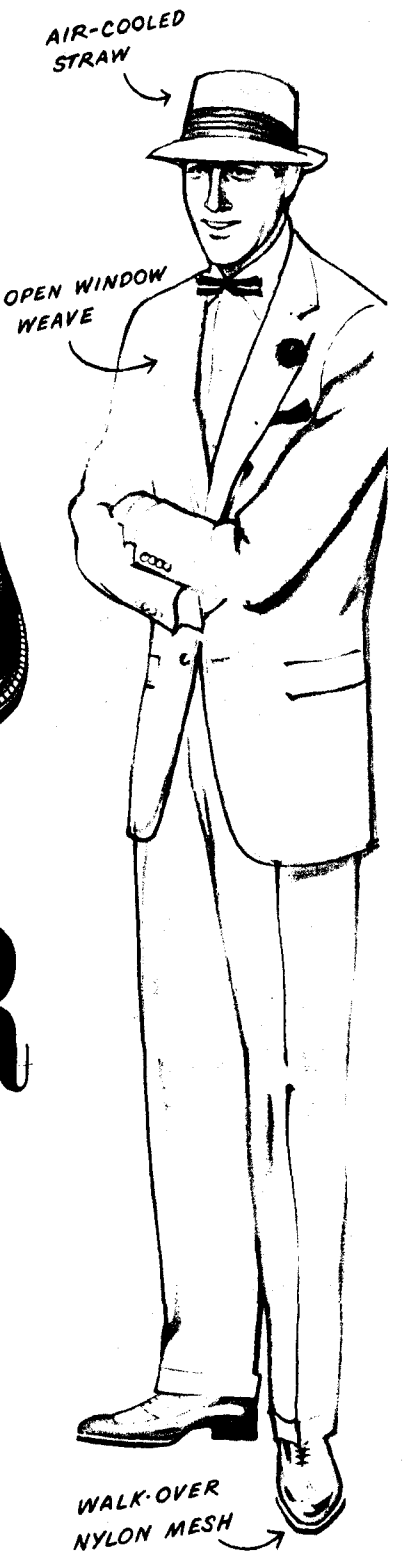
A bit farther from the White House is the Dupont Theatre, an art movie house. It opened in 1948 and drew no color line, the first "white" theater to admit all comers. Reports Jean Imhoff, the manager: "People have it in their heads that if you raise the bars Negroes are going to just crowd in. They don't. Less than 10 per cent of our audiences were Negroes when we opened, and it's still less than 10 per cent. We did have to throw out a drunken man and woman recently, but they weren't Negroes. We haven't had trouble with a Negro patron in five years."

Finally, Eisenhower might want a visit with the Reverend A. Powell Davies, pastor of the All Souls' (Unitarian) Church. The second Sunday after Ike moved to Washington, when the restaurant issue was boiling to a climax, the Reverend Mr. Davies preached on Good Intentions. He ended up with:

"I shall myself, from this time on, not knowingly eat a meal in any restaurant in the District of Columbia that will not serve meals to Negroes . . . I invite all who truly believe in human brotherhood to do the same. We have talked long enough. It is time for action. If America is to be a righteous nation, worthy of the greatness of its opportunity, it must come through righteous deeds, not lofty talk. I challenge church members, who pray every Sunday, 'Thy will be done on earth,' to do God's will in race relations. If they do not care to do it, I respectfully suggest that they admit, however sorrowfully, that they are not Christians."

The Reverend Mr. Davies' church prepared a list of places in Washington which have abandoned segregation and hold all men to be equal. He'd certainly have a spare copy if the White House wanted one. ▲▲▲





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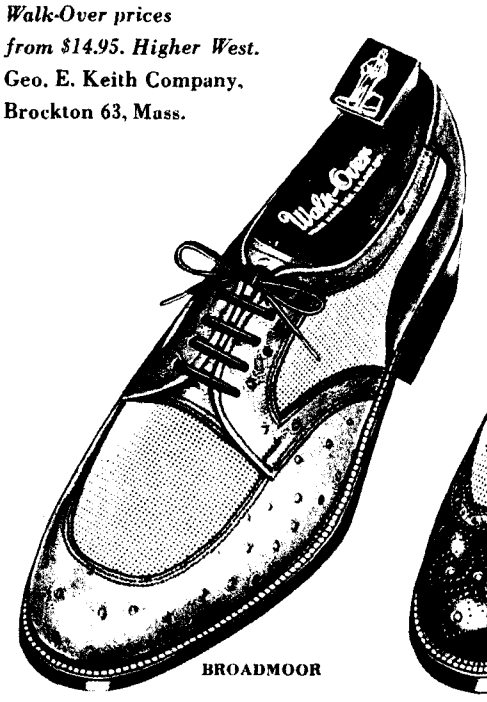

BROADMOOR

BROADWAY

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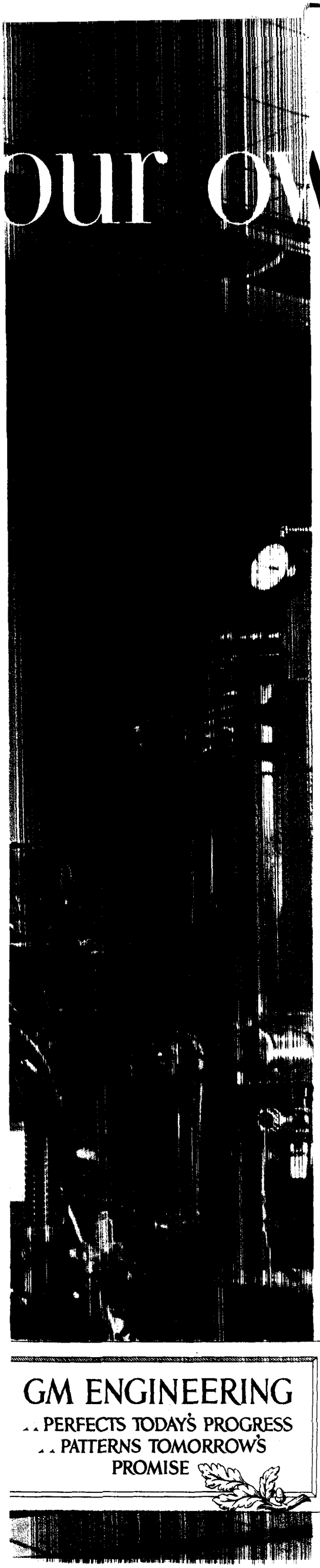

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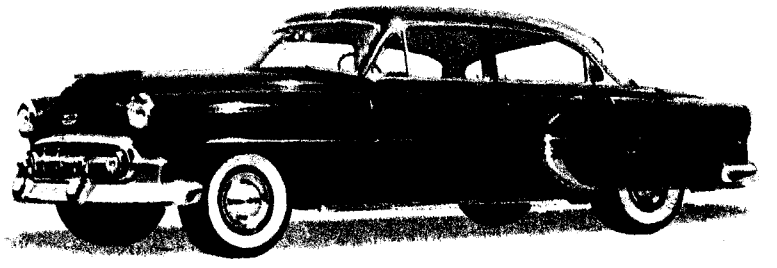

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LIONEL GILBERT

She had known then that a girl could not wander the streets of Paris alone at night

The Paris Money

By LEE RUSSELL

MARIAN was tall and slender, with crisp brownish hair and clear gray eyes. Today was her thirty-fourth birthday. With Tim off at his office and the children in junior high, she got out her account book and began by recording, under Paris Fund, the not yet sufficient, but astonishing, sum of one thousand and thirty dollars.

Once she had saved a hundred dollars toward a trip to Paris, but it had gone into a wedding dress. After that there had been no fund until 1946, but then she had started putting three dollars a week into an empty cheese box. Tim had kidded her about keeping the money in the refrigerator, making bad jokes about "cold cash" and "frozen assets" and threatening to make himself twenty-dollar-bill sandwiches.

But when the amount reached five hundred dollars, he had started to warn her about their week ends at the cottage, her going for groceries without locking the doors, and the possibility of the house burning down. And so she had deposited that five hundred in an account separate from their regular savings, and had begun to fill the cheese box again. Tim had given up then and christened the refrigerator cache Marian's Folly.

This morning when she went to the refrigerator, she held on to the open door, feeling the May sunshine warm on her back, and stared at the empty box. The money was gone.

It had been there Friday, but they had spent the week end at the cottage, and yesterday Marian had gone shopping, leaving both doors of the house unlocked.

Next door, Peg was out sun-bathing. Peg, a slim blonde, always had her work done before other people even got started. Marian stepped over the low boundary hedge. "Peg, were you here last week end? And yesterday?"

"Sure. Right in this chair—most of the time, anyway."

Peg would have seen lights—if prowlers make lights. But she had seen nothing and Marian went back to her kitchen. It was useless to phone the police; unmarked money couldn't be traced. A police investigation would merely spread the tale of Marian's Folly all over town.

Whatever her loss, it was still her birthday and the children expected a cake. She mixed batter. She would tell Tim about the money after they were in bed. What hurt was that, if the money had to go, it could not have gone *for* something—new bicycles for the children, the new convertible Tim wanted. She felt she'd never have the heart to begin again from three dollars. She busied herself cleaning a house that did not need cleaning.

Finally, the children rushed in, and Dorothy insisted on finishing the dinner preparations.

AS SHE bathed, Marian thought forlornly of past birthdays, Tim usually gave jewelry or a compact. The year she had started the Paris Fund again, he had also given her a recording of J'ai Deux Amours. Beneath Tim's gift was always a white envelope, containing a twenty-dollar bill and a note: "Buy something lovely for the lovely girl I love."

She dressed as far as her slip, then lay down, which was a mistake. The loss seemed suddenly worse, far worse than she could have imagined. It was not the loss of the money, it was the loss of the dream. The dream as dreamed at seventeen returned vividly—the Left Bank, bookstalls along the quay, young artists, cafés in the thin sunshine.

Then she remembered the night when, not yet married, she had had to wait for Tim on a corner. Men had looked, and some had stopped, and she had known then that that first Paris dream was for men only, that a girl could not wander the streets of Paris alone at night. And so the dream moved across the Seine, changing to young love, spring flowers, *bateaux mouches*, tea, dancing at dusk. And the amount needed to finance it had doubled.

The dream had faded during the children's younger years. When she had resumed saving, the dream had not been the same.

When, she wondered, had she first lost the excitement of changing five singles for a five, two fives for a ten, two tens for a twenty?

Perhaps the loss had not *really* hit her that morning because the real loss had occurred long ago. Perhaps there were things you had to do at a certain age—or never—things like wearing a chrysanthemum to a football game, a white dress to a spring dance.

She got up and crossed to the mirror. Her figure and her complexion were good, her hair as bright as ever. But the dream, what had happened to the dream?

Tim was still young and vigorous. As if to confirm this, the front door slammed downstairs. A silence followed. Then Tim bounded up the stairs, swept her up and swung her around.

"Happy birthday, darling!" He picked up her pale copper taffeta, stepped up onto a chair—his joke about helping her into her armor—and she let him drop the stiff dress over her, then zip it up.

DOWNSTAIRS, the table candles were lighted, and three packages lay beside her plate. She'd been right not to tell Tim yet. The children ate rapidly. Marian looked at their happy, loving faces and felt a squeeze at her heart. They wanted new bicycles, Tim the convertible; and abruptly she knew that if she had the Paris money back she would spend it on the family. That was why the dream had gone. She no longer needed it. If she could tell Tim that— And there was that other five hundred in the bank.

Dorothy and young Tim rushed the dishes into the kitchen. Tim pinched out the table candles, and young Tim carried in the lighted cake. Marian felt a desire to laugh. She had baked it, but the children had decorated it, and they set it before her as their gift.

"Take a big breath," Dorothy said. To Dorothy, thirty-four candles must seem a great number to blow out in one breath.

On former birthdays, Marian had really tried, so that, theoretically, her wish would come true in one year. Tonight she did not care, but to please the children she took a deep breath, then looked at Tim, his face young-looking in the candlelight. Once more the vision crossed her mind: Paris—spring—holding to Tim's arm as the breeze whipped her hair.

She blew and all the candles went out. As Tim relighted the table candles, their eyes met. He knew that at the last minute she had tried.

Dorothy was clapping her hands. "You get it! You get your wish this year!"

Marian smiled. "Well, we'll see." She opened her presents. The slippers from Dorothy were in her favorite color and correct size. There was a Persian-silk scarf from young Tim. She felt tears come to her eyes. The gifts showed care and thought and love. But when she saw the compact from Tim, the tears brimmed over. It was a lovely silver oval, etched with a tiny Eiffel Tower.

"Hey, baby," Tim said, "this is a *happy* day!"

She dabbed her eyes, fearful of what would happen when, filled as she was with love for Tim and the children, she would read Tim's note: "Buy something lovely for the lovely girl I love."

She picked up the white envelope. Inside, instead of the usual twenty-dollar bill, there were two objects—two steamship tickets on the Ile de France. The note said: "To introduce a lovely girl to a lovely city—at last."

"The children are going to your mother's farm," Tim explained. "And—I lifted your little hoard."

"But it wasn't enough, even with the five hundred in the bank!"

"I know. I couldn't get at your banked five hundred." Tim looked really embarrassed. "I've been matching your three dollars. Filing them in my office under Marian's Folly—Disappointment Insurance on."

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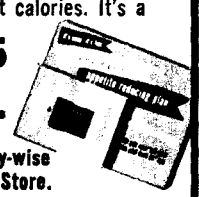

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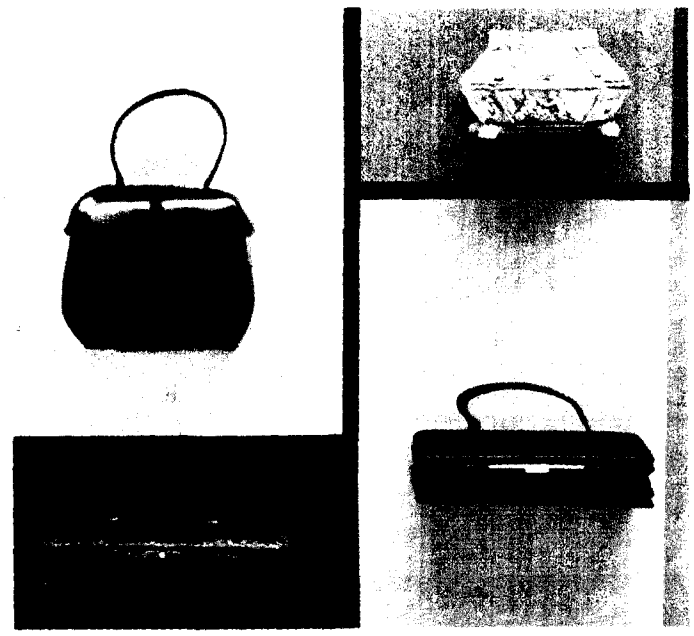
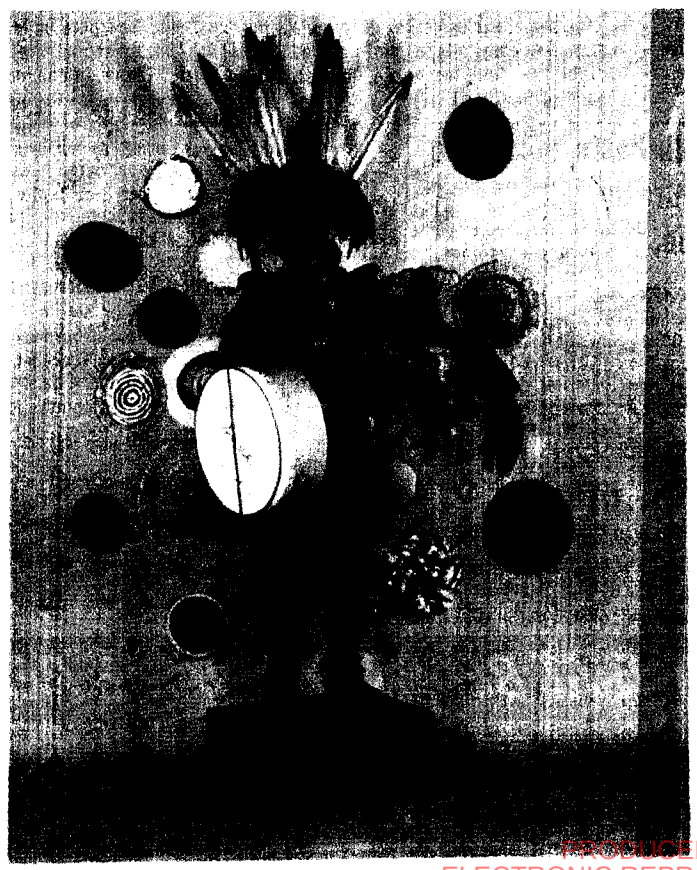
Brooklyn Museum's Michelle Murphy. Design is her line—from women's wear to book promotion



Bags by Alan Miller (top left) and Bienen-Davis (lower right) were based on ivory cask, glove box

Jap armor, linked like lobster tail, gave Sally Victor clue to collapsible hats. Mrs. Eisenhower wore white one at figure's shoulder for the inauguration



High Style and

Are you on the lookout for fashion ideas

ONE evening a few months ago, before a gathering of high-fashion designers at the Brooklyn Museum, a small, spirited woman named Michelle Murphy extracted from a trunk a pair of mid-Victorian bloomers, stuck her head through a split in the seat and her arms through the legs, and struck a pose. The members of her audience busily scribbled on their sketching pads.

It would have been a strange scene anyplace but at the Brooklyn Museum, where historic (and prehistoric) objects are viewed not merely as curiosities, but as sources of inspiration for modern design.

Mrs. Murphy wasn't trying to revive bloomers as an article of apparel. She was calling attention to the way the garment was cut and sewn, to its lines. The designers in the audience represented almost every part of the textile industry; the jog she gave their imaginations resulted in dozens of different designs on dozens of different products, ranging from several of this spring's suit jackets for women to carpeting and men's neckties.

For her work as research consultant to the Brooklyn Museum's Design Laboratory, Mrs. Murphy received the 1951 Neiman-Marcus Award, an annual fashion-industry Oscar presented by the famous Dallas specialty store; Neiman-Marcus credited her with having established "the

Modern designs with museum objects they're based or

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Mrs. Murphy

Move over, Paris. Here comes Brooklyn

By ROBERT FROMAN

greatest fashion laboratory in the Western Hemisphere."

From the economic point of view alone, that is a major accomplishment. Taken together, the U.S. textile, apparel and related products industries rival steel and oil in volume of manufacturers' sales. And every item produced by these industries, from the cheapest cotton print to the most stylish chapeau, depends for its success on its design. In the past, the industry operated on the theory that all good designs came from Paris.

The Brooklyn Laboratory is changing all that. The secret of Mrs. Murphy's success with the lab is summed up by designer John Robert Riley of the Will Nemerov coat and suit firm: "Other museums have fine collections of material for designers, but they don't have Michelle; usually they have Do Not Touch signs instead." Mrs. Murphy, breaking sharply with the usual museum practice, has made it possible for designers to carry off for further study items in which they are particularly interested.

"Michelle is a bridge between the past and the present," Charles Nagel, director of the Brooklyn Museum, said to me. "She has a scholar's knowledge of all the material in the museum plus an intimate understanding of how designers work."

Physically, the laboratory consists of a dozen small

Everglaze Latin-American print was inspired by decorations on antique Peruvian bed. Fabric by Fuller, dress by Nelly De Grab

Note motif of black draperies (l. center), for example, drawn from glassware shown on pedestal below. Foliage in painting (center) inspired chair (r.)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY SHARLAND

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Scarf by Vera is based on antique mosaic bracelet worn by model. Museum items set many style trends (best-known is poodle cloth, which was inspired by a 200-year-old mitten)

New shoes from old. The new ones, all on steps, are (from l.) first, second, third, sixth, eighth and ninth. All are Capezio models except third, made by Andrew Geller

rooms in one corner of the museum's second floor; and its equipment includes drawing boards, cutting tables, dressmaker's forms and microscopes. But this paraphernalia does no more than hint at the treasure-trove that's available. Lab members, who range from designers for Du Pont to individual free lances, can draw through Mrs. Murphy on the museum's great store of paintings, sculpture, textiles, weapons, shoes, clothing, bric-a-brac and a dozen other categories which together form a sort of distillation of the best of the art of design from prehistoric times to date.

A large majority of the 70-odd members of the lab (big companies pay $500 a year, individual designers $150) are in the fashion field. But furniture, carpet and drapery designers also have used the lab, and the membership currently includes such firms as the United States Glass Company, one of whose designers is working on goblets and cocktail glasses, and the United States Playing Card Company, which needs hundreds of new designs for card backs every year.

Not Merely a Repository for Relics

Ever since its founding in 1823, the Brooklyn Institute, which now includes the museum, the Academy of Music, Botanic Garden and Children's Museum, has aimed at being useful rather than being a mere repository for relics of the past. The museum began making opportunities available to designers more than 50 years ago. The program later fell into disuse, but the fall of Paris to the Nazis in 1940 cut off fashion designers from their chief source of inspiration, and all through World War II they flocked to the museum in growing numbers. They didn't stop after the end of the war, when Paris re-emerged as a fashion center. In fact, they became so numerous that more space was needed, and the museum obtained from Federated Department Stores, Inc., a gift with which to expand the design project. The result was the lab, formally named the Edward C. Blum Design Laboratory for a former president of both the institute and the department store group.

Only occasionally does a designer make a direct or nearly direct copy of any of the laboratory's source materials; Michelle Murphy's purpose is to provide not designs themselves but starting points from which designers can launch out on their own.

Among the singular sources of inspiration for hats which Sally Victor, a leading millinery designer, has found at the lab have been tea cozies, corsets, boots and market baskets, to name only a few. Other designers told me of being led similarly far afield by Mrs. Murphy in their searches for ideas. Textile designer Tammis Keefe and stylist Nancy Maxwell mentioned sculptures, architectural decorations, eighteenth-century French butter molds and assorted jewelry. John Robert Riley got an idea for a woman's suit from a seventy-five-year-old drawing of a little boy watching a baseball game. Carolyn Schnurer got one idea for a bathing suit from a Victorian chemise and another from a Bombay fisherman's apron.

"You go to Michelle," Miss Maxwell told me, "and say you don't know what you're looking for, just something different, something exciting. Every time, she'll come through with oddities like laundry paddles from North Africa, Japanese spear shafts, Hindu place mats, Roman sandal thongs. Nearly all of them will be just what you want, either for their construction or for their decorative design."

The most vivid testimonial to the lab's growing importance was a visit paid it last spring by Jacques Griffe, one of Paris' leading *couturiers,* who caters to such clients as Mamie Eisenhower, Perle Mesta, Anita Loos and Joan Fontaine. Griffe spent several days at the lab, concentrating chiefly on its big accumulation of French gowns from the period of the Napoleonic Empire. Out of that visit grew his last year's fall collection, which has been a big factor in the current trend toward the high-waisted Empire style in dresses.

Paris isn't abdicating. But it is moving over to make room for Brooklyn on the high-fashion throne. ▲▲▲

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SPRING SUMMER FALL WINTER

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The Case of the KILLER DOGS

They wouldn't believe Macklyn. They said that he couldn't have seen a man dying in the woods—where was the man? Where was the body? But Macklyn was positive there had been a murder

By HUGH PENTECOST

The Story: MACKLYN GRAVES had come to Connecticut for the week end to see LIB CROWDER, whom he had loved since before her marriage to the late LUCIAN CROWDER. Lucian, whose body was never recoverd from the wreckage of his plane, had been Macklyn's partner in the theater. The first evening, Macklyn discovered his friend FRED FOWLER among the neighbors who had come in to inquire about Lib's broken ankle. Macklyn could see that Fred, visiting nearby, had fallen in love with Lib. Macklyn also learned of an appalling local crisis: fantastic wild-dog packs were roaming the countryside, attacking men and cattle. Later that same evening, Lib delighted Macklyn by confessing that she loved him.

The next day, they had almost no time together. The neighborhood was preparing for a hunt that night to exterminate the wild dogs; and three men, in addition to Fred, were particularly in evidence—LARRY CUYLER, DIGGER MARCH and VAN ANDERSON. They had all been interested in Lib, at one time, though Larry and Van were married. Early in the evening, all the local men, including BOB STREETER, Lib's hired man, left for the hunt. And then Lib's small son DICKY disappeared, apparently having followed the men into the woods. Macklyn started out to find him, and three hours later he himself was completely lost. Meanwhile, the little boy was discovered safe at home.

Finally Macklyn, wandering around the woods, came across one of the calf carcasses used as bait in the hunt, and standing over this bloody meal was one of the wild dogs. Then, to Macklyn's terror, the "calf" moved, moaned, and threw out an arm, It was a man, terribly hurt. Macklyn rushed the dog, which turned and pursued him. He managed to fight the animal off long enough to pull himself up into a tree, and there he tried desperately to keep the dog's attention in order to save the helpless man on the ground. Van Anderson finally appeared and shot the dog. Macklyn passed out. When he came to, Anderson refused to believe that Macklyn had seen a man. Macklyn stumbled to the clearing and found—only a calf carcass. The man had disappeared.

CONCLUSION

FOR the second time in the space of five minutes, Macklyn slipped into unconsciousness. When he opened his eyes again, someone was calling his name, almost tenderly. It was Fred Fowler. The big newspaperman was sitting in the snow, holding Macklyn in his arms and rocking him gently back and forth. The little clearing was crowded with hunters now, and somebody was pointing an electric torch at Macklyn, which blinded him as he opened his eyes.

"We can make a stretcher for him out of some of our jackets," someone said.

"I can walk," Macklyn said, struggling up to a sitting position. "You don't understand what's happened here. It's not as simple as it looks."

Fred Fowler smiled at him, a smile of relief. "You had the hell scared out of you, boy. That's what happened here."

"Can't say I blame you, Macklyn." It was Digger March. "That brute would have scared me out of ten years' growth, if I'd met him alone."

The men gathered around. Macklyn moved, and he saw the dog. Its legs had been trussed to a pole which two men carried over their shoulders. The dog's bent back dragged on the earth.

"Listen," Macklyn said in a croaking voice. "I don't know what's going on here, but I tell you, when I first came to this clearing, there was a man lying where that calf is. I saw him move. I heard him cry out."

"Have a cigarette," Fowler said. He took a lighted one from his mouth and put it between Macklyn's lips.

"Did you have a flashlight with you, Macklyn?" Van Anderson asked.

"No, but the moon was bright. I tell you—"

"Where were you when you saw all this, baby?" Fowler asked.

Macklyn twisted around and pointed to the top of the low embankment where he'd been sitting, smoking a cigarette, when the horror began.

"A good fifteen yards," Digger said.

"I don't care if it was fifteen miles," Macklyn said desperately. "The moon made it bright as daylight. I *thought* it was a calf at first—it was just a black heap. Then the dog came and started to tear at it, and I saw it wasn't a calf. I heard him groan, and I saw him thrash out with his arm. I screamed. That's when I attracted the dog's attention, got him interested in me."

A strange voice whispered off to the side. "Shock. Can't blame him. That dog was a real killer."

"It's not shock, and I wasn't seeing things!" Macklyn cried. "There was a man here. I don't know what's happened to him. I don't know who brought the calf here and took him away—"

"The calf was brought here about half past three this afternoon," Digger said. "It's been here ever since, Macklyn. I tell you, old man, it's just that the whole experience got your imagination working overtime."

"Take it easy, baby," Fowler said, as Macklyn struggled to his feet and faced the semicircle of hunters.

"So I'm crazy," he said. "But I wasn't crazy when I sat on that rock up there, resting. I was lost, but I wasn't crazy. I saw the dog, and he scared the hell out of me. My gun wasn't loaded, and I wasn't sure I knew how to load it. I sat there, still as a mouse, hoping the dog would get interested in—in—the—the calf and not me! He did, and I thought I could get my gun loaded and fire at him. Then I heard that groan—not from the dog but from—whatever it was there. The dog pounced on him, and I saw his arm thrash out, trying to protect himself. Do you think, if I hadn't been *sure*, I'd have run down into this clearing with an empty gun and no way to protect myself? I—I was trying to defend that guy who was too badly hurt to defend himself!"

"It was a trick of the moonlight," Van said. "The dog's action made the carcass move somehow."

"It was a hand! I saw it! I saw the fingers on it!"

For the first time, Macklyn became aware of Bob Streeter, Lib's hired man. "Just so Mr. Graves'll rest easier," he said, "we can count heads here. Is anyone missing?"

A QUICK count was taken, and all eleven hunters who had set out to work the northeast side of the valley were present.

" 'Course someone could have worked over from the other side, though it was understood no one would, so's to avoid accident."

"I don't care if every hunter in all four groups is accounted for," Macklyn protested. "So it was a tramp or a stranger or God knows who. But don't you see what's happened here? The calf was here at three thirty, you say. Well, someone took the calf away and put a man there. And in the time that damn' dog and I were playing hide-and-seek, someone took the man away and brought back the calf!"

There was a moment of dead silence.

"We'd better get him back to the house," Van Anderson said. Fred Fowler reached out gently for Macklyn's arm.

Macklyn wrenched away from him. He ran, unsteadily, toward one edge of the clearing. "Here! You can see where the bodies of the calf *and the man* were dragged in and out." There were clear markings of the drag in the snow.

"We couldn't get within about a hundred yards of here on that old logging road in the jeep," Digger March explained to anyone who cared to listen. "We hauled the calf in from there and walked back to the jeep the way we came."

"At three thirty this afternoon!" Macklyn's voice sounded strangely triumphant. He was about fifteen yards away from the group, near the edge of the clearing, bending down. "How do you account for this, then?"

Only Fowler went to join him, placating, gentle. "What is it, baby?"

"On this stone!" Macklyn said. "Fresh blood! It's still wet, Fred. Look at it! I insist you look at

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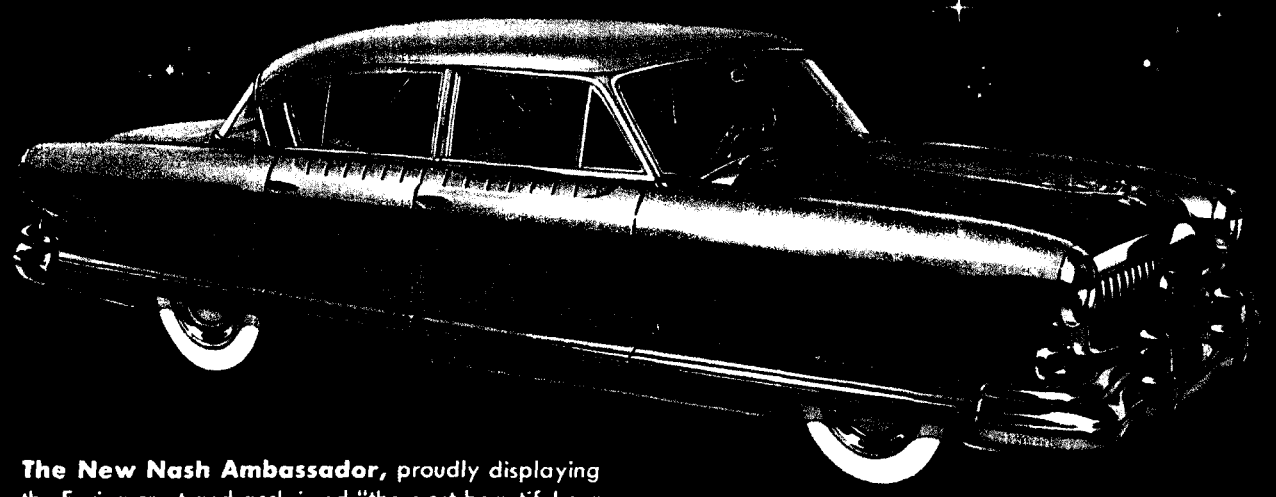

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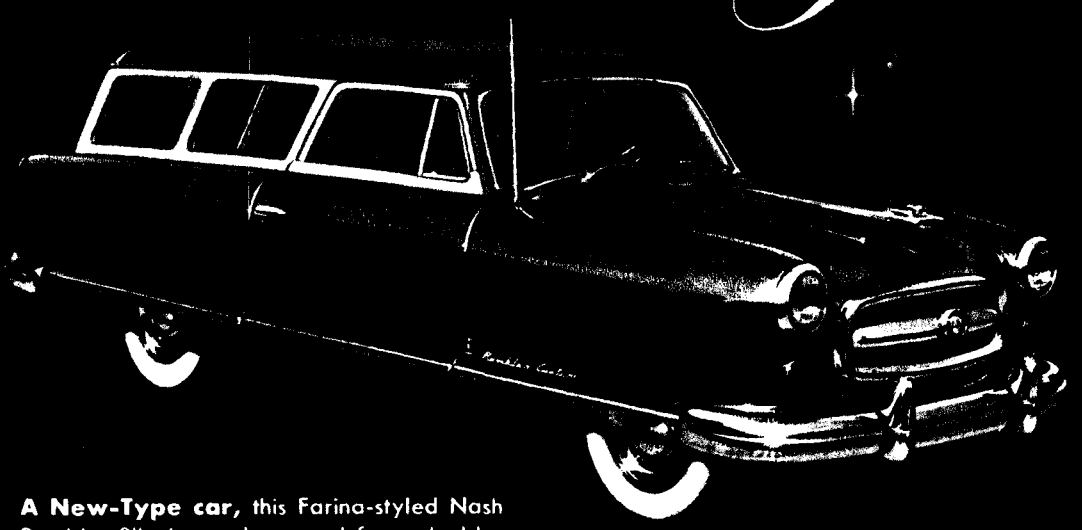

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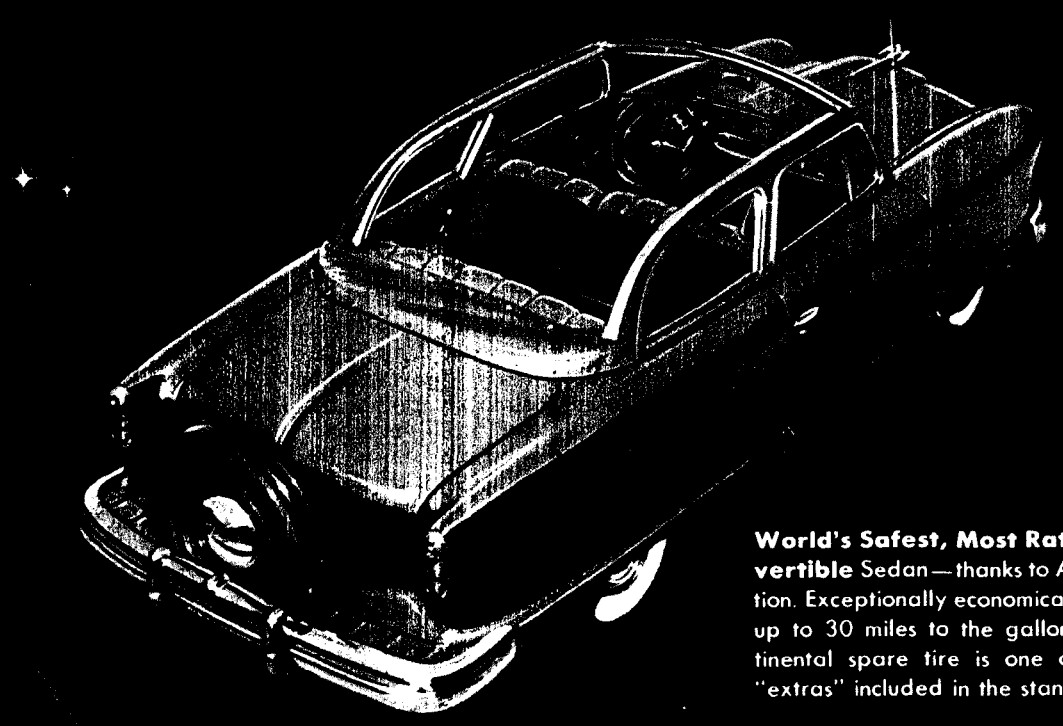

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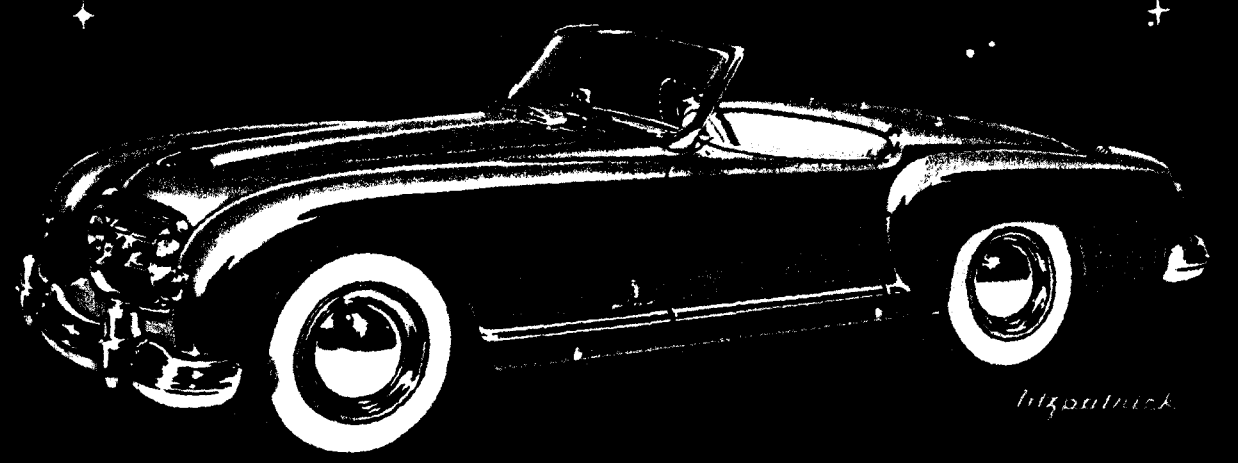

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it! Would there still be wet blood on this stone from a carcass dragged over it *nine hours ago?*" . . .

The fire had been built up in Lib's living room, and Macklyn had been forced to take the chair that had been Lib's. She sat on the puff, her crutches on the floor beside her. The room was full of people, and again Grace Cuyler and her husband had taken over. Hot coffee and drinks were being served. Crowded around Macklyn's chair were Fred Fowler and Van and Digger. Little Dr. Jelliffe had been called in to check Macklyn over.

Macklyn was furious. They had treated him like a child or a harmless idiot, out there in the woods. They had looked at the wet blood on the stone, and they had mumbled about it, and then, as if he needed humoring, they had gone through the motions of searching the woods for a radius of about a hundred yards. Then they had firmly insisted on bringing Macklyn home.

Dr. Jelliffe had dressed Macklyn's torn hands and bandaged them, and he had, laughing as he did it, examined Macklyn's head for injury. "You fell a couple of times," he said. "You might have a concussion, Mr. Graves."

"I didn't fall on my head," Macklyn said angrily, "and I'm not crazy, whatever these idiots may try to tell you." Only the feel of Lib's hand on his arm kept him from blowing his top entirely. He looked at her and remembered there'd been an understanding between them long, long ago. It seemed like forever since he'd arrived from New York the night before.

"Lib, darling," he said, quietly, "they're trying to brush me off, but I know what I saw!"

No one wanted to listen. Everybody was talking about the hunt. It seemed that the main pack of dogs had been drawn to the bait at the other end of the valley. The men stationed there had shot thirteen of them, and the one Van had gotten—known as "Macklyn's dog"—made fourteen. There could be only three or four left, and they were probably the least dangerous.

Macklyn sat silent, sipping a bourbon Fred had brought. Then he excused himself and struggled out of his chair.

"Where you going, baby?" Fred said.

"Do we have to make a production out of my going to the bathroom?" Macklyn said sharply.

"Don't be sore, baby," Fred said.

BUT Macklyn had no intention of going to the bathroom. Instead he went to the telephone at the rear of the entrance hall. He asked for the state troopers' barracks in Canaan.

"My name is Macklyn Graves," he told the officer who answered the telephone. "I'm staying at the Crowder farm north of Sharon. I want to report a murder . . . No, I won't go anywhere."

He limped back to the chair in the living room. Van Anderson was standing by Lib. "I've been telling Lib you're a damn' brave guy, Macklyn. You *thought* there was a man there. You risked your life to save him."

Fred brought Macklyn a second drink. "Get to work, baby," he said. "We're getting you drunk, didn't you know? Doctor's orders."

Larry Cuyler was at the piano playing old-time jazz. People stood around the piano singing. It was all very gay.

It was so gay that the two state troopers, who were admitted by one of the guests, were quite puzzled. They asked for Macklyn, and the instant they were seen, the music stopped and people crowded around. "Someone sent for you?" Digger said to them.

"A Mr. Macklyn Graves."

"Oh, brother!" someone said, at the far end of the room.

Digger brought the troopers over to where Macklyn sat. "You phoned for the state police, Macklyn?"

"Yes," Macklyn said.

"I'm Sergeant Jackson," one of the troopers said. "You reported a murder over the phone."

"That's right, Sergeant."

"Look, Sergeant," Digger said. From his tone of voice it was clear he represented a special kind of authority. "Mr. Graves is suffering from shock. He—"

"I want to report a murder," Macklyn said grimly.

"Who is the victim?" Jackson asked.

"I don't know."

"Where is the body?"

"I don't know."

JACKSON held his pencil poised over his black notebook. The roomful of people were silent.

"I'd like to tell you what happened, if it can be done without interruption," Macklyn said.

"Is there someplace—" Jackson said, looking around.

"The study across the hall," Lib said.

Macklyn went there with the two troopers. Jackson sat at what had once been Lucian Crowder's desk and Macklyn sat in a red leather chair, facing him. The other trooper stood by the door.

"When I get through telling you," Macklyn said, "you may agree with the others that I am crazy. But I'd be doing less than my duty as a citizen if I didn't tell you."

"Go ahead, Mr. Graves."

So Macklyn told the story from beginning to end. "We found fresh blood where the calf and the man had been dragged into the clearing," he said as he finished. "I say it came from the body of the man who was alive or had only just died when he was taken out of the clearing and replaced by the calf."

Jackson's voice had an odd sound to it. "The others don't agree?"

"The others," Macklyn said, "say it may have been the dog's blood. That he might have been wounded before they actually got him. They say"—and Macklyn spoke with emphasis—"that it might have been *my* blood—that it dripped off my neck or hands right then, while I was searching."

"I see," Jackson said. He closed the notebook. "We'll search the location, Mr. Graves. And we'll check the surrounding communities for news of someone missing. If there was a murder, someone is missing somewhere."

"Unless it was a tramp, someone like that," the trooper by the door said.

Macklyn turned his head. "If it was a tramp, why the elaborate effort to remove the carcass of the calf and replace it with the man, and then remove the man and replace him with the calf?"

"If that happened," the trooper said.

"It happened," Macklyn said grimly.

Jackson drummed his pencil on the edge of the desk. "Why do *you* think someone did that, Mr. Graves?" he asked.

Macklyn was suddenly almost too tired to talk any more. "I think the murderer intended it should seem the man he killed had been run down and destroyed by the dogs. I think there is evidence the man was murdered. Suppose he was strangled. The dogs would tear out his throat first thing, from what I hear. That would destroy the evidence of strangulation. Not autopsy

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evidence, perhaps, but no one would have thought of an autopsy. Right?"

"Go on," Jackson said.

"But I saw the body before the dog could destroy the evidence. I kept the dog from destroying it. So the murderer had to remove the body again. He brought back the calf carcass, and it's worked out perfectly for him. Everybody's satisfied I was frightened into a piece of gaudy imagination. I wasn't. And when you find the body you'll find evidence that the man was murdered. I'll bet everything I own on that."

"You've no idea who the man was?"

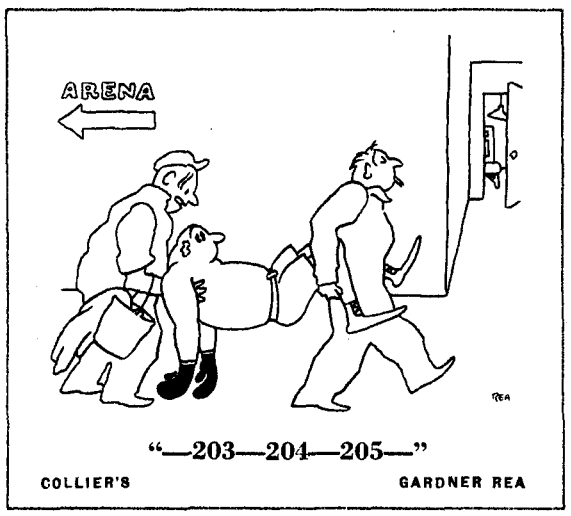
"Not the slightest. I never saw his face. The chances are, being a stranger here, I wouldn't know him."

Jackson stood up. "We'll check," he said. "Do you expect to be around for a while, Mr. Graves?"

"Till this business is settled," Macklyn said.

"I guess that's all for now," Jackson announced.

The troopers went straight across the entrance hall and out the front door without talking to anyone else. Macklyn watched them go, and he was angry all over again. Why hadn't they questioned some of the other hunters? Had Digger March convinced them that this was all just a pipe dream?



Fred Fowler came out of the living room to where Macklyn stood, carrying his own glass and Macklyn's. "You've done what you could, baby," he said. "Drink up."

Macklyn took the glass from him, raised it, and drained it. He shuddered slightly and then looked up at Fowler. "Tell me, you fat slob, in what New York night club did you enjoy that case of pneumonia you're supposed to be up here recuperating from?"

Fowler looked back at him without blinking. "A literary-type guy like you ought to know better than to end a sentence with a preposition," he said.

EXHAUSTION works in peculiar ways. Tensions had held Macklyn together until after the troopers left. The combination of their going and the whisky Fred had brought seemed to end his control. The room began to spin almost at once, and ten minutes later he realized he was being helped to bed by Fred and Van Anderson.

He thought once that he heard the sound of laughter and of cars driving away, and then, in the next conscious moment he had, the sun was streaming through the windows of his bedroom and young Dicky was standing by his bed shaking him gently. His eyes were bright with excitement.

"The state troopers are here to see you, Uncle Macklyn."

"Oh." The night's adventure came back to him, even more sharply when he tried to move. He felt bruised from head to foot.

"Mum says Gertrude will bring you a tray and you can see the troopers here," Dicky said.

"No need," Macklyn said. "I'll be down in ten minutes."

With his bruised and stiffened fingers, dressing was difficult, but he managed everything except the tying of a bow tie.

DOWNSTAIRS, the two troopers were having coffee at the dining-room table with Lib and the seemingly ever-present Fred Fowler. "Hi, baby," Fred said. "How do you feel?"

"In one piece," Macklyn said, "all lousy. Lib, you'll have to tie my tie for me." He bent down in front of her and looked into her dark blue eyes, and the day was new and good.

"Well, Sergeant?" he said to Jackson.

"We just wanted to report, Mr. Graves," Jackson said. "We started a search of the location at daybreak. There's no sign of a body, nor any sign of anyone's being dragged around anywhere. Of course that old logging road was pretty well tramped over, yesterday and last night."

"Oh, you don't have to tell me the rest," Macklyn said. "Nobody's missing. Right?"

"That's the way it is, sir," Jackson said. He fiddled with his coffee cup. "We thought perhaps, after you'd had a night's rest, and the shock of the experience was over—"

"I saw what I saw," Macklyn said.

Jackson sighed deeply. "We haven't got anything to go on, Mr. Graves, except your word."

"Which has always been good," Macklyn said.

"Don't misunderstand me, sir," Jackson said. "We don't doubt for an instant that you're telling the truth as you saw it. Only, all things considered, it's possible it really didn't happen the way you think it did."

"You're dropping the case?"

"We've sent out a request to all state police and sheriffs' offices in the area, both Connecticut and New York, for immediate information on any missing persons reported."

"And you've given up the search for the body?"

"If they moved it around as handy as you say they did," the other trooper blurted out, "they probably moved it out of the woods by now." He sounded again like he was talking to a looney.

"You intend to do anything more about it, sir?" Jackson asked.

"I intend to clear it up, Sergeant, with or without your help," Macklyn said.

The troopers looked at each other, then thanked Lib for the coffee, and went out.

Macklyn sat down at the table. "I could eat a horse," he said. "I didn't have any dinner last night."

Gertrude was sent for, and she brought fruit juice and coffee.

Fred Fowler leaned back in his chair, the ash from his cigarette dribbling down over his vast expanse of stomach. "You're a revelation, baby," he said. "I've always thought of you as the one who sat at home, listening to your classical records, studying your stage designs. And now I find you determined to play bloodhound."

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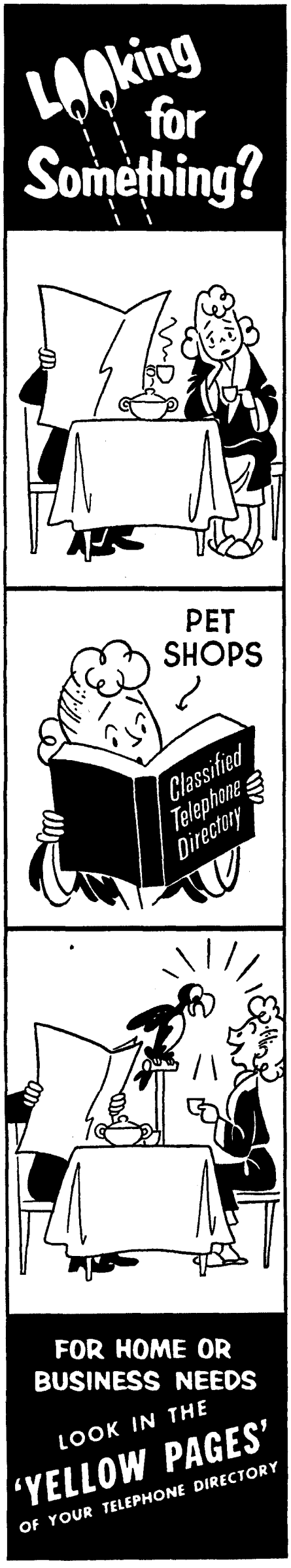
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treating me as if I were nuts. There was murder done out there last night. If no one believes me, then I have no choice but to follow it through."

Fred puffed on his cigarette. "Does it occur to you, baby, that you may be setting yourself up as a clay pigeon?"

"It does," Macklyn said.

"What does that mean?" Lib asked.

"If there was a murder," Fred said, "Macklyn's the only hitch in the murderer's getting away with it."

Lib's eyes widened. "Macklyn!"

"So what do I do?" Macklyn said impatiently. "Give up because it's dangerous, and let a killer go free?"

Fred took another cigarette from his pocket and lighted it from the stub of the one he'd been smoking. "You've got yourself a good boy, Lib," he said. Then he laughed. "You don't have to look so surprised. I saw I had to throw in the towel the minute Macklyn got here last night. Make her happy, Macklyn, or I'll wring your neck for you. And one way to make her happy is not to run foolish risks."

"Here we go again," Macklyn said.

Gertrude came in with a heaping plate of bacon, eggs and toast, and Fred was silent till she'd gone back to the kitchen.

"You asked me a question last night which I didn't answer. You're right, baby, I've never had pneumonia."

"Fred!" Lib said.

"Oh, it's nothing sinister," the fat man said. "I needed a holiday. Whenever I go any place without a good reason, people pull in their sidewalks and lock their doors. They think I'm investigating them or their neighbors. So when Digger invited me to come here, we spread the story that I'd been sick and was here to recuperate. That was so the good people of your valley wouldn't think I was here to look under someone's bed."

Lib laughed. "You double talker!"

Fred looked at her. "I'd have been gone long ago, but I fell in love, Mrs. Crowder, and I had hopes."

"Fred, dear, I'm sorry."

"Nothing to be sorry about. I asked you nothing, and you promised me nothing." Fowler pushed back his chair noisily and rose. "Take care of your woman, baby," he said to Macklyn, "and stop playing cops and robbers." Then he turned and left them.

IT WOULD have been easy for Macklyn to follow Fowler's advice. He'd done his duty as a citizen, technically. He'd notified the authorities of what he'd seen, and the authorities had chosen to believe it was only his imagination. His conscience should have let Macklyn drop it there.

"But I can't," he said to Lib, after Fred had left them alone. "If we go on living here, as I suppose you'll want to, something may happen tomorrow or next week or next month that'll put two and two together, and we'll be back in it again."

Lib's eyes had a twinkle in them. "You talk about our living here, Macklyn, and you haven't even asked me to marry you."

"Lib!"

"Darling."

"Last night—Lord, it was night *before* last night, wasn't it—I thought—"

"It is typically male," Lib said, "to take everything for granted."

"A respectable widow with a small son! You're not suggesting—"

"It doesn't happen every day," Lib said. "A girl has a right to a formal proposal of marriage."

"The classic style is out," Macklyn said. "I couldn't bend my knees far enough to kneel."

"Poor darling," Lib said.

Looking at her, the comedy went out of it for Macklyn. He felt suddenly choked with what he felt for her. "Words have been my business for so long they have a way of becoming meaningless, Lib," he said, very quietly.

"Say the words anyway, darling."

"I love you, Elizabeth," he said.

"And I love you, Macklyn."

"I've always loved you, Elizabeth."

"I've been in love before, Macklyn," Lib said. "I was in love with Lucian."

"Of course."

"But because I've been in love before, Macklyn, I think I know now how to love more than I could then."

He went quickly around the table to her and took her hands in his. "Will you marry me, Elizabeth?"

She laughed a little. "I always imagined I'd take this standing, but this blasted ankle—"

He lifted her up out of her chair and held her close to him. "Darling," he whispered. "Darling, darling, darling."

He finally went back to his place—and to the cold bacon and eggs.

Over his second cup of coffee and a cigarette, he was back at the problem that worried at him. "What about Van Anderson?" he asked.

"What about him?"

"He was there before anyone, Lib. He shot the dog. It was some time before any of the other hunters appeared."

"Macklyn."

"Yes?"

"How can you speculate about anyone, darling? You can't guess at a motive when you don't know who was killed. Van is a hot-tempered, reckless guy who might kill someone under the right set of circumstances. But so might you, darling—under the right set of circumstances. Until you know who's dead, you can't try to guess why it happened. And as the trooper said—"

"Yes?"

"The body of the man who was killed may be far away from here by now. There's been time."

Mackyn stood up. "I don't think so," he said. "It couldn't have been safely moved last night. Anyone's absence would have been noticed. The troopers have been on the job since then. I don't think anyone's going to try it by daylight now." He turned to Lib. "Did your shotgun get returned in the excitement last night?"

"Van brought it back."

"Show me how it works. I'm going for a walk," Macklyn said.

BOB STREETER and Dicky were on the front lawn when Macklyn appeared with Lib's shotgun, loaded this time, under his arm. The boy and the farmer were working on Sorrowful, who was being taught to walk at heel. Macklyn stopped to watch for a moment.

"How you feeling today, Mr. Graves?" Streeter asked.

"As well as can be expected, to use a medical term," Macklyn said. "I wish I'd known you'd locked that pup in the milkhouse last night. It would have saved me quite a workout."

"I was afraid he'd follow me," Streeter said. "Because I've been helping to train him, he hasn't made up his mind yet between me and Dicky."

"Where will I find the beginnings of that logging road, Bob?"

"You going back out there?"

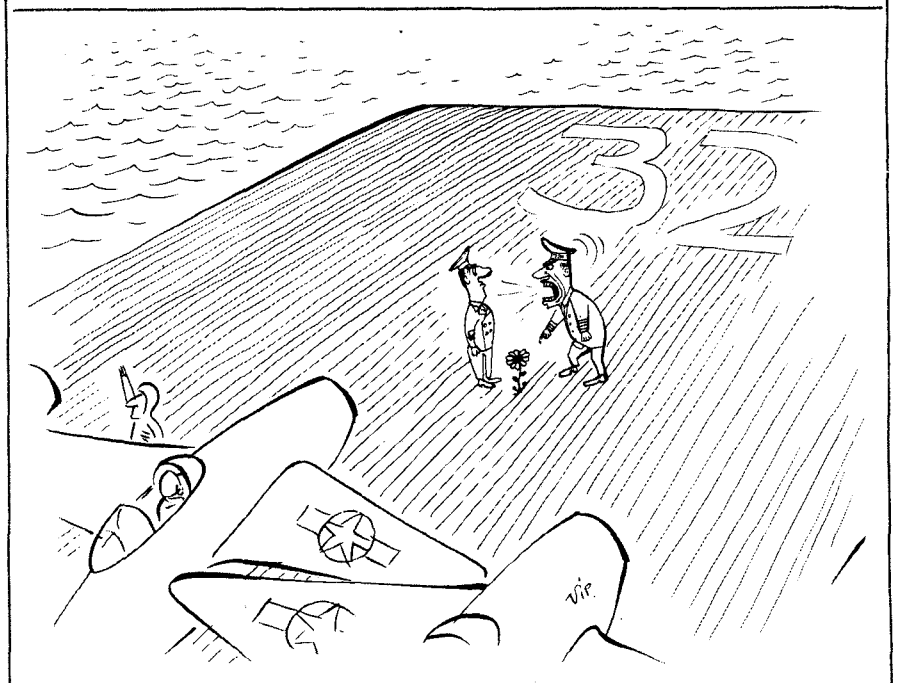
"Just want to look around in the daylight," Macklyn said.

"You go down here to the first break in the stone wall," Streeter began. Macklyn watched his fine, almost aristocratic face, so typical of many of these country people, the ones who knew each stone, each rise of ground, each clump of bushes. ". . . and when you come to a tree that's all wrapped round with bittersweet, you'll see the beginnings of the road just off to the left of where you are."

"Do you think I was seeing things last night, Bob?"

Streeter looked away over the countryside. "I'm a countryman, Mr. Graves. I started hunting in these woods over thirty years ago." He chuckled. "I've hunted in 'em often at night, which ain't legal. But if a fellow needs a piece of venison to eat . . ." He let his breath out in a long sigh. "I've seen things in the woods I never mentioned to no one. They wouldn't of believed me. And after a while I didn't believe 'em myself. You'll see how it is, Mr. Graves. A month from now—

VIP'S WAR



"I know it's a petunia! But what I want to know is . . ."

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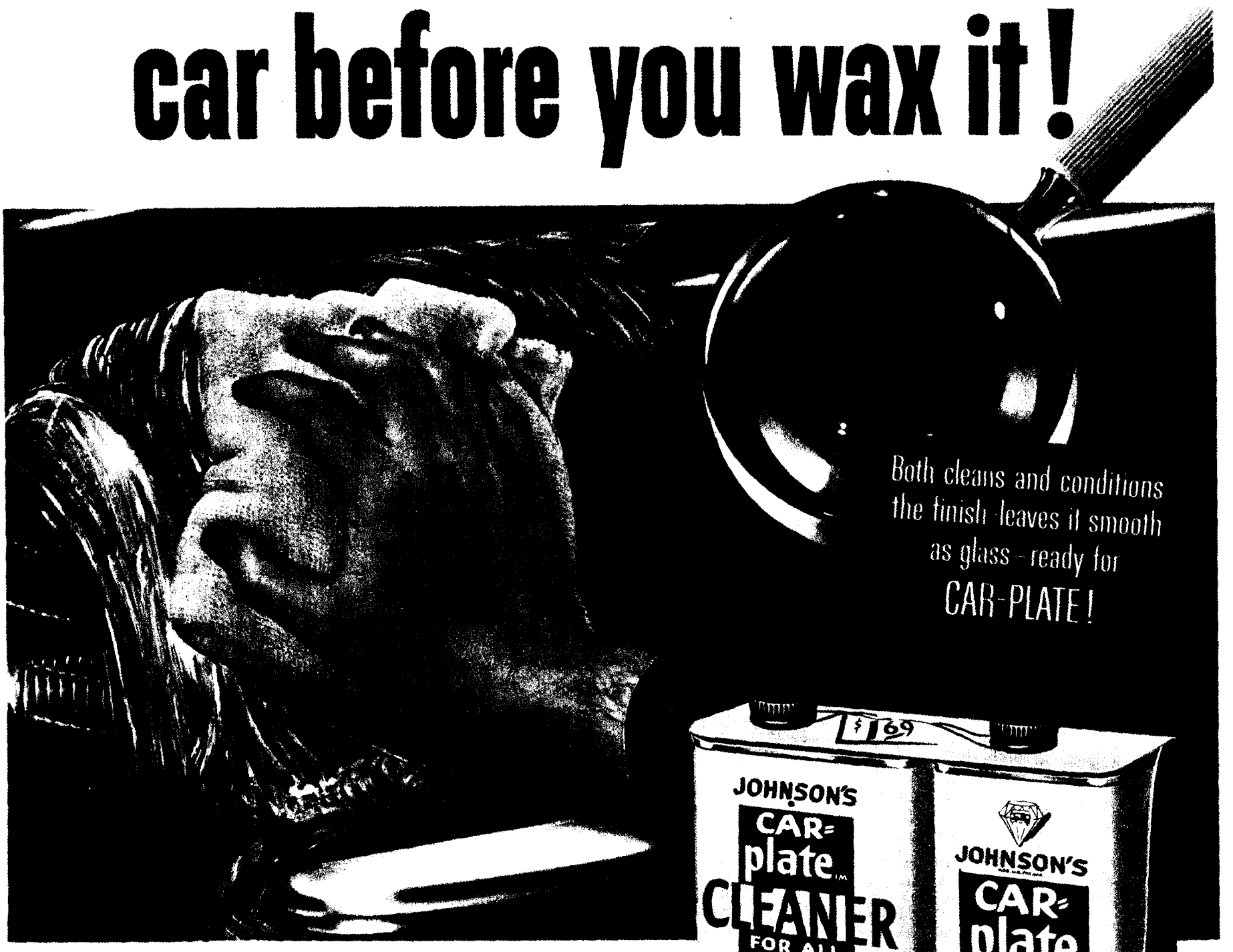

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six months from now—you'll begin to wonder if you really saw what you think you saw." He looked straight at Macklyn. "It's easier that way, Mr. Graves."

A faint chill ran along Macklyn's spine. "I hope you're right," he said. "But I'm off to have a look when there aren't so many shadows."

Go to the first break in the stone wall, up a rise of ground, bear right along the edge of a piece of boggy land, through a wire fence—and there was the dead apple tree, with the bittersweet wound round it like the coils of a snake The bright orange berries rustled in a brisk, cool breeze. Off to the left Macklyn saw the old logging road.

IT WAS strange, but in the darkness the night before, he had been so concerned with his search for Dicky that the woods had not disturbed him. Now, as he walked slowly along the logging road, he had an inclination to turn back. The wind blew in little gusts, shaking some of the brown leaves that still clung to the trees. The sun seemed to be shut out, and the light was bleak.

Macklyn could see the tracks of the snow tires of the jeep that had brought in the calf's carcass, and the many footprints of the hunters who had come and gone. He was no woodsman or tracker. He could scarcely have told which were fresh and which were old. Finally he stopped. Bearing off to the left, through trampled brush, were the marks where the carcass had been dragged into the clearing.

Almost reluctantly, the shotgun crooked under his arm, Macklyn followed the trail into the clearing. The carcass was still there, but there was less of it. Something had been there to feed on it. He looked slowly around to the spot where he'd been sitting when last night's adventure had begun. It struck his fancy that the clearing was like an amphitheater, and that he'd had the perfect box seat.

He stood there trying to think. It was hard to arrive at anything like an accurate estimate of the time that had been involved in his duel with the dog. He had rushed down into the clearing and had stood for a moment facing the dog; then the dog had started his advance, and he had blundered off to the left, crashed into the tree, started up again and the dog had jumped on his back. He had fallen again, stunned the dog with the gun butt, and then climbed the tree. There had been what seemed an endless wait there for help. But trying to be clearheaded about it, he realized the whole sequence might not have taken more than twenty minutes, half an hour at the most. In that time the murderer had removed the body and brought back the carcass of the calf. The body *had* to be somewhere close by! There hadn't been time to take it any distance.

It was just then that Macklyn heard the sharp crack of a rifle and the whine of a bullet. To his astonishment he was suddenly bareheaded. He bent down to pick up his hat and saw that a bullet hole had been made neatly through the crown.

"Hey!" Macklyn shouted.

The gun cracked again, and Macklyn felt a faint, searing pain in his left shoulder. Openmouthed, he stared at the hole in the sleeve of his coat. Then he dived for safety.

Twice more he heard the gun crack. Then, running bent over, he charged back along the trail toward the road.

As he approached it, suddenly he saw a figure standing there, gun poised. It was Digger March.

"You crazy bastard!" Macklyn shouted. "What are you trying to do?"

"If you can't hunt any more carefully than that, I ought to blow a hole in you," Digger said angrily.

"What are you talking about?"

"You put a bullet right through my hat," Digger said. "You missed blowing my brains out by about an inch."

"Look at this!" Macklyn said, waving his own hat. "Anyhow, this is a shotgun I'm carrying."

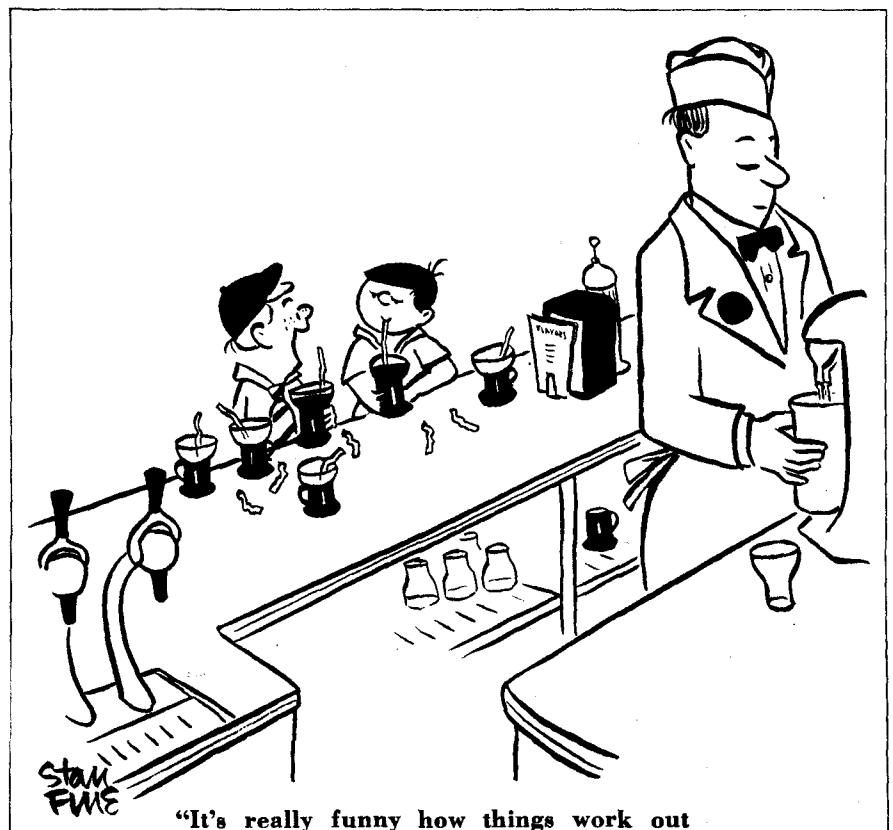
Digger March moistened his lips. "Me too," he said.

Both men turned and looked back into the woods. There was no sound except the rustling of dead leaves.

After a minute, Macklyn spoke. "Are you satisfied now?" he asked Digger.

"*Satisfied?*"

"That there's a killer in these woods."



COLLIER'S **"It's really funny how things work out —if I hadn't run into you, I'd be at Gerald Smith's birthday party right now, handing him a present of a dollar bill"** STAN FINE

Digger stared at Macklyn for a moment, and then he threw back his head and laughed. "My dear Macklyn, you've surely got that on the brain. That was some crazy kid. They've heard about the bag of dogs last night, and now the woods are full of 'em. He probably didn't even see us."

"You think that shooting was accidental?" Macklyn asked, rubbing the spot on his upper arm where the bullet had grazed him.

"Of course," Digger said. "And let's get out of here before we get some more of it."

THEY walked for a distance in silence back along the logging road. Finally Digger glanced sideways at Macklyn. "You out here hunting for evidence, Macklyn?" he asked.

"Yes," Macklyn said. "What were you out here for, Digger?"

Digger smiled sheepishly. "I didn't even see a live dog last night, let alone get a shot at one. There are supposed to be three or four left. I thought maybe they might still be attracted by what was left of the calf. I should have known there'd be dozens of other people with the same idea. That's what happened, you know. They heard movement in the clearing—you—and just blazed away without waiting to see what it was."

"You seem positive of that."

"Of course I'm positive."

They came out into the open near the apple tree embraced by the bittersweet vine. A jeep which had not been there before was now parked a few steps away, near the edge of the woods. Digger laughed. "More than one guy had the same idea," he said. "That's Van's jeep."

Macklyn drew a deep breath. "I cut across here for the Crowder place," he explained.

"Be seeing you," Digger said. "I go that way. My car's over there on the highway. Be seeing you."

Macklyn moved slowly over the rise of the hill and waited there until he was sure Digger was out of sight. Then he retraced his steps, walked over to Van Anderson's jeep, got in, and settled down to wait for its owner.

It was more than half an hour before Van Anderson came striding out of the woods, gun tucked under his arm. Presently he saw Macklyn sitting in the jeep, and he came on at a slightly slower pace. Macklyn saw that the gun was a repeating rifle, such as Van had used to kill the dog last night.

"Hi," Van said.

"Hi."

"You waiting for me or just resting?"

"Waiting for you."

Van laid his gun down on an Army blanket in the back of the jeep, after emptying the chamber. Then he climbed in behind the wheel. "Something special on your mind?" he asked.

Macklyn noticed how tightly the skin was drawn over Van's thin, ascetic face. His brown eyes were deep-set and seemed always to contain the threat of a brewing storm. Macklyn took off his hat, rested it on his knee, and turned it slowly around with his fingers. Van saw the hole in the crown and whistled.

"I got it a little less than an hour ago up there in the clearing."

"Those crazy kids! The woods are full of them," Van said.

"I didn't see a soul except Digger March—and now you," Macklyn said.

"Macklyn! You don't think—"

"Why is everybody so anxious for me to drop this murder business, Van?"

"Murder business? My dear fellow, you're not still clinging to the idea you saw a man there?"

"I'm still clinging to it. It's true."

Van reached down and turned the starter key on the jeep. He had to raise his voice to be heard over the motor. "If it gives you pleasure—"

Quietly Macklyn reached down and turned off the key. "You were the only hunter anywhere near the clearing when I needed help last night," he said.

Van stared at him. "What?"

"You were hunting alone. You *could* have moved the body before you came to save me. No one else appeared for quite a while."

Van's lips drew together in a thin, hard line. "Don't touch that key again, or I'll break your arm," he said. "And don't say what you just said to me or anyone else again, or I'll take you apart piece by piece."

"You haven't answered my question," Macklyn said stubbornly.

Van shook his head slowly. His anger seemed to have suddenly evaporated under the absurdity of Macklyn's question. "You'd rather be right than be President, wouldn't you, Macklyn? You could get to be quite a nuisance with these irresponsible accusations of yours. Now suppose we talk about the weather while I drive you home."

VAN let Macklyn out at the entrance to the Crowder place. Macklyn was walking across the yard toward the house when he saw Bob Streeter sitting on a stool in front of the barn, cleaning a rifle. He went over to him. The farmer looked up.

"First chance I've had to clean this since last night," he said.

"Bob, you know the woods around that clearing pretty well."

"Ought to. Lived here all my life."

"Are there any caves, anything like that?"

"Not what you'd call caves," Bob said, running the cloth through the barrel of his gun. "Might have called them that when we were kids. Just sort of openings between rocks."

"Places big enough to hide a body?"

Bob rubbed the callused tips of his fingers over his jaw. "Might be."

"How about going out there with me after lunch? It would save me a lot of time if you could take me to the places where anything could be hidden."

Bob closed one eye and squinted with the other through the gun barrel. He seemed satisfied. "I guess I could," he said. "Have to be back around four for my chores. Start around two we could pretty well cover places."

"That'll be fine," Macklyn said.

The farmer's pale-blue eyes lifted. "What happened to your hat?"

"The woods are full of kids hunting for wild dogs," Macklyn said.

Bob grunted. "I should have warned you. That there was close." . . .

Sunday dinner wasn't quite so happy as it might have been. Lib was beginning to be worried. Macklyn hadn't meant to tell her about his narrow escape, but he'd carelessly left his hat on the bench in the front hall, and young Dicky found it straight off and brought it in with excited questions.

When Lib and Macklyn were alone she said, "You don't think it was an accident, do you?"

Macklyn smiled at her. "You're go-

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ing to be tough to live with," he said, "what with all that intuition."

"Macklyn, give it up. You've done everything you could."

"I'm going back this afternoon."

"No!"

"With Bob." He leaned across the table and covered her hand with his. "I'm getting to think like a private eye," he said, grinning. "I think I'm being scared off, darling, but I don't think anybody is going to kill me. That would indicate I was right, and there'd be a murder investigation on in earnest."

"I don't want you dead just so that the police will get interested," Lib said unhappily. "It *must* have been an accident. Digger was shot at too."

Macklyn frowned. "Digger *says* he was shot at. He says someone put a bullet right through his hat, like they did through mine. But I've been thinking, Lib. I never saw the hat."

"He probably ran when it happened, like you did, and just left the hat."

"Probably," Macklyn said.

At two o'clock sharp Macklyn met Bob Streeter in front of the house. Sorrowful, the beagle, was excitedly running in circles, but Bob had other ideas. He spoke to Dicky, who was watching from the porch with Lib.

"I'm going to put Sorrow in the milkhouse, Dicky," Bob said, "and don't you let him out till we get back. He's liable to get hurt up in the woods with all those crazy kids hunting for dogs."

So Sorrowful was taken off to the milkhouse and left there, protesting with loud wails. Then Macklyn and Bob set out across country to the logging road and into the woods.

"Used to help haul timber out of here when I was a kid," Bob said cheerfully. "My father was a teamster. Used to have a six-horse hitch to pull the big stuff out. Drag it right along the snow. I used to ride astride one of the lead horses, hanging onto the harness . . ." Macklyn had never heard Bob so loquacious. ". . . sittin' there on a log, filling my pipe, with my gun laying right alongside, when I heard a rustling in the bushes. I slipped my pipe into my pocket and reached out real quiet for my gun. Then, out of the bushes came Mister Partridge, a-strutting across the road. Well, I upped with my gun, and brother! Did the feathers fly!"

"Isn't that the turnoff for the clearing?" Macklyn interrupted.

"Thought you wanted to circle round the possible hiding places, Mr. Graves. There's another turnoff just above this to higher ground."

"But oughtn't we to stop and listen for some of these hunters?"

Bob chuckled. "When you're hunting, Mr. Graves, you move as quiet as you can. When you're not hunting you make yourself heard so's no one will mistake you for something else. Why do you think I been shooting off my mouth so much for? There may be wild dogs in these woods, but there ain't any that talk that I know of."

THERE was no doubt about Bob's knowing the woods. In the space of half an hour he showed Macklyn at least a dozen places where a body could have been hidden, but hadn't. They climbed up and down banks, over rocks, peered into crevices.

"Course I'm showing you places it could be hidden, Mr. Graves, but we already know in advance it ain't, because the snow ain't been marked up hardly any, even by hunters."

Macklyn looked slowly around with a strange feeling of excitement. "Bob, where's the clearing from here?"

"Just over that rise there," Bob said, gesturing with the stem of the pipe.

"I'd like to look," Macklyn said.

"No use," Bob said. "It's a straight drop down. No place to hide anything."

"All the same I'd like to look."

He climbed up the rise of ground and looked down the other side. A swampy bog stretched out in front of him. There was no sign of the clearing. Macklyn turned back. Bob leaned against a spruce tree, pulling on his pipe.

Macklyn went straight up to him. "Bob, I'm not an unreasonable man," he said quietly. "I haven't got it in for anyone. I don't know who was killed, and I don't know who killed him. It's simply a matter of common justice that something should be done about it."

"I agree," Bob said. "It's a matter of justice. We got to live by the law, or we got nothing left. You're right."

"Then why have you deliberately led me away from the clearing, away from places where a body could be hidden?"

"Why, the clearing's right over that rise," Bob said.

"It isn't, and you know it isn't."

"Well, I'll be darned," Bob said. "Must have got off the track."

"You know every inch of this ground, Bob. You've taken me directly to a dozen hiding places where you knew I wouldn't find anything. Why?"

The pale-blue eyes avoided Macklyn's. "I guess I just got lost."

"We might as well head back for home," Macklyn said, after a moment.

"Anything you want, Mr. Graves."

MACKLYN couldn't sleep. It had been a bad evening, after Lib had heard his story of Bob Streeter's deliberate attempt to lead him off the trail. She had depended on Bob more than Macklyn realized.

"He was the tenant farmer here for the people that owned the place before Lucian bought it," she had told him. "Lucian thought highly of him, and he's a wonderful worker—actually makes money for me and for himself off the place. After Lucian died I turned to him, almost as I might have to a member of the family. He's been wonderful with Dicky. I've never felt a moment's fear at being here alone. I've always had the feeling I could depend on him."

"Nonetheless," Macklyn had said, "he didn't want me to find what I was looking for."

"It's incredible."

"The whole business is incredible," Macklyn had said. "I have the uneasy feeling that Bob isn't alone in trying to steer me away from this. Why? *Why?*"

There was no answer, not even a far-fetched one, that Macklyn could make stand up for himself. They had gone to bed fairly early, all of them still hung-over with fatigue from the previous night's excitement. Macklyn had thought he could sleep, but he couldn't. He lay in bed, tossing and turning, lighting an occasional cigarette. It was just before midnight that he heard someone moving in the yard outside his window. He jumped up and looked out into the moonlit night.

Bob Streeter, gun crooked under his arm, was walking briskly across the yard toward the gap in the stone wall—toward the logging road.

Macklyn felt himself begin to tremble from head to foot. Somehow he knew this was it. Bob was going to the hiding place he had so carefully avoided during the afternoon. Macklyn's first impulse was to call out to him, but he checked himself, realizing that if Bob knew he'd been seen, they'd be involved once more in evasions. Mack-

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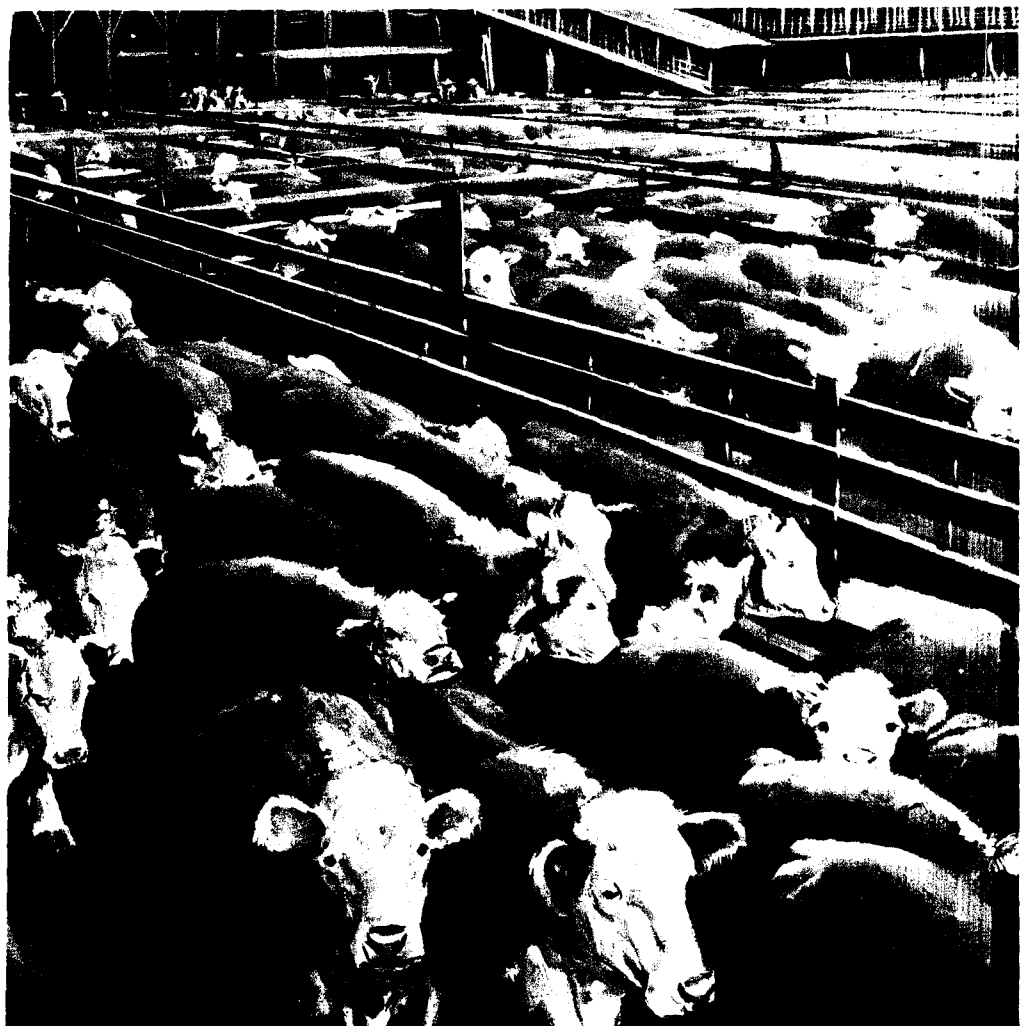

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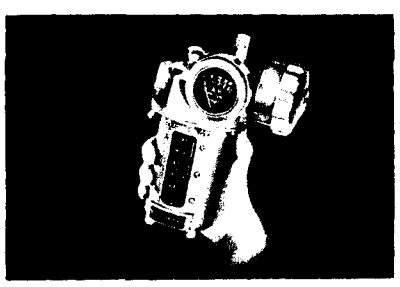

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lyn knew his one chance to solve this puzzle was to follow Bob. But he knew that by the time he'd got dressed, Bob would be gone.

Then Macklyn thought of Sorrowful. He got dressed as quickly as he could and tiptoed down the hall to the door of Dicky's room and opened the door softly. Dicky was sound asleep, curled into a round ball under his eider-down quilt. Macklyn heard a thumping noise on the floor, and the light from the hall showed Sorrowful, lying on the scatter rug beside the bed, wagging his tail in greeting. Macklyn whispered to him, and Sorrowful came cheerfully out into the hall. Macklyn closed the door, praying that Lib had heard nothing.

Sorrowful's leash hung in the coat closet in the hall, and Macklyn attached it to the beagle's collar. Then they slipped out together into the night.

The dog jogged briskly along at Macklyn's side. Bob had trained him well. It wasn't until they'd reached the field, where the apple tree stood, that Macklyn led the dog over to the fresh tracks Bob had left in the snow.

"Go ahead, Sorrow. Find Bob," he said. "Find him."

Instantly Sorrowful lowered his sensitive nose to the trail, tugging on the leash as he forged ahead. The dog went straight to the logging road and along the path that was quite familiar to Macklyn by now. But about a hundred yards from the turnoff to the bloody clearing, the little hound broke away to the right. Macklyn was instantly aware of a new trail, a trail made by the snow tires of a car.

Sorrow was moving fast now, his tail wagging vigorously. Then up ahead, through the trees, Macklyn saw a parked jeep. It wasn't Van Anderson's; that had been a dark green. This was a light color.

Then Sorrowful barked joyfully. Instantly, from around the other side of the jeep, Bob Streeter appeared, his gun poised. Sorrowful's delight was boundless. He pulled Macklyn forward.

BOB didn't speak or move until the puppy reached him and clawed happily at his trouser leg. Macklyn was the distance of the leash away. "So you followed me, Mr. Graves," Bob said.

"Yes."

The farmer reached down and scratched Sorrowful's head. "A good dog. He's going to be a fine dog, if he's kept in training."

"He's fond of you," Macklyn said. "He came to you, straight as an arrow."

Bob Streeter lifted his head, and the gun barrel rose too so that it was aimed straight at Macklyn's chest. "You'd better take him home, Mr. Graves."

"I'm sorry, Bob, I've come this far and I'm not turning back. If you're threatening me with that gun, you're going to have to use it."

The farmer stood there staring at him, uncertain.

Then another voice spoke from the far side of the jeep, and Macklyn felt as though his heart would dissolve in his chest. "You're a hard guy to discourage, baby," Fred Fowler said. "Bring him around here, Bob,"

Bob Streeter motioned with the gun. Macklyn walked close to him, and to his astonishment he saw in the moonlight that the farmer was crying.

Fred Fowler was not dressed for the woods. He had on his city clothes, overcoat and hat. The inevitable cigarette dangled from his lips, and he tried to smile at Macklyn, but it was a shaky attempt. At Fowler's feet something bulky lay under an Army blanket. Without asking, Macklyn knew that it was the body.

"Brace yourself and take a look," Fred said.

Macklyn hesitated, and then he bent down and pulled back the blanket. The throat of the corpse had been slightly mangled by the dog, but the man was clearly recognizable, even in the half-light of the moon.

"Lucian!" Macklyn whispered.

IT WAS Lucian Crowder, who had died two years ago in a plane accident over Long Island Sound—Lucian Crowder, who had *not* died two years ago in a plane accident over Long Island Sound.

Fred Fowler's voice was a tired monotone. "You know how I felt when I saw him—alive," he said.

Macklyn had turned away. He felt as if he'd been slugged in the stomach.

Fred's voice went on: "He appeared out of the night at Digger March's three days ago, smiling, self-confident. He wanted Digger to go to Lib and break the news that good old, charming old Lucian was not dead after all. He wanted us to tell her that good old, charming old Lucian had been suffering from amnesia for two years, but now he was all right and ready to return to the loving bosom of his family."

"Amnesia," Macklyn whispered.

"Amnesia, my foot!" Fred said harshly. "Good old, charming old Lucian had just walked out on Lib and you and his life. Because why? Because he was bored with it. Because he didn't like monogamy. Because after he had enjoyed the only lady of loose morals in this community and most of them in New York, he wanted to find fresher fields. Good old, charming old Lucian's finances had seemed remarkably low when he died, but the truth was he'd been more frugal than we knew. He'd set aside a considerable sum of money for this moment. So he took off—Mexico, he said. The plane wreck was a fake, staged like the showman he was. To hell with his wife and his child, to hell with his business associates."

"He told you this?" Macklyn asked, incredulous.

"He told us," Fred said. "How he'd prepared his finances for the disappearance. How he'd crash-landed his plane near a deserted strip of Connecticut beach. How he'd left it to be pounded to pieces against a submerged reef when the tide rose. He told us everything—all about the lush, degenerate life he'd led after that, all with a kind of relish. And he made it clear why he had come back."

"Why?"

"For money," Fred said grimly. "He knew that Digger was in love with Lib. He knew that I was in love with Lib. He suspected that you, Macklyn, were in love with Lib. One of us, he said, ought to think it worth while to pay him to disappear again—to keep him from making his past a public scandal that would crucify Lib and mess Dicky up by revealing a story the boy could never forget or live down. It was a neat little frame-up, baby. We could tell him to go to hell, and he would reappear. He could tell his amnesia story, and unless we chose to rake up the filth, Lib would have to take him back. If we fought him with the truth, Lib would have to face that, and Dicky would too. It would, he said, be so much nicer for Lib if he just continued to be dead—at a price, of course."

Fred drew a deep breath. "I don't think I ever hated a man so much. I hit him. I hit him with everything

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I had, and when he came staggering back, I hit him again. He went over backward, and his head hit the big table in the center of the library. I reached over to yank him up to his feet again, with Digger trying to pull me off him. But he was dead, Macklyn. The corner of that table smashed in his skull. I hadn't meant to kill him, baby. But he was dead, and I know my first thought was that I was glad. Lib and Dicky were safe.

"But after Digger and I had talked a bit, we realized they weren't safe. We would call in the doctor, Lucian would be declared dead, and then the whole filthy story would have to come out. I might get away with self-defense, but the story would come out. While we were still talking about it, Van Anderson came in. Another black page in the saga of good old Lucian was revealed. It needn't be told, beyond saying there is a connection between Van's wife's retirement from the world and good old, charming Lucian.

"So we made a decision. You must be the judge, Macklyn, whether or not it was wrong. We decided no one need ever know that Lucian had come back

"You were right—
I *am* color-blind!"

COLLIER'S J. G. FARRIS

to life. We decided to dispose of the body and keep the secret." Fred's mirthless laugh sounded again. "Have you ever tried to dispose of a body, Macklyn? We needed help, and we went to the one person we could think of who, in his way, loved Lib and Dicky as much as we did—Bob Streeter. More of the saga of Lucian! Bob had always known Lucian's true stripe. He knew about Van's wife and the other local lady, who shall be nameless. He'd even thought at one time of taking the law into his own hands. He was willing to help and he had an idea—the dogs."

MACKLYN'S fists were so tightly clenched his hands were cramped. It seemed he couldn't bear the harsh sound of Fred's voice any longer.

"Bob convinced us," Fred said, "that the dogs would destroy Lucian's body beyond recognition. No one would be looking for Lucian, because Lucian was supposed to have died two years ago. Even if the body was ever found, it would be an unsolved mystery. And so we became conspirators, and we got the body out here the night of the hunt, and we left it in the clearing after the hunters had scattered. Van stayed behind to create a diversion in case stragglers turned up too soon. And one did—much too soon. You, Macklyn! You who might very well have joined our conspiracy if you'd known the truth. As a result of the accident of your coming into the woods, you have pressed us and pressed us until we have lost. The dogs would no longer serve the purpose. They were dead. The woods was no longer a safe hiding place because of your insistent prying. We had to wait until tonight to remove the body, and now, finally, you have beaten us."

The woods were still except for the sound of Sorrowful's snuffling.

"Now, Macklyn, you must decide," Fred said. "You must decide whether murder has been done in a legal sense. You must decide whether our conspiracy to save Dicky and Lib from learning the truth about Lucian is worth preserving—can be preserved. Nothing can bring Lucian back. The only thing that can be accomplished is public exposure of a degenerate and vicious past. I think I could beat the rap. It's for you to decide if I must give myself up as a murderer. And whether Bob and Digger and Van must give themselves up as accomplices after the fact."

Macklyn couldn't speak.

FRED'S mouth twisted in a wry smile. "You may wonder why the police didn't find the body this morning. They didn't know the woods here, Macklyn, and they asked for help from a man who did. Bob directed their search, as he directed yours this afternoon. When you came out here this morning, Bob followed you. He was the one who shot at you. It happens that he's the best marksman in the county. If he had wanted to kill you, you can rest assured you would be dead. He wanted to frighten you away. Digger helped with the illusion by pretending he'd been shot at too. Anything to get you away—because we were preparing good old, charming old Lucian for his removal tonight."

Macklyn's stomach was a cold knot, and his mind was a confusion of thoughts.

"The mad, exasperating thing about this, baby, is that you *didn't* hear and see what you thought you heard and saw. Lucian had been dead for two days when we put his body in the clearing. He didn't cry out. The sound you heard must have come from the dog. And he didn't thrash out with his arm to protect himself, as you insisted. The dog moved him, and his arm, stiff in *rigor mortis*, flailed out in some way. Your imagination *was* working overtime, Macklyn. God, if only we could have convinced you!"

Still Macklyn couldn't speak.

"And the fresh blood." Fred laughed, and it was a despairing sound. "It *was* your own blood, Macklyn."

Macklyn put one hand over his eyes.

"Remember one thing, baby," Fred said, and he suddenly sounded enormously tired. "If you decide that my blow was responsible, in the eyes of the law, for Lucian's death and that I am a murderer, I will take what's coming to me. But remember, Digger and Van and Bob were not protecting me. They wouldn't have covered up for me for an instant. It was always Lib they were thinking about—Lib and Dicky. Lucian deserved to die and he was dead, and nothing they could do would bring him back. They thought only of what the whole truth would mean to Lib and Dicky. It's for you to decide what shall become of us, Macklyn. You, and you alone."

"God help me!" Macklyn said. And it was a prayer. ▲▲▲

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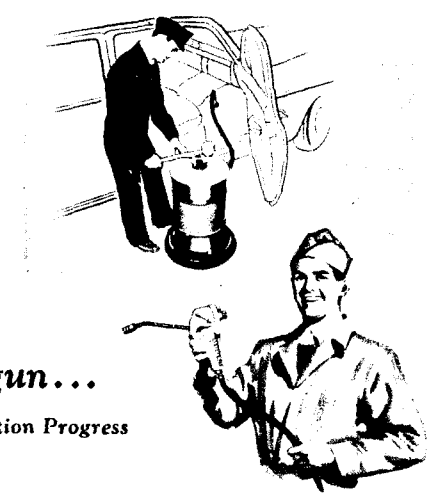

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The Ape Man isn't witty, charming or debonair. He's a flop as a lover and knows only 150 words (not including grunts). But he can boast of thirty-five years as a Hollywood star and 140,000,000 paying fans for every film he makes. Even the Russians love him

CULVER

Elmo K. Lincoln, a circus strong man, was the first of 10 film Tarzans. He is shown in a scene from first of series, Tarzan of the Apes (1918)

Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan were the most famous team of Tarzan and Jane. They co-starred in six of the 29 Tarzan movies

CULVER

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By THOMAS WOOD

LATE one afternoon in 1948 during the Arab-Jewish war in Palestine, three heavily armed Israeli soldiers halted a car 25 miles outside Tel Aviv. Inside the car were Bartley Crum, an American attorney, and several members of a United Nations inquiry commission. For two or three minutes, the battle-scarred soldiers spoke earnestly to the driver in Hebrew. The driver shook his head, put the car into gear and stepped on the accelerator.

"What's the matter?" asked Crum. "Trouble up ahead?"

"No," the driver replied. "They wanted a lift into town. A Tarzan picture is opening there tonight."

In the light of more serious matters at hand, Crum dismissed the incident from his mind. But the Tarzan opening that night couldn't be sloughed off so easily. The crowds that swarmed to the opening were so large and unruly that a police riot squad was called out. More men were needed to maintain order than were assigned to guard the Mandelbaum Gate in Jerusalem, which separated the warring Arab and Jewish quarters of the city.

By the time Crum left Tel Aviv, he had learned something that the producers of Hollywood's more distinguished movies know but hate to admit even to themselves: that Tarzan films, which never win any critical acclaim, let alone awards, are among America's most popular exports.

Statistics show there is a ready world audience of 140,000,000 for every Tarzan picture released. Of the total, 75 per cent—about 100,000,000—live outside the United States.

As a group Tarzan fans defy classification. They include men of sixty and youngsters, college professors and lady wrestlers. And they aren't demanding. In the 35 years that Tarzan has been on film, the face of the Ape Man has changed 10 times and that of his mate 14 times. Yet there never has been a peep of protest from their fans.

Audiences never seem to tire of Tarzan films, no matter how old. Except for such film epics as Gone with the Wind and Quo Vadis, the domestic life expectancy of most Hollywood features is two years. Then, having played the second-run and neighborhood circuits, they are ready for retirement. But Tarzan pictures are shown until they disintegrate. On a recent trip through Switzerland, Sol Lesser, the producer who controls the screen destiny of the jungle muscle man, drove through Altstetten, a small town west of Zurich. The film attraction at the local *Palast* was Tarzan the Fearless, which Lesser made in 1933. What's more, it was doing good business.

The curious thing about Tarzan's popularity is that he has few of the attributes considered essential to a screen leading man. He is not witty, charming or debonair. He is not dashing or romantic, and his conversational powers are almost nonexistent. His acting requirements are few; he need do little more than beat his massive chest when angry, splash his mate with water when happy, and swing from vine to vine when he wants to go somewhere.

Tarzan believes in action, not words. He has a

Lex Barker, latest of the movie Tarzans, rides in state through his jungle domain in newest film, Tarzan and the She-Devil

RKO PHOTO

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Aching feet feel better instantly with this cool, soothing relief!

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Remember Tarzan's war cry? It originally was the souped-up

total vocabulary of about 150 words (not counting animal grunts) and in an average picture speaks no more than 100 lines of dialogue. In Tarzan and the She-Devil, to be released next month by RKO, he speaks an all-time low of 83 lines. The grosses on his current picture, Tarzan's Savage Fury, have been a little slow, and Lesser attributes this fact to the Ape Man's loquaciousness.

"Tarzan spoke 137 lines in that one," Lesser commented recently. "Nearly talked himself to death."

Although he didn't originate the series, Lesser has become almost completely identified with Tarzan movies. Of the 29 made since Tarzan's film debut in 1918, Lesser has been responsible for 13. And the end is nowhere in sight. A few weeks ago the estate of Edgar Rice Burroughs, the creator of Tarzan, extended Lesser's film rights to the series for another 20 years. Included in the deal were eight incomplete, unpublished novels and half a dozen fragmentary plots, jotted down by Burroughs shortly before his death three years ago.

A small, energetic man, Lesser is dedicated to the film continuation of Burroughs' brain child. And his faith in Tarzan is justified by an annual world-wide box office harvest of $2,500,000.

Lesser has two or three Tarzan pictures in general release all the time; right now there are 850 prints of Tarzan films in circulation. It is Lesser's boast that there is always a Tarzan picture playing within a radius of 50 miles of any given spot in the world.

Films Go Over Big in Russia

The extravagant claim even includes countries behind the Iron Curtain, although Lesser has no hand in circulating the films in Communist lands, and his bank balance does not list any frozen rubles. The Reds got their Tarzan pictures in 1945, when the Russians stormed into Berlin and grabbed some German-dubbed versions. Since Tarzan was raised in the jungle by apes uncontaminated by the democracies, the Russians took the pictures back to Moscow and released them in the Soviet Union. Fragmentary reports indicate the movies are extremely successful there, too.

But for the record, Tarzan is a proven anti-Communist. In Tarzan's Savage Fury, he caught a couple of Red agents in the jungle and liquidated them.

Tarzan's greatest appeal, of course, is to children, as the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund can testify. Not long ago UNICEF medical authorities wanted to immunize children against tuberculosis in villages in the Bandung area of Indonesia. The children refused to come forward, however. Finally a farsighted theater operator in the district booked an old Tarzan picture and fixed the children's admission price at submission to immunization. The film played to standing room only for days, and a number of grownups tried to get in on the same terms.

The picture which won that particular battle against tuberculosis was Tarzan and the Leopard Woman, produced in 1945. But just about any other would have done as well. The plots of the Tarzan pictures are almost as similar and standard as the rules for boiling water.

Each movie opens with a view of Tarzan and Jane, his mate, in their idyllic treetop home. The dialogue, if any, runs to lines like, "Me Tarzan, you Jane." Suddenly Cheetah, the family's chimpanzee friend, chatters in with the news that a safari is coming through the jungle. Tarzan, who speaks and understands chimpanzee better than he does English, promptly mutters, "White man means trouble."

He's right, too. It develops that the safari has been organized for some illegal purpose, such as gunrunning, ivory stealing or fomenting a native uprising, and its leaders are plainly motivated by avarice and greed.

Despite his muscles, Tarzan's reflexes are slow and the nefarious intruders usually get the jump on him. In a matter of minutes, the safari has debauched a peaceful village, knocked off a few of Tarzan's close animal friends and captured Jane.

At long last Tarzan is aroused. He beats his chest and bellows his spine-chilling war cry.

This yell, which is a trade-mark of the Tarzan series, has always been a problem to the studio sound department. It is constantly being worked upon to improve its eerie quality. Back in the early days of sound, when Tarzan started to talk in his fashion, M-G-M technicians used the bleat of a mother camel that had just been robbed of its young. This whimper, souped up, was used effectively until it was replaced, in 1934, by something more apprehensive—a combination of several different sounds, including the growl of a dog, the howl of a hyena (run backward) and the raspy note of an off-key violin G string.

Adding the Inhuman Quality

Now the yell is a series of sound tracks of screams by Lex Barker, who has played the Ape Man since 1948. Recorded at various speeds and fluttered, or run backward, the combined tracks give the cry a proper inhuman quality.

When the leaders of the safari hear this outraged call in the jungle, they know the jig is up. In a third-act curtain, they try to save themselves. They jump off precipices, take refuge in the mouths of nearby crocodiles, or shoot one another in the back. None of the villains escapes. Yet from this carnage, because of the tremendous influence Tarzan wields over the impressionable people of the world, the Ape Man always emerges with unblemished character. The film makes it plain that when he kills, it is only in self-defense.

The history of this hero of the jungle goes back to 1912, when Edgar Rice Burroughs wrote Tarzan of the Apes. Farfetched though it was, the book

COLLIER'S

"Don't ever become engaged to a senior . . . they graduate!"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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about the son of an English peer reared by a she-ape in the jungles of darkest Africa was an instant success. It has since sold more than 3,000,000 copies and has been translated into 56 languages and dialects. It not only put Tarzan (which means "white skin" in ape language) in a class with such famous literary creations as Peter Pan and Sherlock Holmes, but also established a Tarzan empire that still exists.

Among the products of this empire are 54 novels, 29 movies, a syndicated newspaper cartoon, a radio serial and a series of comic books. (A by-product of the empire is a United States Post Office named Tarzana in southern California. It serves a township in the San Fernando Valley that grew up around the 600-acre ranch that Burroughs bought in 1919.)

Fee for Film Rights Raised

The empire, owned by the Burroughs estate, is manipulated by many hands, all operating independently. Lesser runs the motion-picture division. Up until a year ago, he paid a flat annual fee of $100,000 for the screen rights. Now the figure has been scaled upward to a percentage of the box-office earnings.

Lesser makes and releases Tarzan films at the rate of one a year on a current budget of $1,000,000 each. They are filmed, for the most part, in a permanent jungle compound which stretches over five acres in Culver City. The set comprises a section of lush foliage, a river, a lake, a cliff, a tree house and several miles of reinforced swinging vines. It is valued by Lesser at $75,000.

The first Tarzan film, Tarzan of the Apes, was produced in 1918 by the National Film Corporation of America. It starred Elmo K. Lincoln, a circus strong man, in the title role. Enid Markey played Jane. Lincoln, who died last year, was the first of 10 Tarzans. He was followed by Gene Polar, P. Dempsey Tabler, James H. Pierce, Frank Merrill, Johnny Weissmuller, Buster Crabbe, Herman Brix, Glenn Morris and Lex Barker.

Pierce got into the act when he married one of Burroughs' daughters. The author gave him a Tarzan screen play as a wedding present and Pierce promptly sold the story, with himself as star, to FBO (Film Booking Offices), now RKO. Most of the other screen Tarzans have been outstanding athletes picked for their physique rather than acting ability. Morris won the 1936 Olympic decathlon, Brix was a 1928 Olympic shot-putter, and Crabbe, a 1932 Olympic swimming star. Among them, they could lick everything except Father Time.

With the exception of Brix, who is now acting under the name of Bruce Bennett, screen Tarzans have found their subsequent careers handicapped by the casting. Lincoln, after his acceptance of the role, was unable to get any other kind of part. His last film job was as an extra in Tarzan and the Mermaids, in 1947. Bitter over their similar inability to get other film jobs, some of his successors gave up acting entirely.

Gene Polar became a fireman in Brooklyn and refused to talk to anyone about his brief reign as Tarzan. Until his retirement a year or so ago, Tabler was an advertising man in San Francisco. Merrill is now a city official in Los Angeles. Morris, when last heard from, was a rancher in Colorado. Pierce is a businessman in the San Fernando Valley.

Only the present Ape Man, Barker, and three of his predecessors still have any connection with grease paint. Brix has gone on to bigger and better roles. Weissmuller, who outgrew the loincloth that is Tarzan's uniform, now plays Jungle Jim in films. And Buster Crabbe is appearing in television in the East.

Present Tarzan "Wants Out"

Just how long Barker will retain the part is anyone's guess. He has already served notice that he wants to branch out professionally. "My career has reached a crisis," he said recently. "It's time for a change. I'm definitely determined to get out of the jungle although I have nothing personal against playing the part. Actually, I don't regret having taken the role of Tarzan because with it I achieved a sort of stardom which I would never have gained any other way. But I'm not signing any more term contracts. If I do make another Tarzan, it'll be strictly a one-picture deal."

The screen mortality rate on Janes has been even higher. Chosen for beauty rather than durability, 14 girls have shared the treetop and star billing with Tarzan. Among them have been such glamor queens of their day as Louise Lorraine, Edna Murphy, Natalie Kingston and Brenda Joyce. Joyce MacKenzie, by the way, is the present Jane.

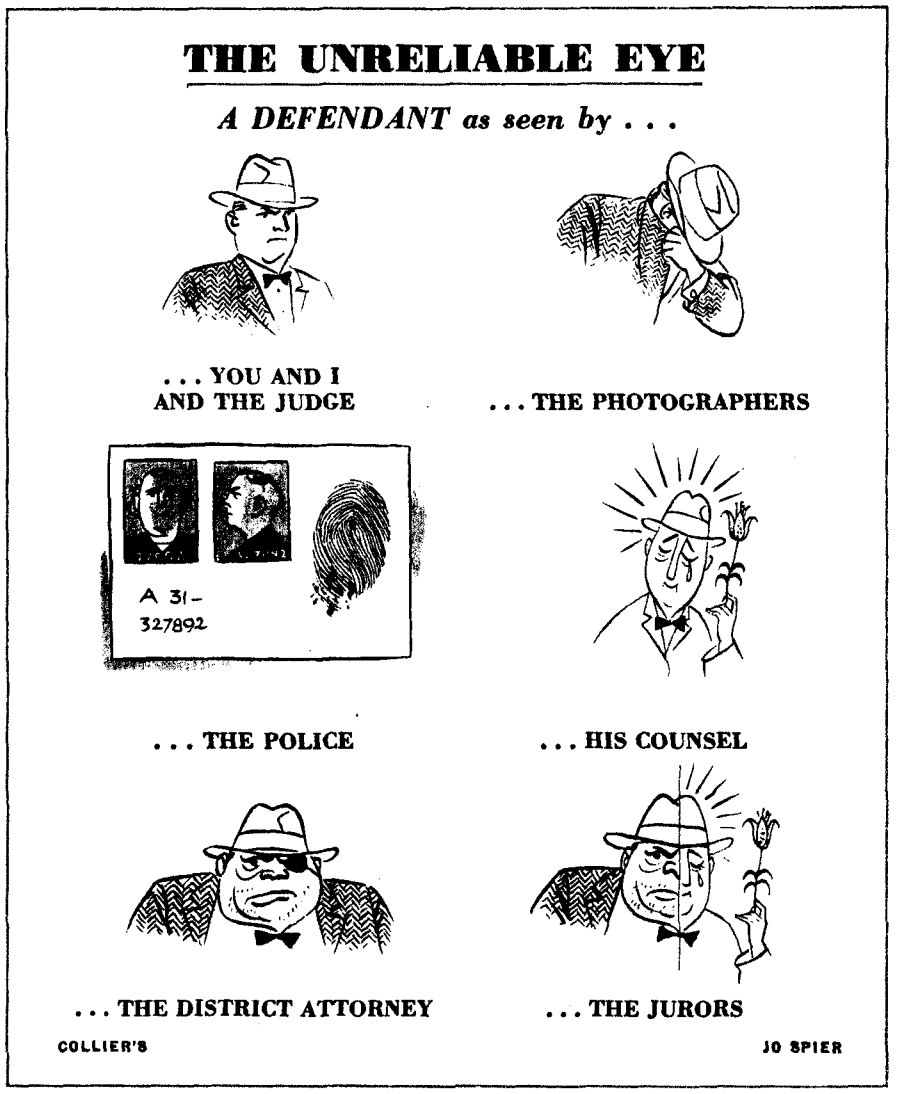
The most famous Tarzan-Jane team was Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan. Weissmuller, a swimming star, made 12 Tarzan films during the 16 years from 1932 to 1948. Like nearly all other Tarzans, he had a healthy contempt for the role. Once, when asked for the secret of his success, he replied, "My grunt."

Miss O'Sullivan appeared in six Tarzan pictures, but the last two were under protest. Like the men, she felt that her identification with the series hurt her career. M-G-M, then producing the Tarzan movies under lease from Lesser, proved sympathetic and agreed to write Jane out of the next film by inserting a line in the script to the effect that she was dead.

Burroughs paled when he learned of the plan. He threatened to sue the studio, but a glance at his contract showed that while it forbade the producer to kill, mutilate or undermine the character of Tarzan, it didn't mention Jane at all. M-G-M was free to rub her out and Burroughs was powerless to stop them. A routine news release, reporting Jane's forthcoming demise, was issued. Howls of protest from the fans proved so intense, however, that the studio had to resurrect her.

As a sop to Miss O'Sullivan's feelings, the studio then switched the scene of the next Tarzan picture to New York, so that at least she could wear something besides animal skins. But the sight of Tarzan properly turned out in fashionably cut suits was too much for the fans. Tarzan's New York Adventure, released in 1942, was a dismal failure and the last Tarzan movie M-G-M produced. Burroughs saw to that.

Until his death in 1950, Burroughs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When African natives first saw Tarzan in his loincloth, they burst out laughing

retained a strong grip on Tarzan. His contract with the producer allowed him to approve the script and he never permitted any liberties to be taken with the Ape Man's character. Once, during the filming of Tarzan's Secret Treasure in 1941, the studio shot a scene in which Tarzan threw back his head and laughed long and loud at the reaction of the treasure hunters to their first glimpse of the baubles. Burroughs, who according to friends was not inclined to laugh at money, demanded the scene be deleted. He said Tarzan was contemplative and reserved, that boisterous laughter was strictly out of character, and he had his way. The scene was taken out.

Oddly enough, Burroughs never attempted to reconcile the screen Tarzan with his literary counterpart. In the books, Tarzan is a suave, well-built man about town as well as about jungle. He is self-educated, to be sure, but he speaks flawless English and fluent French. He is equally at home in the best British clubs and the worst African treetops. And he dresses properly for both. He frequently takes his seat in the House of Lords, and he is not above having a passionate affair with a tempting woman.

In the movies, Tarzan also has a million-dollar body, but only a ten-cent vocabulary. He hates to leave the jungle because he regards civilization with unwavering suspicion. He doesn't drink or smoke or play around. Even his relationship with Jane is merely a perfunctory one.

Some years ago, however, a minister in the Midwest became disturbed about Tarzan's private life. Seeing no evidence of a wedding ring or marriage certificate, he concluded that Tarzan and Jane were living in sin, and he told Lesser so in a letter. He demanded that Tarzan marry Jane immediately. Otherwise, the minister said, he would denounce them from his pulpit.

The Record of Their Wedding

Lesser quickly went back over every existing script. Unable to find any sequence showing their actual marriage, he hotfooted it to Tarzana to seek Burroughs' advice. The author laughed and chided Lesser for not having read the books to which he owned the screen rights. In The Adventures of Tarzan, published in 1913, he pointed out, it states that one afternoon, 12 miles off the steaming jungle, the captain of a coastal steamer joined in holy wedlock two passengers, Lord Greystoke (Tarzan's legal name), of London and Nairobi, and Jane Porter, of Baltimore.

Lesser promptly wrote the minister: "Possibly in your great compassion for the ship, which sank with all hands directly after the ceremony, you overlooked the fact that Tarzan and Jane, the only two survivors, had just been married. But lest you still doubt that it actually happened, let me remind you that the ship's log, which recorded the event, was also washed ashore and that it was picked up by a passing ape, friendly to Tarzan."

Apparently on the assumption that if it had been printed in the book, it must also have occurred on the screen, the minister let the matter drop. At least Lesser never heard from him again.

Apart from Tarzan's superhuman feats, one reason for the popularity of the jungle films is the antics of the animals in them. But getting the animals to act is often a costly business.

During the filming of Tarzan Finds a Son, in 1939, the studio wanted a scene of a lion chasing a boy through the jungle. But despite pushing and prodding by a trainer out of camera range, the lion refused to co-operate. It would look at the boy running, then yawn or lie down, or walk off in the opposite direction.

When it finally got the idea and took off after the boy, the youngster was so surprised he forgot to run. It took four days to make the sequence and added nearly $20,000 to the budget.

COLLIER'S "I can type 60 words a minute, but only about 30 of them make sense" CORKA

COLLIER'S "You *did!* Which way'd it go?" MARTIN GIUFFRE

Tarzan naturally is not afraid of lions or other savage animals, but his leading ladies often are. Three girls turned down a role in Tarzan and the Golden Lion, in 1927, because the script called for the heroine to be offered as a human sacrifice to a lion. Not even the promise of star billing, a bonus or a lion without teeth could induce them to change their minds. The actress who finally played the part insisted not only on all three promises, but that a marksman with a loaded elephant gun should stand by as well.

On Location in Africa Once

Although almost all Tarzan's adventures are laid in Africa, he has actually set foot on that continent only once. The picture resulting from this trip, Tarzan's Peril, released in 1951, was the first—and last—Tarzan movie to be made on location in Africa. While the trip produced many miles of good background film, it turned into a comedy of errors.

Through bad timing, the company arrived in Africa in July, the middle of winter below the equator. And, with most of the locations in Kenya more than a mile above sea level, the only thing steaming about the jungles was the coffee the company brought with it. Moreover, the jungles around the base of Mount Kenya were so covered with clouds most of the time that Tarzan lost his tan, and a hurry call was sent to Hollywood for more body make-up. Then no chimpanzee with sufficient personality and acting ability could be found in Kenya, so Cheetah had to be written out of the script.

Tarzan himself, in the person of Lex Barker, also had his troubles on location. The first time he appeared in the jungle in his loincloth, the natives burst out laughing. Then Lesser wanted Barker to wrestle with a man-eating plant. Barker balked; he said he'd battle it out only with a plant that had sense enough to let him go on cue, and he won his point. The special-effects department built the tree he fought.

Poor weather finally sent the company hurrying home to Hollywood to finish the film, and Lesser vowed that he would never make another movie in Africa.

But even in Hollywood, Lesser has plenty of problems. The biggest is keeping the scripts up to date. "In the old days all Tarzan had to do was to fight animals, barehanded," he points out. "But times have changed. World War II brought mechanized warfare to the jungle. Now he has to watch out for machine guns, armored trucks, booby traps and bombs."

Yet whatever Tarzan tackles next—flying saucers, jet airplanes or the hydrogen bomb—Lesser reckons that the pictures will never lose their hold at the box office.

"Tarzan used to be considered just a big primitive man who beat his chest and yelled, and little boys imitated him everywhere," he explains. "But now he is looked up to as a symbol of clean living and wholesomeness."

But there's even more to it than that, and Lesser is the first to admit it.

"Out there in the jungle, Tarzan lives in peace without plumbing, automobiles or taxes," he says. "It's the ideal existence. He's got nothing to worry about except enemies."

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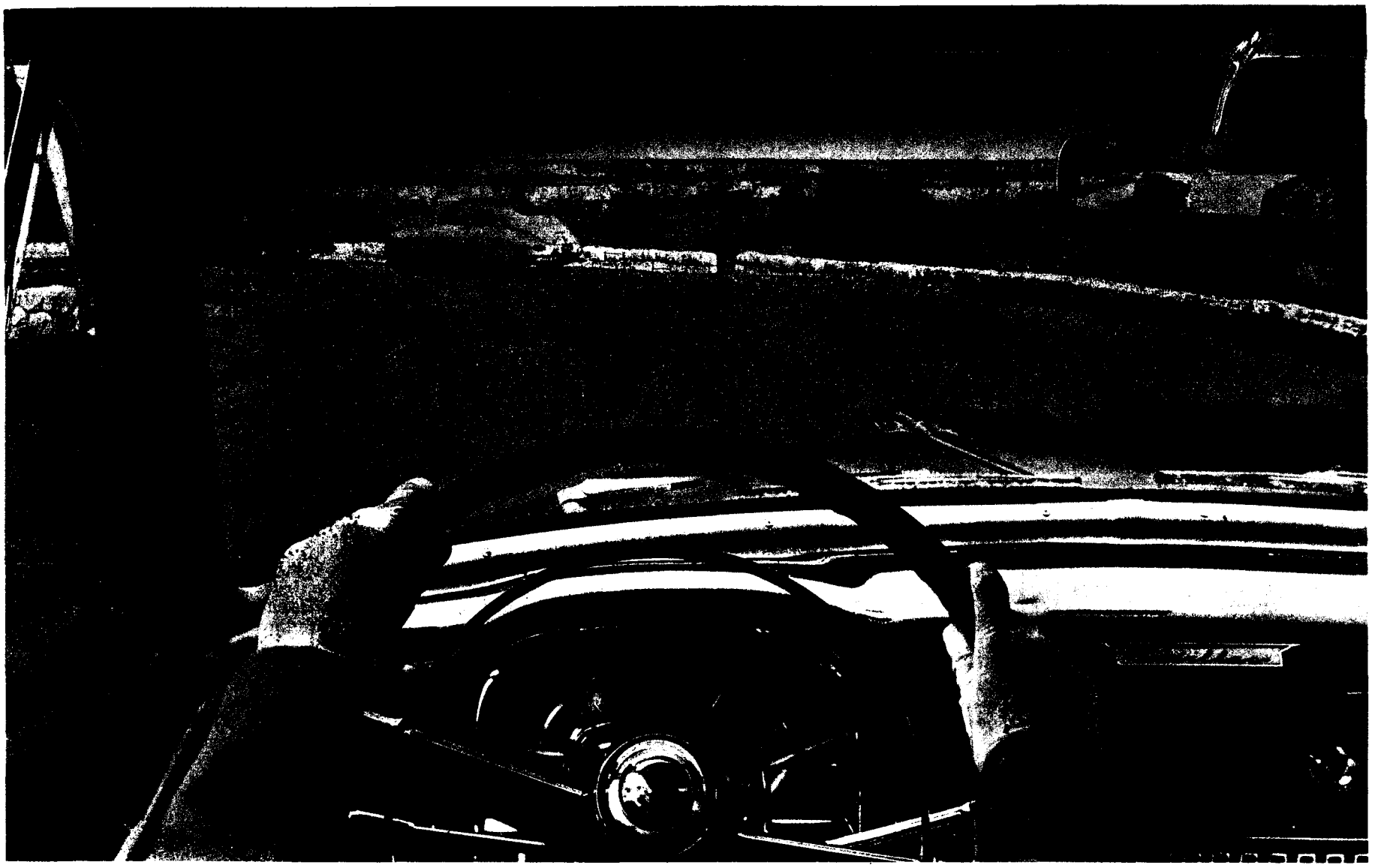

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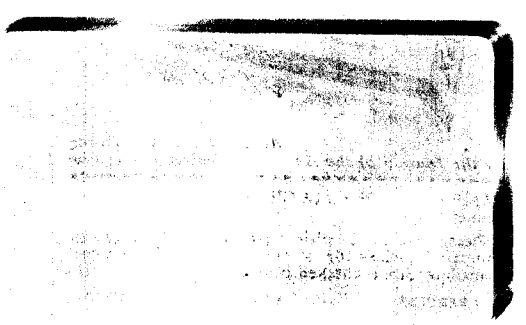

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The Strange Girl

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

"And I'm hoarse trying to sing. I hope they'll stop soon—and dance or something."

During the next few minutes, while the three of them talked, Mark kept looking at Dorothy's eyes. They were bluer and finer than her mother's, but what fascinated Mark was that they had a peculiar slant, and he remembered having noticed similar eyes in some elderly woman quite recently. Nothing changes less about us, he knew, than the characteristic shape of our eyes. And now he remembered whose eyes were like these: they belonged to a member of the family here, old Lady Purzley. Were pink, smiling Dorothy and that grim old survivor, Lady Purzley, who had questioned him so ruthlessly about the school, the same person? He decided, feeling the hair on his head stand up, that they were.

Mrs. Buller thought she would try the cardroom and gave Dorothy permission to show Mark the conservatory. It was almost as big as a public park and full of the rich tropical smell that arises from so much growth, yet seems to have more death in it than life. He had never seen the conservatory before; it must have been taken down or allowed to fall into decay just before or during World War II.

AMONG that cascading greenery and the smell of warm, damp earth, in the dim undersea light of the place, Dorothy looked like some giant pink blossom. Yet somewhere along time's winding course, just before it dipped into darkness, she would be Lady Purzley, gnarled, tweedy, staring at him mistrustfully, opening thin and bitter lips to put insulting questions to him before taking a not-too-unfriendly farewell of him and all the works of his kind. What was it she had said? "I suppose there's some point in all this adult education we're compelled to pay for, although the results are not very obvious. But I remember this house when it was full of young and hopeful life, brave young men who had manners, pretty girls who had charm."

And hearing Dorothy chattering on, he could now discover the likeness in the two voices. In his desolation he felt the need of some physical contact in this other time into which he had been thrust. So he put a hand under Dorothy's round elbow, presumably to guide her, then let it slide along her forearm until their hands met, and, perhaps because she intuitively perceived his need, their fingers intertwined. He laughed, although he had no idea why he should.

"Why are you laughing?" she asked.

"I really couldn't tell you. Do you know anybody called Purzley?"

"Yes, I know a young man called Purzley—Geoffrey Purzley. He rather likes me, but I don't like him much. Do you know him?"

"No," Mark said, smiling, "I hardly know anybody. Except you."

"You don't really know me," she told him, with the sudden solemnity of girlhood. They had stopped and were half facing each other, in what might have been a jungle path.

He laughed again, and this time not without amusement. "In a way I know you better than you know yourself." He hesitated, wondering if he was making a fool of himself. "I can tell your fortune."

"Can you?" She was all credulity and eagerness. "How do you do it?"

"Just by looking at you. Want me to try?"

"Yes, of course. Go on, please."

After a longish stare, which he tried to make rather sinister, he said, "You'll marry Purzley, who'll do something important and be given a title. You'll have three or four children, who will also do well. You'll live to a ripe old age and become a most formidable old lady, striding around in old tweeds and thick shoes."

She gave an uncertain little laugh. "That's absurd. You don't know really, do you?"

He nodded. "In your case—yes, I do."

"Well, you might. Do you remember when we were all in the drawing room, after dinner, and you talked for a minute or two to my cousin Maud and me? Well, when you left us, Maud and I were talking about you. Shall I tell you what we said? You might be flattered or you might be furious—I don't know. But I'll risk it. Well, we agreed that there was something frightening about you. Maud said it was your eyes. I said I thought it was your manner."

"Rude?"

"No, not really, though some people might think so. Odd. Abrupt. As if you weren't English—and you are, aren't you?"

"Miss Buller, I'm very, very English," he told her, with mock gravity.

"Now you're making fun of me. Shall we go back and see what the others are doing?"

"Yes, this time. But I warn you, it can be dangerous."

"I don't understand. What can be dangerous?"

"Going back and seeing what the others are doing." And as he followed her, at a sauntering pace, he began trying to work it out. Here, floating beside him, all pink and downy, was young Dorothy Buller, who in fifty years would be the old Lady Purzley who came to see what he and the others were up to in this house. Now if, when he got back (and he still refused to believe he wouldn't), he asked Lady Purzley if she remembered having her fortune told in this conservatory, when she was a girl, what would she reply?

But wait a minute. He, Mark Denbow, couldn't possibly be part of Lady Purzley's youth, because he wasn't born then. Yet here he was with Dorothy, who undoubtedly *was* Lady Purzley round about the age of twenty. And then, trying to work it out, he was off again, just as he had been before dinner when Ronald Farspeare had left him to dress and he had begun losing himself in a maze of time-orders and dimensions. Whether or not he was existing in a time quite different from that of ordinary world history, was moving in some unknown dimension where all possibilities might be realized, one somber fact remained: that outside the immediate sense of bewilderment, like a vast, dark space empty of stars, was a feeling of utter desolation, ultimate heartbreak.

THE group around the piano was dispersing, but the energetic Captain Waterhouse, with the monocle still screwed into his fiery countenance, had not deserted his instrument. He began playing waltzes, dreamily at first and then, in response to several cries of encouragement, with the rhythmical emphasis of a dance pianist. Dorothy melted into the arms of a bulky young man called Archie, and was whirled away. All the ripe, soft girls were soon twirling in the arms of their hearty, self-assured young men. Mark loitered near the piano, seeing it all as a tiny, lighted dream against the immeasurable dark.

"Now don't tell me you can't waltz," cried Maud, the middle one of the three daughters of the house. She had arrived with a footman who brought a tray of drinks. She held up her arms

TIZZY

"With me it's just the opposite. I've got permission to go to the Prom, but no one's asked me"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

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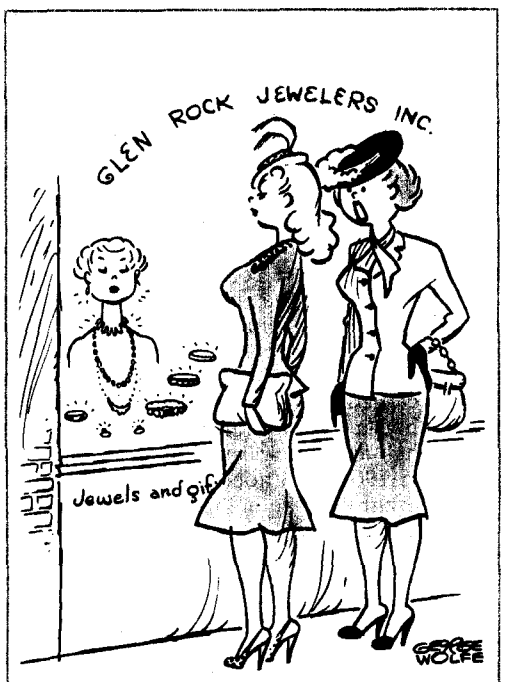
invitingly; and after hesitating a moment—it was some time since he had done any waltzing—Mark took hold of her and off they went. She was a dark, high-colored girl, blazing with some mysterious inner excitement, passionate love or secret dreams of glory. All Mark knew about her, from the memorial in the family chapel, was that she had died—or would die—in 1923, after a long illness, bravely borne, following her nursing service in Serbia. And it was not easy to dance well with a glowing creature who would soon be a long illness bravely borne and then three lines in marble on a chapel wall.

"I believe you hate dancing," she told him.

"Am I so bad?" He had to make an effort to find the right tone.

"Oh, no, not at all, rather good in fact. You keep good time, which most of the others don't. It's just the look on your face, in your eyes."

"I've heard about my eyes already—from Dorothy Buller." And he smiled into the fiery darkness of Maud's eyes.



"Who are you going to use for money?"

COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

"Now that was jolly unfair of Dorothy," Maud cried. "I ought to have warned her; she always tells everything. But there *is* something odd and disturbing about your eyes, Mr. Denbow. Ronald never explained properly; he never does. Were you nearly drowned?"

"I'm not sure," he replied carefully. "Perhaps I was."

"That would explain it if you were," she said gravely. "As if you'd seen something we hadn't seen."

"Oh—I have—I have—I have—" He whirled her round and round, faster and faster. "Lots—and lots—and lots—of things—that I couldn't—begin—to tell—you about—"

"Oh!" she cried, out of breath, "I—love this—don't you?"

Captain Waterhouse left the piano, having decided that he needed a drink. The dancers waited uncertainly for the music to begin again. It was then Mark noticed the girl standing near the door. She was an odd figure, and he knew at once that she had not been at the dinner table and that this was probably her first appearance downstairs this evening. She looked thin and ill, her dress hung badly, and there appeared to be something wrong with her hair.

"That girl over there," Mark said, "is she the one Mrs. Buller mentioned to me—Ann something—who came to the wrong house?"

"I suppose so," Maud said. "Poor darling, she does look peculiar, doesn't she? It's all rather confusing. My sister Muriel knows all about it, I don't. She's English, but she's just come from France. She thought she'd been invited to stay here by some people she'd met in Paris. We think it must have been the Ferrers over at Winbone Manor; they're always going to Paris. I believe Muriel has sent a message to them about her. Came to the wrong house, mislaid her luggage, was half drowned in the thunderstorm, poor girl! She wouldn't come down to dinner, had a tray upstairs, but I suppose she found it too boring up there. Though I think in her place I'd have stayed upstairs. She does look all lost and strayed, doesn't she? I wish you'd go and ask her if she'd like something to drink. And generally look after her, will you?"

"As the other lost and strayed type," Mark said, "it's the least I can do."

"That's another thing Dorothy and I noticed," Maud said, smiling over her shoulder. "You talk in an odd way, not like anybody else we know."

As he approached her, the strange girl gave him one quick look. "Oh, well—thank you, yes, I will," she cried, in what seemed almost a parody of the high, girlish voices of the era. "Just a little lemon squash, I suppose, or something equally innocent. Shall I come with you?" When they reached the drinks, she said, without looking at him, "What are you going to have? And what's your name, please?"

"Mark Denbow. And you're Ann something, aren't you?"

"I'm Ann—" and then she broke off abruptly, as if she had changed her mind about telling him her surname.

"And I am going to have some whisky," he said firmly.

The footman poured out a lemon squash for Ann while Mark helped himself to the largest whisky-and-soda he ever remembered having. But this was neither greed nor desperation; the glasses were so large that they made a giant helping inevitable. It was very good whisky too. But not many of the other men were drinking it, he noticed; they were asking for brandy-and-soda. All the girls were sipping soft drinks.

"I don't like this lemon squash," cried Ann suddenly, her voice higher than ever. "Mr. Denbow, would you think me terribly wicked if I asked you to get me a whisky?"

"No." He could never see her face properly. But he saw what was wrong with her hair: it had been padded out with false hair that was not quite the same color.

"Well, all the rest would." She giggled. "So you'd better pretend it's for yourself. Look, I'll hold your glass, and you take back this lemon stuff."

The whisky he brought her was not much smaller than the one he had given himself. "We'll go in a corner with these," she announced, and led the way. They sat on an old leather settee where there wasn't much light. "Nobody'll bother about us here. Or do you want somebody to bother about you?"

"No, I don't."

"Are you the one who was rescued from the lake? Yes? Well, we're a pair then. Look, they're going to dance

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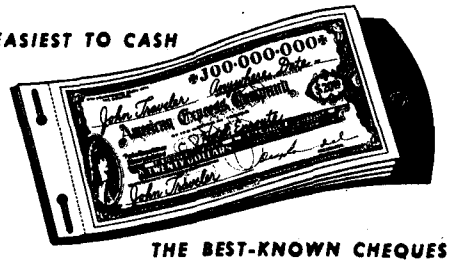

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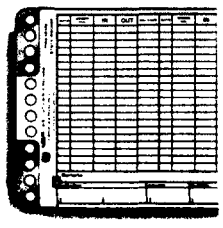

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again. Wouldn't you like to go whizzing around again with one of those jolly fat girls?"

"I'd rather stay here," said Mark. "But don't you want to dance?"

"Never, never, never." She took a good long drink and cried: "My, that's strong. No, no dancing for me. I can't bear any of this. Not just because I look like a freak among all these frilly, bosomy girls. It's like a sort of children's party with everybody three times the right size. I hate it."

She had stopped talking in that ridiculous high, girlish voice. She turned and looked at him, so that even in that bad light he was able at last to see her face properly. And now she didn't look thin or ill or grotesque; she looked beautiful. For several moments, in silence, they stared at each other.

IT WAS then that he found the first crack in this other time. As he stared at her, wondering at her beauty, everything but her face changed. They were somewhere else and—what was more important—in his own time, as he knew at once when he saw behind her the bookshelves of the school library. Just beyond her cheekbone were the green volumes of the cheap reprint of the Cambridge Modern History; so he knew exactly where they were. And without looking around he knew too that Dorothy and Maud and Archie and Ronald and Captain Waterhouse and the footman and the piano and the lighted smoking room had vanished.

She gave a sharp exclamation. Then they were back in the old smoking room, and Captain Waterhouse was playing a polka, and the hearty men, in their black and white, were taking hold of the plump, pastel girls.

Her hand fastened onto his, and her sharp nails were pressing into his palm. "Don't ask me why I am doing this," she muttered. "Just let me do it, there's a good man. I can't explain. And if I did, you wouldn't believe me."

"Yes, I would. Because I can explain too."

"No, you can't," she said crossly. "And don't start being clever and showing off. Just be a comfort. Or leave me alone."

He smiled at her, and then indicated the prancing girls, billowing in their full skirts. "*They* wouldn't talk to me like that. And you shouldn't."

"Right both times," she said gloomily. She had wonderful, dark hazel eyes; and the delicate yet strong molding of her face, with its wide cheekbones and hollows beneath, was a joy. "They wouldn't talk like that, and I oughtn't to. You were kind, too. I apologize." She jumped up. "But I can't stand any more of this. I'm going."

She was running out of the room while he was still pushing himself out of the deep settee. It was no use running after her. These people were fairly free and easy, but they might be annoyed if they saw the two interlopers running around the house. Perching himself on the end of the settee, he watched the dancers. They were there all right, solidly there, with nothing shadowy about them, all real people; but if they had been dolls performing the polka, he could not have felt further removed from them. And now the feeling of desolation returned. It had left him, he realized now, while he had been with the girl, Ann.

Just as he had decided to go and find her, if she were still somewhere downstairs, the dancing stopped; and the next moment Ronald and Dorothy Buller were barring his way.

"It's no use, Denbow," Ronald said, smiling, "she won't stop talking about you."

"I only said you told fortunes," Dorothy said. "And Ronnie's dying to have his told, but won't admit it."

"If Denbow will tell my fortune, I'll be delighted," Ronald said. "What about it, old man?" Of all the young men there, he was the most handsome: golden-haired, pink-skinned, and with the bright blue eyes of a happy boy. Looking at him, Mark wondered if those stupid battles of the first World War, like that of Neuve-Chapelle which would blot Ronald from this earth, had not destroyed forever this vivid, masculine type. Although some Americans, in their own way, resembled it.

"Who's he going to marry?" Dorothy cried, while Mark still hesitated. "I'll bet you know, or think you do, just as you did with me—though of course you're all wrong about Geoffrey Purzley. Too absurd. But please go on; tell him. Marriage first."

"You girls and your marriages," Ronald said, fingering his mustache. But he looked expectantly at Mark.

"I don't know," Mark said unhappily. "I believe you will marry, but I don't know who it is. Sorry!"

"Are you feeling all right, Denbow?" Ronald asked.

"No, you're not, are you?" Dorothy said, anxious now. She was staring hard at him, with a flicker almost of fear in her eyes.

"I feel . . . a bit peculiar," Mark said carefully. But he knew in fact that something odd was happening. It was as if the years were coming between him and them like a sort of thickening of the air, in which all color was draining away and shapes losing their sharp edge. Their voices were still clear enough, but they seemed to be coming from farther away.

"Better turn in, old man," Ronald was saying. "Like me to give you a hand? Or I can ask one of the servants to show you up to your room."

"No, thank you," Mark said. "I think I'm finding it rather hot in here. I'll take a turn outside. Excuse me."

As he slowly crossed the room, he heard the piano again behind him, starting another waltz; but its tinkle was far away, like that of a piano heard distantly in the night. He turned at the door for a last look at the dancers, suddenly convinced that he would never see them again. There was no color at all in the scene now. They were shadows, waltzing to the tiny ghost of a tune.

HE MADE his way along a corridor to the large front hall. There he saw the old butler preparing to bolt the great doors. "Just a minute," he cried, hurrying forward. "I want to go out."

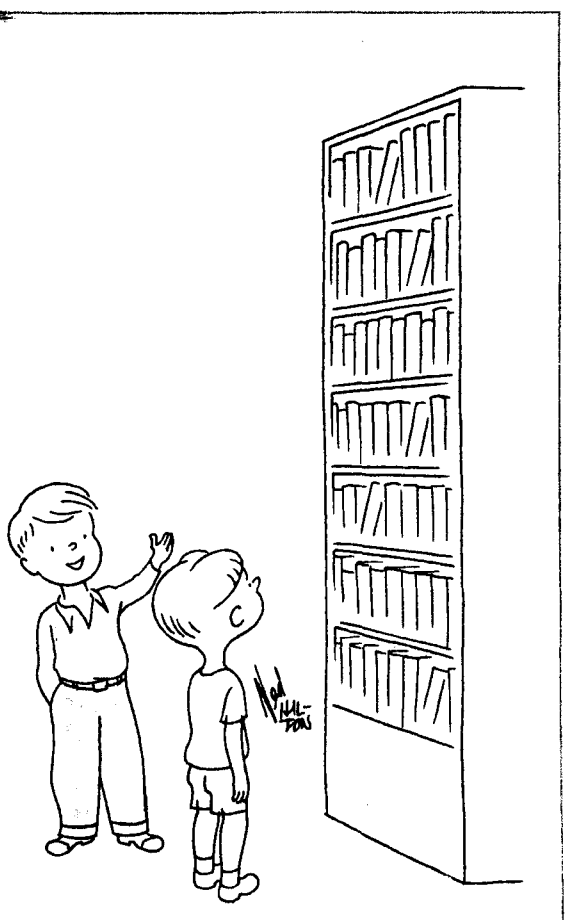
The old man never looked up but reached down toward another bolt. Probably he was deaf.

"No, hold it," Mark cried, now nearly at his elbow.

But the last bolts went home. The butler slowly straightened himself and then turned a completely blank face to Mark, who was not more than two feet away from him. And Mark realized that the man could neither see nor hear him. So far as this butler was concerned, he no longer existed—or rather had not come into existence. Yet the hall to Mark was still the hall of a night in 1902, had not yet turned itself back again into the hall he knew so well.

He stayed there for a few minutes after the butler had gone, wondering what to do. One thing he felt fairly certain about, that this evening of 1902, into which he had dived so inexplicably, would not last much longer for him. Already he himself had ceased to be a visible presence in the scene, and at any moment now, he felt, it might disappear from his sight and hearing, as it had done when he had suddenly seen Ann, for a few seconds, against the background of the school library. When he had seen her, in fact, in his own time, not in this other time. And did this mean that she *was* in his own time? He had already guessed she was, just after she had demanded some whisky and had talked as if she had made this time-jump too. He began wondering if she too were not invisible to these people of fifty years ago. He decided to go in search of her.

He found her in the large drawing room, sitting stiffly at the edge of a group of the older people. Although she was taking no part in the talk, he was certain that the others were clearly aware of her and that she was still part of the scene. He was equally certain that nobody was aware of him, not even Ann. But unlike the others, who never gave a glance in his direction when he arrived near them, Ann knew that something had happened. As he came near he



"But by the time I get big enough to reach the books they don't want me to see, I probably won't be curious about them any more . . ."

COLLIER'S NED HILTON

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saw a look of bewilderment cross her face. But he knew she had not actually seen him.

All the older and important guests seemed to be there: a politician, some general, a wealthy industrialist, a bleached old gnome of a banker; and Lord Broxwood himself, massive and purple, was with them, a sort of chairman. They were important and weighty men, and spoke of important and weighty affairs—the state of the country, of Europe, of the world, and the future of the country, of Europe, of the world. They were men of experience; they were experts in one field or another. So they made pontifical announcements; and without hesitation, unshadowed by any doubt, they made their solemn prophecies to the accompaniment of approving grunts and nods. Until Ann jumped up, fiery-eyed and a little shrill, and made her speech.

"I know this seems horribly rude and that you'll all be furious," she cried, "but I can't help it. Please listen for once—and stop being so grand and thinking you know everything. I've listened to you, haven't I? All about what's going to happen here in England, and what France will do to Italy, and Russia to Germany and all that—"

"Really, Miss—er—" Lord Broxwood began, turning a deeper shade of purple with annoyance. "I don't think—"

BUT Ann could not be stopped. "I know, I know. Who am I—and all that. But please, please listen for once. I shan't take long. But I must warn you that you're all talking nonsense. It may weigh a ton, but it's all just rubbish, bilge and rot. I know roughly what's going to happen during these next fifty years—never mind how, but I do—and I can assure you that it's all quite different from what you think. Nothing you've said is going to come true. Honestly it isn't. So you just might as well stop thinking you know it all, because you haven't a clue. Not one of you—not a clue. It's pathetic. And I'll never believe people like you again. Well, I *am* shutting up."

This final remark was addressed to Lord Broxwood, who at the risk of giving himself a fit of apoplexy was now lumbering forward, apparently ready to shut her up by force. Before he could reach her, Ann had turned and, finding herself facing an open French window, had bolted into the night. Mark hurried after her, followed her across the lawn, and finally caught up with her inside the old summerhouse. She was crying.

"Leave me alone," she mumbled, hearing him but not looking up. "I know I was damned rude, but you don't understand."

"Yes, I do," Mark said. "I'm just the one who does."

There was very little light in there, but it was not quite dark. She looked up, though it was probably his voice she recognized. "Oh, it's you again." She sounded much relieved. Indeed, he felt hopefully, she sounded delighted.

"You can see me now?" he asked.

"Not very well, of course, but I can see that it's you. Why?"

"You couldn't see me in that drawing room."

"Were you there?"

"Yes. But nobody knew."

"I felt that somebody came in," she said eagerly. "But I'll admit I didn't really see you. You heard me then?"

"You said just what I wanted to say." Mark was enthusiastic. "But I doubt if I'd have had the guts to say it."

She came closer, stared through the dark into his face, put out a hand and pressed it into the lapel of his coat, as if to make sure he was solid and real. "You're not one of them, are you? I wondered before, when you got me the whisky. But then I thought there couldn't be two of us. Oh, you've changed your suit."

"Why, no, I—" But then he felt the familiar soft collar round his neck, and one quick movement of a hand told him he was wearing his tweed coat and corduroy trousers.

"And I've changed my clothes. Thank Heaven!" she cried. "And look! Isn't the light from that drawing room different?"

IT WAS the usual light that came from the main recreation room any night the students were using it. Before he knew what to say to her, they were crossing the lawn toward the uncurtained French windows. Above the confused sounds of voices and a subdued samba on the gramophone, they could hear the clatter of table-tennis balls. "Do you have tournaments?" Ann asked in an easy offhand way.

"Yes," he told her. "They're probably playing one tonight."

Then he drew in his breath sharply, noisily. How could she be standing there with him, looking through the window at the students and asking a question in that tone, as if she had already asked scores of questions and he was showing her around the school? As if she had never been back fifty years? As if neither of them had been back.

"What's the matter, Mr. Denbow?" she inquired innocently. "Are you cold? Shall we go in, back to the library?"

"Why, yes, we might as well." He heard himself say this, remotely, with all the questions buzzing in his mind.

Not wishing to disturb the students, they walked round to the side door and along the back corridor toward the library. He said nothing, not knowing what to say, still trying to understand what had happened. She was walking half a pace ahead of him, so that he could look at her without appearing ill-mannered: a mop of soft, dark hair; a figure, now trimly clothed, as delicate and strong as her face; yes, a beautiful girl, typical of the best of our time. But what about that other time? Didn't she know she had been there?

They had the corridor to themselves. Within a few feet of the library door, she stopped and turned on him. "Mr. Denbow, I like what you're doing here," she began, with a touch of severity, "though I thought I wouldn't. And I'm ready to like you. But I feel you resent me, and I think that's terribly unfair. I'm not my grandmother, you know."

"I'm sorry if I've behaved as if I thought you were your grandmother," said Mark, without a clue to what they were talking about. "And I've never met anybody I felt less like resenting. But let's talk about this in the library."

"In front of my grandmother? Surely that wouldn't be a good idea. That's why I stopped here."

"Oh, your grandmother's in the library, is she?" Mark stared at her blankly.

"Well, that's where we left her," Ann said impatiently. Then she looked at him curiously. "You don't look very good. Perhaps that little accident in the lake was worse than you thought."

"Just a minute," said Mark earnestly, going closer and lowering his voice. "Please tell me something. Have I been showing you around this place?"

"Why, of course, for the last hour. Then we went out for some air, and then you said you'd better take an aspirin and I said I'd wait for you in the old summerhouse—you remember?"

"This is terribly important." And he found himself gripping her just below each shoulder. "Tell me, please, what happened to you while you waited in the summerhouse? It doesn't matter how absurd it seems. Please tell me."

"Well, I had a confused sort of daydream—I'm a dreamy type though I may not look it. By the way, you're hurting my arms. But go on, if it helps. No, no apologies. I can see this is serious for you. You see, on the way here—perhaps you don't remember, but my grandmother and I are staying with some people called Ferrers at Winbone Manor, and I wanted to drive over, so she came with me—well, on the way here she was telling me how she used to stay here as a girl. She was the niece of the Lord Broxwood who owned it then. So I began imagining what it would be like here in those days—oh!" And she stared at him, as if she had suddenly remembered something.

"Ann," he whispered desperately, "I'm going to take a chance and say this now. Don't think I'm mad. I'm not. But I tell you I spent most of this evening there, in nineteen hundred and two it was. And you were the strange girl who'd turned up in some queer way, just as I'd been rescued from the lake by the son of the house, a chap called Ronald. Then I saw how beautiful you were, yes, the most beautiful girl I'd ever known. And I knew you didn't belong to that time but to this. There were just the two of us in a different world that didn't understand. And I've never been really in love before, and I know this is it and whatever happens you'll always be the beautiful, strange girl who turns out not to be strange, but really the other one in a different world that couldn't understand. That's how it'll always be, whatever happens. Do I sound quite mad?"

"Yes," said Ann. "But I like it. Though of course there's a lot more you'll have to tell me."

THE library door opened. "Don't stand there looking moon-struck," a sharp old voice cried. "Either come in or go somewhere else."

He felt he ought to have known at once but this grandmother would be Lady Purzley—one Dorothy Buller, bosomy and downy in pink.

"If you two were talking about adult education out there," Lady Purzley said, after examining their looks critically, "then I no longer understand anything."

"Yes, you do, darling," Ann cried, still glowing. "But it was a kind of adult education."

"I must say," the old lady said, turning to Mark, "you're a more enterprising young man than I had thought."

"I'm far more enterprising than I thought I was," Mark said, smiling at her. "By the way, Lady Purzley, when you stayed here as a girl, did a strange young man ever tell your fortune in the conservatory?"

"Now why should you ask me that, Mr. Denbow?"

"I just wondered."

"Because," Lady Purzley continued slowly, "I dozed a little after you two left me and dreamed I was back here as a girl, before I was even engaged to Geoffrey Purzley, and somebody told me I would marry him. But whether that really happened once or I merely dreamed it, I can't remember. It's often difficult to tell, you know. Things can be very complicated."

"So I've suspected." ▲▲▲

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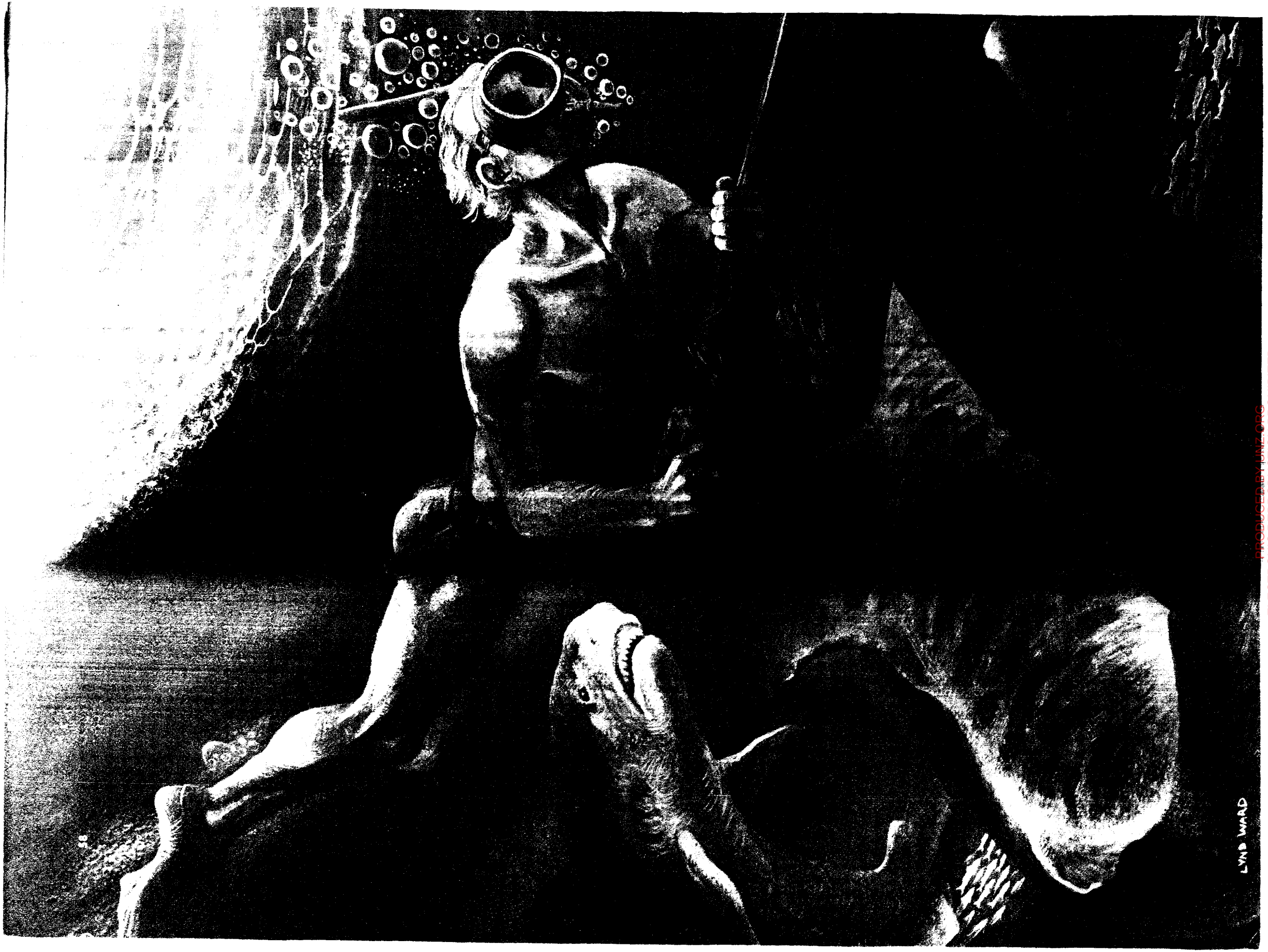

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ALONE In Shark Waters

By JOHN KRUSE

He had been overboard in the Indian Ocean for two days. The rescue plane had missed him. He kept trying to live, but he wanted to die

DOWN in the hold, the noise was earsplitting. Every timber, the length and breadth of the Ben Sidi Tajir, seemed to be shrieking in agony. The single hurricane lamp swung sickeningly overhead, swilling its anemic light around in the blackness. Mike Gardener shut his eyes and braced himself against a crate; he felt the ship lift and drop away crabwise in a quick, double movement that sucked his stomach about inside him like water in a goat skin.

The native passengers around him were now fully awake. They were sitting up among the cargo, chattering shrilly, the whites of their eyes showing clearly in the lamplight. There were about twenty of them, traveling freight, like himself, from Ceylon to the Maldive Islands.

The Ben Sidi Tajir was a Maldivian schooner, and her run was between Colombo and the islands. She was a cross between a felucca and a Spanish galleon, and her crew was a ragged bunch of moplas, descended from the old Malabar Coast pirates. There was nothing those moplas didn't know about the sea. They had smelled the wind coming five hours before it hit the ship. The ship was a full day out of port. There was nothing they could do but keep running and hope to miss it. When the wind was an hour away, they knew by the sky that they didn't have a chance. It was two in the morning, and Mike was asleep on deck. They had shaken him awake and told him to get below. Then they had dropped the big triangular sail, battened down the hatches and heaved to.

The only passenger accommodation was the hold, and Mike had gone down there wondering what the panic was. He didn't wonder for long. It was a hurricane.

It hit the mainmast with a shock that went right down into the ship and set up a howl in the rigging that made Mike's hackles creep. The ship was half empty, and with all her galleonlike superstructure in the stern, she began to roll like a tar barrel.

Mike braced himself with his feet and listened to the grinding timbers and cursed. There were safer ways of getting to the islands than in this relic, but not as cheap; that was the rub. When you speared fish for a living, you couldn't afford to ride fancy.

He was on his way to the Maldives to try the spearing there. He was planning to fish his way through the reefs, selling his catches as he went—a sort of working vacation. His spear gun lay on the rice sacks beside him, with his fins and mask strapped to the trigger guard. His only other baggage was a pack containing a change of clothing, a dozen harpoon heads and the sixty-foot reel he used for spearing in deep water.

Mike knew he couldn't fight the sharks; he hadn't the strength. But there was always the gun. He would put it under his chin and squeeze the trigger before it was too late

The storm seemed to be getting worse. He could hear the Diesel auxiliary laboring hard in the struggle to keep the ship's head into the wind, felt the screw race in the air each time she toppled down into a trough. Near him a mopla woman lay on the sacks clutching her belly and whimpering. She was pregnant, and Mike couldn't tell if she was in labor or just seasick. She didn't seem to belong to anybody. He spoke to her in Singhalese, but she made no sign that she had heard him.

SUDDENLY the ship gave one of its quick, double movements. There was a slow, grinding crash, and the vessel seemed to convulse. The lantern leaped from its hook, smashed against a crate and went out. Through the infernal din Mike heard the natives screaming and, in the blackness, felt the ship heave over on its side.

His instantaneous thought was that they had hit a reef. Then he knew they couldn't have. They were a full day's sail west of Ceylon; the water here was five hundred fathoms deep. The ship was breaking up. He grabbed up his most valuable possession, the spear gun, and struggled toward the mopla woman. He fell across her and she screamed. He shouted at her that it was the American and, gripping her under the armpit, lifted her to her feet and half carried, half dragged her toward where he knew the gangway out of the hold to be.

The natives blundered together in the darkness, screaming and groping for the doorway. A match spurted near him. There was an instant of wild eyes and gleaming bodies. He spotted the gangway. The match went out as the crowd surged forward. The next moment, he and the woman were caught up in a crazy, struggling mass. Someone grabbed onto his back, clawed a way up over him. He kept hold of the woman and his gun, and shoved.

Suddenly something gave, and they were moving forward through water already knee-deep. It was deluging down from above, and there were figures up there against a faint square of sky, trying to fight their way up through the water, but it was forcing them back. Then the boat rolled and the deluge stopped. Mike got the woman's hand and clamped it onto his belt, then heaved himself up

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onto the companionway. Someone got hold of his gun and tried to pull him down by it. The gun was so long that it was fouling everything, and he nearly decided to let it go. Then he changed his mind. It was his livelihood, and he had brought it all the way from Genoa.

He wrenched the gun free and struggled up the ladder. There was someone above him; he lifted him by force clean out on deck, fell on top of him, rolled over, and reached back down the hatch for the woman. He got hold of her by the hair just as a wave smashed down onto them. It flattened him against the deck; if he hadn't had hold of the woman, it would have knocked her off the ladder. Someone screamed. The water dragged at him and drained away. Mike gasped and opened his eyes.

THE deck slanted right down into the sea; there were no lights anywhere. The native beside him had disappeared. He had an impression of black mountains heaving against a sulphurous sky, of smashed rigging. Another wave crashed down on him like a ton weight, but he had the woman under the arms now and her weight anchored him.

As the wave hissed away, Mike pulled her out and got her down beside him on the slanting deck. More natives stumbled up out of the hatch. He was trying to remember where the lifeboats were. But the onslaught had been so quick, the crew wouldn't have had a chance to launch them. Something was sticking into his belly. It was the gun, with the fins and mask attached to it. He picked it up and looked around for something that would float. There was a life belt against the deckhouse; he caught the gleam of it in the darkness.

He took the woman's arms and hooked them over the hatch. He waited for the ship to roll back and tried to run along the sloping deck. His plimsolls slipped. He hit the planking with a smack and began to slide.

Mike's mind cleared; beyond fear, coolly and carefully, he watched for the rail, preparing to check against it with his feet. Its silhouette stood out clearly a foot or two above the foam. Then something crashed down on top of him, and he was under water again, tons of it, black and heavy and solid. It burned up into his sinuses, filling his brain with stars. Then the weight seemed to lift, and he lifted with it, up and up and up. Then surprisingly, there was air. He gulped at it, opened his eyes, and saw the dark shape of the ship. It was below him. Scared that he would be smashed against it, he began to swim.

He swam with the wind, angling past the wreck. He was lifted and flung like a cork toward the tilted deck. A native was clinging to the rail. Mike was dashed to within a foot of him, and sucked back. He saw the shine of water on the man's back, saw him hanging in the sudden vacuum; then the sea heaved up and tore the native loose. He couldn't see what happened to him. The next moment, Mike was clear of the stern, surrounded by blackness, unable to see or to gauge the waves, trying to time his breaths to coincide with his rises to the surface. There was so much water in the air, it was difficult to tell when he was under and when he wasn't.

Hopelessness welled up in him. He was being swept away from the wreck into the raging blackness of the Indian Ocean. The nearest land was Ceylon, maybe a hundred miles to the east. He knew that no boat had got clear of the ship and that his chances of being picked up were nil. But he made no attempt to fight his way back to the vessel. If he had he would have been drowned inside of a minute, and instinctively he knew it. He kept right on with the storm, out into the vastness and the darkness. And he was afraid.

He struggled in the whirl and plunge of the waters, sobbing for air, trying to think. But he couldn't think of anything. He felt that something was dragging him under and realized that it was the spear gun. The mask and fins strapped to it were cupping the water. It was natural for him to have the gun; he didn't wonder about it any more than a carpenter would wonder about having his hammer. Its five pounds of duralumin and steel were a part of him; now they were gripped in his right hand in a clutch that nothing short of death could have broken.

The familiarity of the gun steadied him. It never occurred to him to drop it. He hugged it in to his chest and kept swimming, and a process began in the back of his mind that suddenly became defiance. He was in the sea and he had the gun. It was the same sea—the sea that was his life, the sea that he dived and hunted in every day all day—whipped up now into a frenzy, but still the same sea. There were jokes in Colombo about his being half fish. Maybe he was. Well, this was his sea.

The idea grew, and the storm seemed to change; maybe it was really letting up—he didn't know, but he knew suddenly that he could beat it, the way a fighter can sometimes tell with his opponent the first moment he comes in against him. He could ride it out, and there would be a plane. They would be bound to send out a plane.

A big wave curled over on top of him from behind and buried him in darkness. He didn't fight it; he just lay in the water holding his breath. He felt himself falling. He was out of the back of it. He breathed until he felt the lift of the next one, gasped a lungful of air, and, as it broke over him, ripped off his pants and shoes. In the next wave he got rid of his shirt. He was naked now except for his belt and knife. He thought of trying to put his fins on, but he knew he could never make it.

He needed all the buoyancy he could get. With every gasp of air, he began to swallow some. He felt the bubbles form in his stomach and fought back the desire to belch them out again.

He wrestled the spear gun around to the small of his back and clipped the butt hook onto his belt, so that he had the use of both arms.

He could lie along the surface then. It was like body-surfing, only the waves weren't breaking, they were running. Instead of carrying him with them, they swept by underneath, lifting and dropping him, with a feet-to-head movement, so far and so fast he was jarred nearly senseless. The speed of the sea against the fins and mask drove the harpoon down between his legs and turned him over. He went under and nearly didn't come up.

He didn't want to jettison the gun, so he pulled around into the wind and faced the sea. The spray was wicked, but the movement was better. The gun behind him acted as a rudder.

Mike stayed that way, with the sea tearing past him, breaking through the waves, his mind stopped down to a pin point of concentration. Keep alive, he thought. Never mind where the wind is taking you. Just keep alive. Planes will scour the whole area. Ride it. Just ride it out. You've been in a spot before. How about Iwo Jima? What did you do then? Ride it out!

WAVE after wave after wave came —rush, rush, rush. The sounds dabbed and cleared in his ears monotonously, and it was the roaring and fading of sea shells, and then it was voices —loud, then soft. Then it was anesthesia, with great whirling lights and the punch-punch of watery fists in his eyes growing duller and, as time dragged by, imperceptible; he could feel nothing, and yet he knew it was still going on. There was movement and a sense of flying and sinking, but no feeling at all, nothing, and he got scared. He thought he was unconscious, that he was drowning. If only he could see something—anything—he would be able to tell!

He stared up at the sky blindly and twisted around, searching the darkness. Then behind him he saw a single, pale rent in the clouds. Dawn! Then he *was* conscious—the excitement, the relief of it. Mike twisted and began to swim toward the light but the spear gun fouled his legs instantly, and he went under.

As he sank down under the waves, something touched him. Despite his numbness, he felt it distinctly against his thigh—scaly and muscular and cold. The shock sobered him. He kicked convulsively to the surface.

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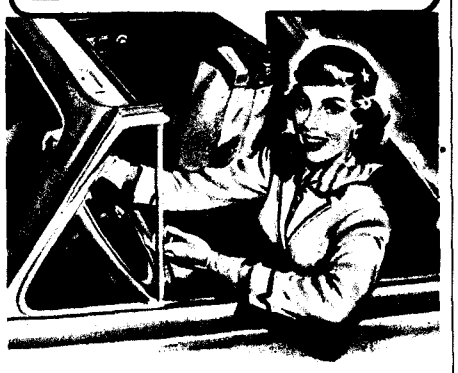

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The roughness and solidity had felt like a shark. He braced his muscles to resist the impact he thought must come. His softness and nakedness became huge in his mind, as they do under machine-gun fire. He sucked in his belly, beat with his legs in an effort to get up above the sea. He imagined the great shape of the shark below him negotiating the heaving water, waiting for a trough. A trough came. Mike dropped down into it, feeling his belly vulnerable and unprotected. He clenched his teeth, eyes, fists, toes, and waited. Another wave came, another trough; again the tension, again nothing. Mike knew that he would soon exhaust himself. He must relax; if it came, it came.

But it didn't come. He relaxed gradually, prayed for light and snatched another look at the east. The clouds were lifting off the horizon, revealing a long ingot of yellow light.

Hurry, hurry, he thought. But it didn't. It spread very slowly until the sea emerged from grayness and revealed itself fully, rolling and vast and lonely; he wished he had never seen it.

No creature rose to attack him, and gradually he got a hold on himself. He could handle the waves better now that he could see them; he could time his breathing. It was no worse than swimming in a monsoon sea, and he had had plenty of that.

He kept watching for a boat or a raft, but in all that endless expanse, there was only him. What of the other passengers, the crew? he wondered. Surely he wasn't the only one?

Then suddenly the wind dropped. The effect was like deafness. The wind must have been diminishing for some time, and now suddenly there wasn't a breath, only the sea whishing and washing, but no spray and no thunder against his eardrums. Relief came to him and hope, and then something more arrogant—conquest. He had outlived the wind. The loneliness was back, worse than before. The sea stretched all around, endless and inescapable.

AT LAST, the sun itself broke the ocean's rim, blazing a trail of weaving fire across the sea. The trail elongated and merged with the sky. The waves marched on Mike now in pink-gold echelons.

He felt all beaten up. Snap out of it, he thought, remembering the shark. Soon the fish would start feeding, and killer fish got very nasty in the early morning.

He got the gun unclipped and, lying with his face in the water, unstrapped the fins and mask. He got the fins on, sinking slowly down as he fitted them onto his feet. He came up quickly, very quickly, and got the snorkel mask up out of the water and peered at it blearily. The glass was intact; so was the breathing tube. The valve which kept the water out of the tube during a dive hinged freely. Thank God, he thought. He emptied the mask out, spat on the glass to stop it from clouding when he breathed, rinsed the mask out again, pulled it on and took a quick look down into the water. He did not know why he was so jumpy; there was nothing down there—only a few small shapes in the grayness. There wasn't enough light yet to see deep.

The harpoon was lashed against the barrel of the spear gun with the steel line. Lying on his face again but breathing now through the snorkel tube—interruptedly, because the high sea kept dabbing the valve shut—Mike unwound the line and got the harpoon into the projector. He wrestled with the propulsion unit for nearly a minute before he managed to compress the heavy, double spring. As he floated to the surface and lay there, gasping weakly, he knew that that was the last time he would have the strength to do that. One shot—that was all he had.

The undersea dawned slowly beneath him. The rising sun rayed down through the plankton particles in bewildering, shifting patterns. He saw numerous fish, all fairly well down and shadowy still. It looked unbelievably deep. Something seemed to open up in his diaphragm and let the draught in. There would be fish out here he didn't know about—predatory giants as different from their reef relations as lions from alley cats.

The farther the sun got down into the water, the more fish he could see. Five, six, seven fathoms—there were fish and more fish, the deepest gleaming in the blue-blackness like sunken coins. Even as he watched, the pulse of their actions seemed to quicken. A pack of big bluefish cut into a shoal of mackerel four fathoms below him. The mackerel raced off in a tight, terrified wedge. It had started.

THE whole of the visible undersea seemed to speed up like a film. The fish became no more than streaks of color in the ice-blue upper fathoms, tracing firework patterns of fear and hunger. Jacks and bonitos were everywhere, sometimes combining to tear with snapping jaws into a big shoal, then turning on one another to fight for the spoils.

The water became filled with little puffs of blood. The smell of it seemed to excite the fish to even greater ferocity and fear. This battle period lasted, normally, half an hour in the morning and the same again at nightfall. Mike wished to hell they would stop. Barracuda and sharks went crazy at feeding time; they seemed to lose all their normal fear of noise and hostile action and behaved much more in accordance with their reputation.

Suddenly three six-foot torpedolike shapes shot up out of the depths toward him. He had barely time to pull himself together before they had veered off and beaten away into the blueness. They were gun metal and silver, and shaped like gigantic mackerel—tuna. Hell, he was slow! He realized then what a sitting target he was. Lucky that was all they had been; his reflexes were all to pieces from the storm.

Almost at once another big shape appeared below him, followed by several more. They moved through the water with a sickening rush, the big one in front working its jaws like a buzz saw. They were blue shark, with pectorals like bomb fins, and paper-knife noses. Mike didn't have time to stir a muscle. They swept by underneath him, the big one spitting out fragments of fish into the water, which were snapped up by the ones behind. They were gone in an instant, and he was just letting go his breath when suddenly they were back.

It was as evil a procession as one could ever wish not to see: three pilot fish were above and slightly in front, their stripes fairly screaming danger; behind them came a ten-foot chunk of barrel-like blue muscle and, bringing up the rear, four half-grown versions of the same creature.

The sharks surged by, slamming their jaws, and disappeared into the dimness. Mike lay in the water and waited; but this time they didn't come back.

He sucked in a deep breath. It had been a matron shark airing the kids. If

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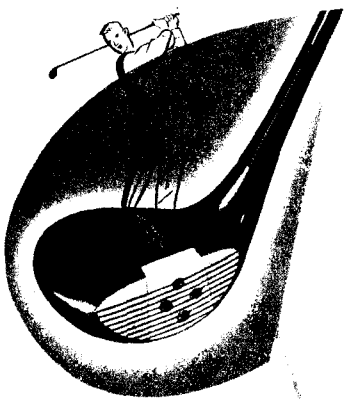

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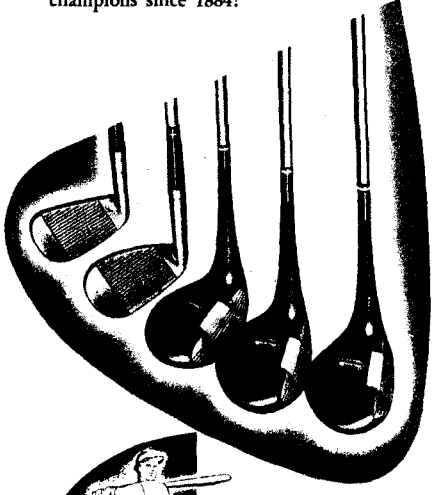

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a plane didn't hurry up and come soon, he thought . . .

Presently, the tempo of the underwater slowed down. Breakfast was over. Mike relaxed, flattened on the surface, beating automatically with his fins, rising and falling steadily, saving his strength. The sun climbed slowly up the sky. He was really tired now, tired and thirsty. He estimated that he had been in the water for seven hours. During a full day's spearing he sometimes kept going for eight without touching down. But that was in a calm sea and in sight of land. Land, he thought longingly, with the elephants plowing the coconut groves along by the sea.

It must have been about eleven o'clock when he heard the plane. He hoisted himself as far up in the water as he could and ripped off his mask. He saw it at once. It was a biplane. It was puttering over the sea about a mile to the north, with its nose high, obviously on the lookout for something. Mike waved his mask frantically, shouted and splashed about in the water, but it kept going steadily, and eventually disappeared over the horizon.

It'll be back, he thought wildly. It's looking for the wreck. It's got to come back! He kept the mask off, forgetting the danger, forgetting everything but that up there was a fellow human being and that he must make him see him. His heart began to thump, and a great deadness spread outward from his diaphragm into his limbs.

The waves lifted and dropped him. From the crest of each he craned toward the horizon, openmouthed, hoping to hear the engine. An especially big wave heaved up in front of him. He glanced at it, gauging it automatically, then stared at it, shocked. Incased in it, as though in green ice, was a shark. It was drifting sideways in the wave, its dorsal fin lazily breaking the crest.

In a moment it would be on top of him. He threshed about with his fins to scare it, at the same time fumbling with the mask. He got it on—half filled with water—blew it out and dived.

The creature had gone. He twisted around under the water. It was behind him. It was a heavily mottled shark, seven or eight feet long. It had seen him, all right, and seemed idly curious. With a careless flick of its big tail, it nosed to within six feet of him.

Mike had one idea in mind; that was to get rid of it. Spreading his arms and legs, he hooted into the mask.

The shark's languor left it instantly. With a bewilderingly swift movement, it turned and shot away at right angles; stopped, turned and hung there, staring at Mike with its little, catlike eyes.

HE CURSED. These pelagic sharks weren't like the reef ones. That would have been enough even for a blackfin. He raised one ear out of the water and listened for the plane. It was coming! Its clatter reached him clearly over the waves. He took another look at the shark. Did he dare ignore it? The shark made a movement.

God! Mike thought. Not now. It can't come at me now!

But that was just what it did. He had to face it. He headed straight for it; desperation lent him strength.

Uncertainly the shark checked its advance with its pectorals. Mike kept right on, and when he was a dozen feet away from the shark he blew a burst of bubbles at it through his snorkel tube. The big mottled body jackknifed and turned and fled, thudding the water with its tail.

Mike hit the surface and snatched off the mask all in one movement. The roar of the plane spanked his ears like a thunderclap. It was right overhead. He tried to shout, but he hadn't any air. He gasped to fill his lungs, took in some water, and choked.

The blind belly of the plane passed over him. It was an old Gladiator, with fixed undercarriage. He managed to get the gun up and wagged the duralumin in the sunlight, but the plane just pulled away steadily across the waves. He made a noise at last, something between a gasp and a scream. It just had to see him! Weird sounds dragged from his throat as he watched the machine diminish, and heard the engine grow fainter, fainter, then merge with the rush of the sea.

He was alone. He subsided, exhausted, into the waves, lying there weak and uncaring, letting the water drain into his parted mouth, letting its green weight close over him.

Oh, God, he thought. Oh, God, oh, God, oh, God.

THE sun had swung over behind him and was sinking slowly toward the sea. He had been swimming since morning, weakly but steadily. After the plane, he had lain in the water a while; then some inward strength had got hold of him, turned him toward the eastern horizon, and forced his limbs to move.

Everything that was reasonable in him resisted. If another plane or a ship were to come, it would come; swimming wouldn't help. And if it didn't come the sharks would. Land, allowing the maximum for drift, was about seventy miles away, and he had never swum more than twenty in his life.

But the stubborn spirit in him did not listen. It only knew that there was land over there below the eastern rim, solid and sweet-smelling and green, and that here there was only death. It drew him through the water—desperately.

His thighs were cramping a little, and he had chafe from the fins across the insteps of both feet. When they began to bleed, the sharks would pick up his trail, and yet he kept on, at intervals rolling his head up—sideways, to save energy—to look along the sea and at the sky. They were clear and empty and endless, and the light was glorious. He felt small in so much emptiness.

From his mouth and his throat right down to his stomach, he was puckered dry with brine. There wasn't a bead of moisture left in him. He wouldn't last the day. Sea creatures like Halloween masks came and went, appearing suddenly an inch from his face, then darting away. All day it had been the same, and he had let them come, grateful for their company.

Now suddenly he shortened the gun in his hand, jabbed at one with the protruding spear and transfixed it. He trapped its fin movements with his fingers, glancing round instinctively. Experience had taught him that often when you speared a fish, sharks, drawn by the sound of finny panic in the water, jumped you so fast they might have been fired at you.

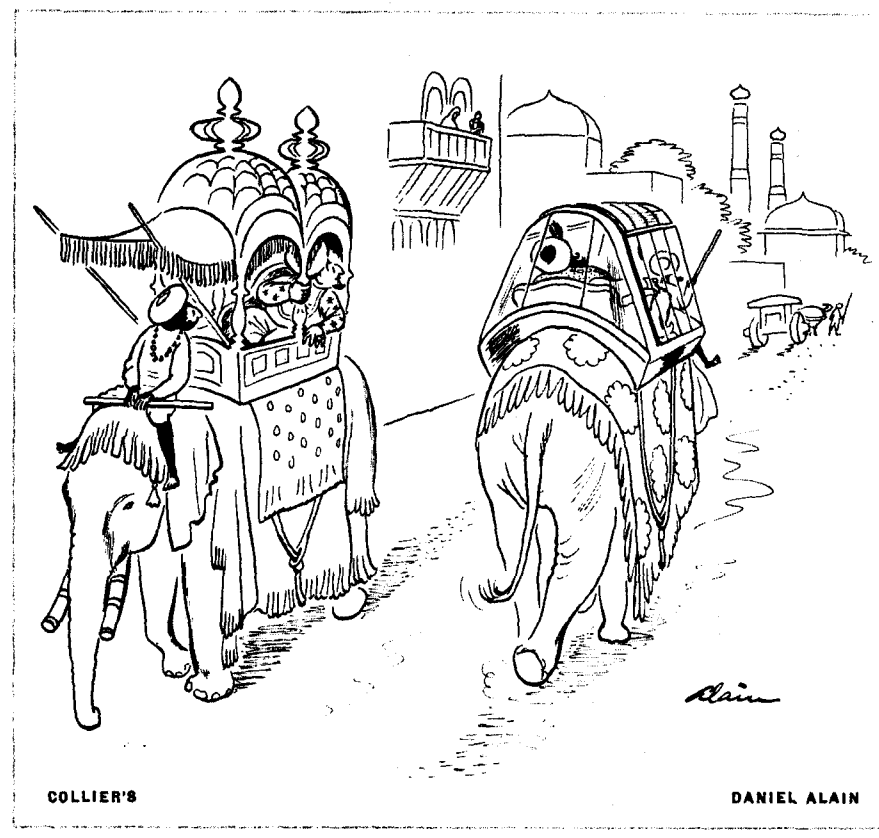
He waited. Nothing happened. Without any conscious reasoning, Mike turned on his back and wrenched the fish off the barb, pushed back the mask and squeezed the lymphatic juices from its wound into his mouth. They were rank and oily and mingled with blood, but they were free from salt, and he wondered vaguely how he had known they would be.

When he had squeezed the fish dry, he threw it as far from him as possible and spiked another. He caught six; then, using his knife, cut the last one, a sea bream, into strips and ate it raw.

HE FELT strange and defiant, and when he sprawled back under the water, he felt no nausea but a sort of amazement. He would get stronger; he could keep alive for days like this. Then reason reasserted itself. Not without sleep, it said. His eyelids felt heavy at the thought of it. His legs stopped beating. The water was soft and warm. The movement of the waves had subsided to a soothing rhythm. His head sank.

Suddenly his eyes flicked open, and he was staring along the underglow of his own stomach. A yard from his legs was the bluish head of a shark.

He slapped the water with both fins and got himself around somehow. The solid body flicked sideways and circled lazily around him. It was more than twice his length. Then somehow there was another, rock-steady in the water and growing toward him. Mike knew he couldn't fight them. He hadn't the



COLLIER'S DANIEL ALAIN

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strength. They circled around him, puzzled by his reluctance to escape.

Mike watched them, heavy-eyed; watched a third one come—smaller, this one, with a newtlike head and dappled like a newt—a tiger shark.

There was always the gun. It was his ace, he thought, admitting to himself now what had been in the back of his mind all along. He would put it under his chin and squeeze the trigger with his bare heels.

Now, he thought. Before it's too late. The deliberate circles were narrowing steadily. He lay in the water wondering vaguely why he didn't act. There seemed to be five of them now, then six.

The undersea was darkening fast. Feeding time, he thought. They would go crazy, and it would be too late to do anything. But still he lay in the water. Deep down in him there was something that refused to die. Coward! he said angrily.

Then he was panning the gun carefully, aiming at the tiger, centering on one eye. And he knew why: it was half-grown and softer-skinned than the others, and he had to cripple it. It came in close. At seven feet he let the shark have it.

There was the sound of slithering steel and a blur and a jolt. The gun leaped out of his hand, and he was gasping air through the snorkel while the shark spun around in a tight clockwise circle. It didn't pull out of it or stop, but just tore on round and round like a Catherine wheel, and Mike knew he'd got it right in the eye.

The other sharks froze in the water; surprised, they hung there for a full moment; then they got it. All five of them hit the tiger together, rending and snapping crazily. A great cloud of blood spread in the water.

Mike dragged himself away from the scene. It was better without the gun. He swam until he couldn't go another stroke. Then he lay out in the water, panting so hard that the mask sucked in against his face with every breath.

He stared back behind him, but there was only a redness. Nothing came after him. He had played his ace.

THERE was no moon. The water heaved in the sultry darkness, glimmering with phosphorescence. Stars drifted above and below him. He seemed to be beating slowly through space. Darkness engulfed him; then schizopod shrimps would rise like lonely suns, thicken into constellations and drift away, and brilliant dusts would form on the undertide, then condense and flood the sea with protozoic flame. He watched his hands, leprous and white, grope through the fiery sea and traced with half-dreaming eyes the comet paths of fish. Then there was only darkness, blacker than before.

He would lift his head with an effort, into the cooler air, check with the dimmer stars for east, and hear the immeasurable sigh of the ocean. Sometimes he heard across the waves, like a gun, the sound of manta hitting the sea, and knew that somewhere nearby great thirty-foot bodies were rushing together, leaping high into the air, pressed wing tip to wing tip in their mating dance.

The Pleiades swung, and the waters gleamed and died, and once something vast and terrible rose like a city in the waves. Mike heard the water draining from its sides and saw its darkness blotting out the sea. It made a sound—something between a hiss and a moan—and presently it slid back into the depths. He heard the water sucking down after it long after it had gone.

Another sun rose, a burning eye set level with the sea. And still Mike's legs were moving, just moving. Now, he thought, now the sharks will come again, and he thought of them as only liberators who would free him from the instinct that tortured him on.

Again the undersea dawn began, and nothing came—nothing but jellies, colored like sunset on ice, filling the sea with their tilted, opening-and-closing parasols; and the dorados, they came. With a glint of gold and greeny-blue, they skidded into him and turned him over. They were under him and over him and around him and away, kicking up the water in bursts of saline fire. And there was blood in the sea where the tuna caught the dorados. And still nothing came.

MIKE caught a fish in his hands and ate it. He couldn't see any sense in it, but he couldn't stop himself either. His legs continued to move, almost automatically, and at high noon he saw his mother, her little-girl face collapsed with age, and she was saying in her child-voice: "All failure is a kind of death," and he thought how right she was. He had forgotten her failure with the old man. It seemed to him then that they were still together and perfectly happy. He was a little crazy.

And then a shark came. It came up behind him in the molten-metal sea, cutting through the water like the keel of a sailing ship.

Come on, you dog, Mike said to it, and: You're late! Just like the ten-o'clock scholar. (He was back at school.)

He waited for it, but it wouldn't come in, just sniffed at his fins and took a wide turn around him. He wanted it to come in, but it wouldn't take him. Yesterday he had wanted to live, but now he didn't care. If he could have slept, he would have been all right, but now he just wanted the shark to hurry up and get it over with.

So he turned his back, and when he looked round again the shark was gone. It stayed gone, and the sun burned down on the sea, which became like watered silk, very glossy and silent, and the sound he made blowing through the snorkel seemed to grow very loud, like the roaring of the locomotives in Bay St. Louis station. He relaxed into a kind of dream, and he was back in the old city, in the old apartment, dirty from working at the garage. The old man was there, and Mike had just said he couldn't stick it any more with Mum gone and everything shot to pieces the way it was—that he was heading for the Far East, Ceylon maybe. His old man looked up at him over the tops of his glasses, with his mouth turned down and his eyes preoccupied with other people and other places, and, seeing him like that, Mike suddenly realized that he really was an old man.

Then the sun drowned in a sea of blood, and he was alone in the dusk with night moving up the sky. This was his last night, he thought. Tonight he would die. There was nothing left in him to regret with or to pray with, nothing but this instinct driving him on with limbs he could no longer feel.

At last the sharks came. They came with the departing light, like slim blades in the sea. There was nothing to stop them, but they came on carefully, avoiding his fire-trail in the darkening water. He closed his eyes. It was getting late.

The sunset's imprisoned image burned dimly in his brain, like a candle guttering low, and sounds grew enormous in the water. For an instant, poised on the edge of delirium, he heard the whisper of his own fins and, behind them, the shudder of tails, like someone thrumming the deadened bass string of a harp with their fingernails. The tempo increased. Now, he thought. At last! The water shook against him, beat on his eardrums, diminished and was still.

His lids flickered. Below, in the iridescence, fish-trails sparkled through the water like a million shooting stars. They streaked ahead of him and were gone; then more, in gleaming panic, raced by—then more and more.

There was thunder in the sea, but he didn't hear it. He fell into a dreamy state. It seemed to him that the waters were boiling around him with phosphorescent light; that he was lifted and flung, buffeted by tails, flung again; that in the luminosity he saw the ocean packed solid with gleaming backs, heard their panting and heaving. Then he was down under the water, and the migrating false killer whales were above him, lighted by the phosphorescence, belly upon belly, rank upon rank.

Then somehow there was air and the sea eddied and gleamed, and the turmoil rumbled away across the sea, and he was alone.

A LIGHT forced its way under his lids, and he turned away from it. There were cold bodies around him, and when he moved they squirmed. It was still a dream, and it was wrong somehow that there should be a man in it, holding a lamp, and, in the dimness, others staring at him.

They wore ragged sarongs, and they looked for all the world like Singhalese fishermen. For some reason their eyes were wide and frightened. Their hands were dragging at a net; Mike realized suddenly that he was in the net—caught!

He learned later that he had wound up a mile off Galle, South Ceylon. He never knew how; probably the current had been working with him all the way. But somehow he had made it. The fishermen admitted afterward that they had thought he was some strange kind of monster and had nearly lit into him with their gaffs. The incident certainly gave rise to some queer tales which Mike didn't altogether like. The Ceylon Courier gave him a full-page spread. "Fish-man," the article called him again and again, and when he got out of the hospital and went down into Colombo, people looked at him strangely and weren't quite sure what to do with their eyes when they talked to him. He never spoke about it much himself, because of the feeling he had had in the net.

He knew it was a net and that they were men around him—and he was afraid. The lamp seemed to draw his eyes till the flame filled his mind, and in the darkness all around, there was terror. He gasped for air, but none would come. He struggled, and the other fish around him struggled, and he twisted and kicked, knowing only that he must get back to the sea, that he must slither back somehow into the dark cavern of the water and dart away through the softness and the silence to where he belonged. It was a sensation of the purest fear—uninhibited by logic or pride or anything human, undiluted and nightmarish—such as only a wild creature might feel when it falls a victim to man.

Then one of the natives bent over him and took off his fouled-up mask, and there was air in a cool rush and he blacked out.

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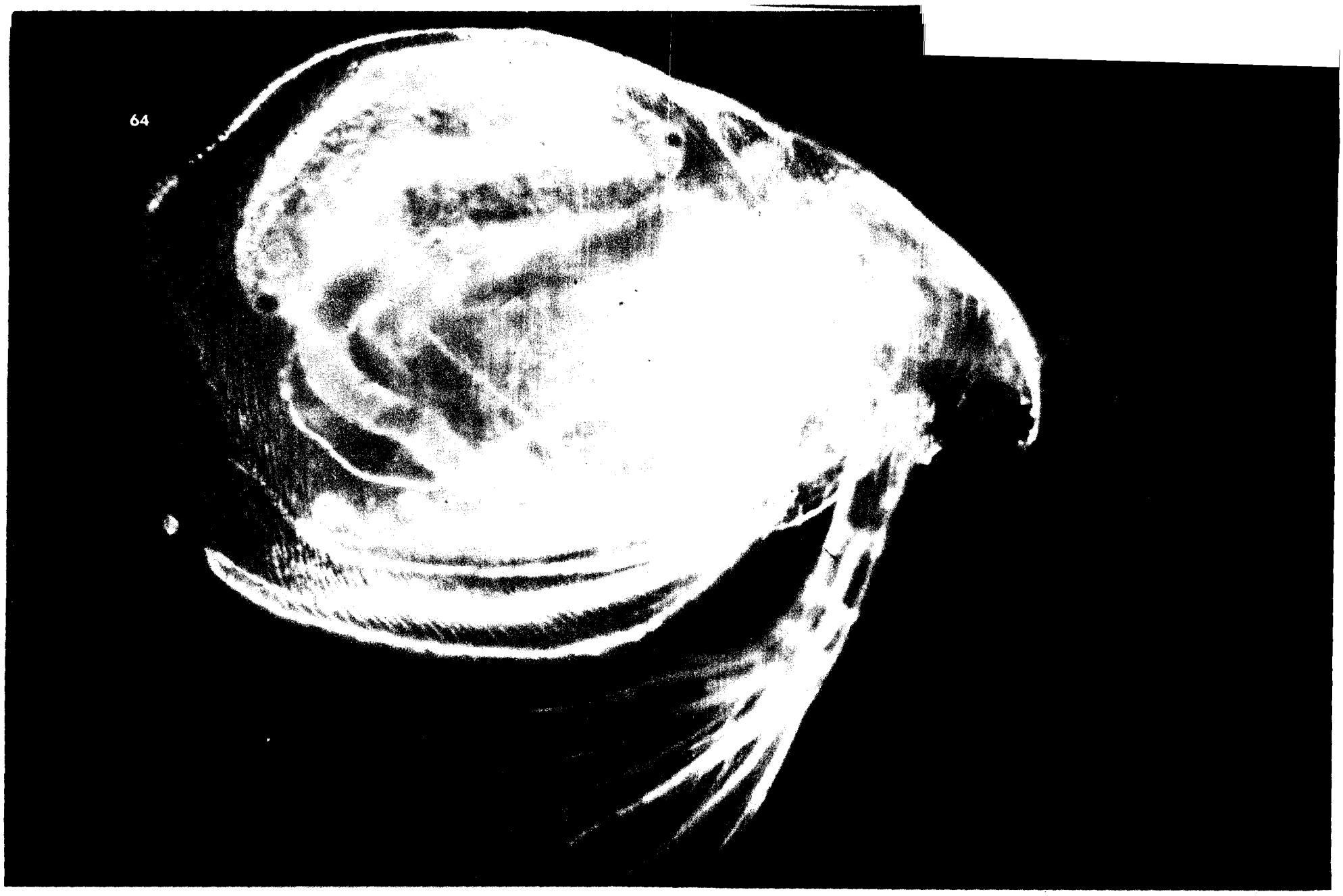

In colorized light, water flea gleams like an opal. It is one tenth inch long, has well-developed brain and big compound eye (black spot)

A quiet pond, gleaming in the sun, is a pretty sight—but what lies under it? Through Roman Vishniac

Water bear, like Vishniac's other microscopic animals, looks colorless in natural light. Bear gets its name from stumpy legs and awkward movement, is one twentieth of an inch long

Plumatella, animal that looks like plant, grows in colonies on underwater branches

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY ROMAN VISHNIAC

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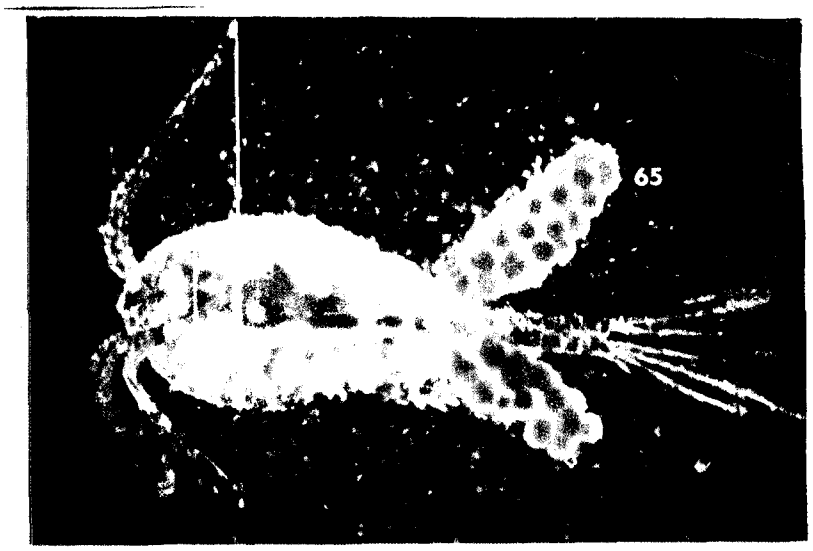
Collier's COLOR CAMERA

SMALL WONDERS



Microscopic female cyclops is here encircled by tiny Protozoa waiting to catch floating bits of her food

THE world is full of wonders we never see simply because too much light gets in our eyes. The beautiful forms and colors of nature are so smothered by the glares and reflections of natural light that we see only a dull version of a rainbow world. Most of us never know the difference. But Roman Vishniac dispels our ignorance.

Vishniac is a fifty-six-year-old scientist-photographer who came to this country from Europe in 1941. As a photographer, he has long studied light. As a scientist, he has studied life and holds a doctor's degree in biology. And as an art lover—he studied fine arts at the University of Berlin—he seeks beauty in what he believes is its most eloquent form: the world about us. Vishniac earns his present livelihood by combining his many interests for a twofold purpose: to do scientific research, and to show us, through his camera and his microscope, how much of the world's beauty we are missing.

Many of Vishniac's pictures are made with what he calls "color-polarized light." Polarization is not a new principle in photography, but Vishniac is the first scientist to adapt it to biological research. A polarizing filter screens out the light rays which come from hundreds of directions, splashing and bouncing all over an object. It cuts down the light rays to those vibrating on one plane, and so eliminates glare. Natural, unpolarized light is the mixture of all colors. When some of it is cut out by Vishniac's filter, some colors are also cut out and those which remain are intensified. The remaining colors are the brilliant hues which show up in Vishniac's pictures.

The effect of Vishniac's color-polarized light is startlingly apparent in his work with insects and microscopic animals. As the pictures on these pages show, his technique transforms particles of life which are usually thought of as colorless into creatures as brilliantly hued and delicately patterned as butterflies.

Many of Vishniac's subjects live in water and are invisible to the naked eye. He photographs all of them alive and swimming, on the theory that we must learn about life from the living. "Some people put insects under glass to study them," he says. "To me, that is not the study of insects. When I put an amoeba (one of the simplest forms of animal life) under my microscope, I want to see not only its structure but its behavior. I want to see it smile, so to speak. . . . To me, even amoebae have personality. There are silly amoebae and smart ones and stupid ones. But most amoebae are silly."

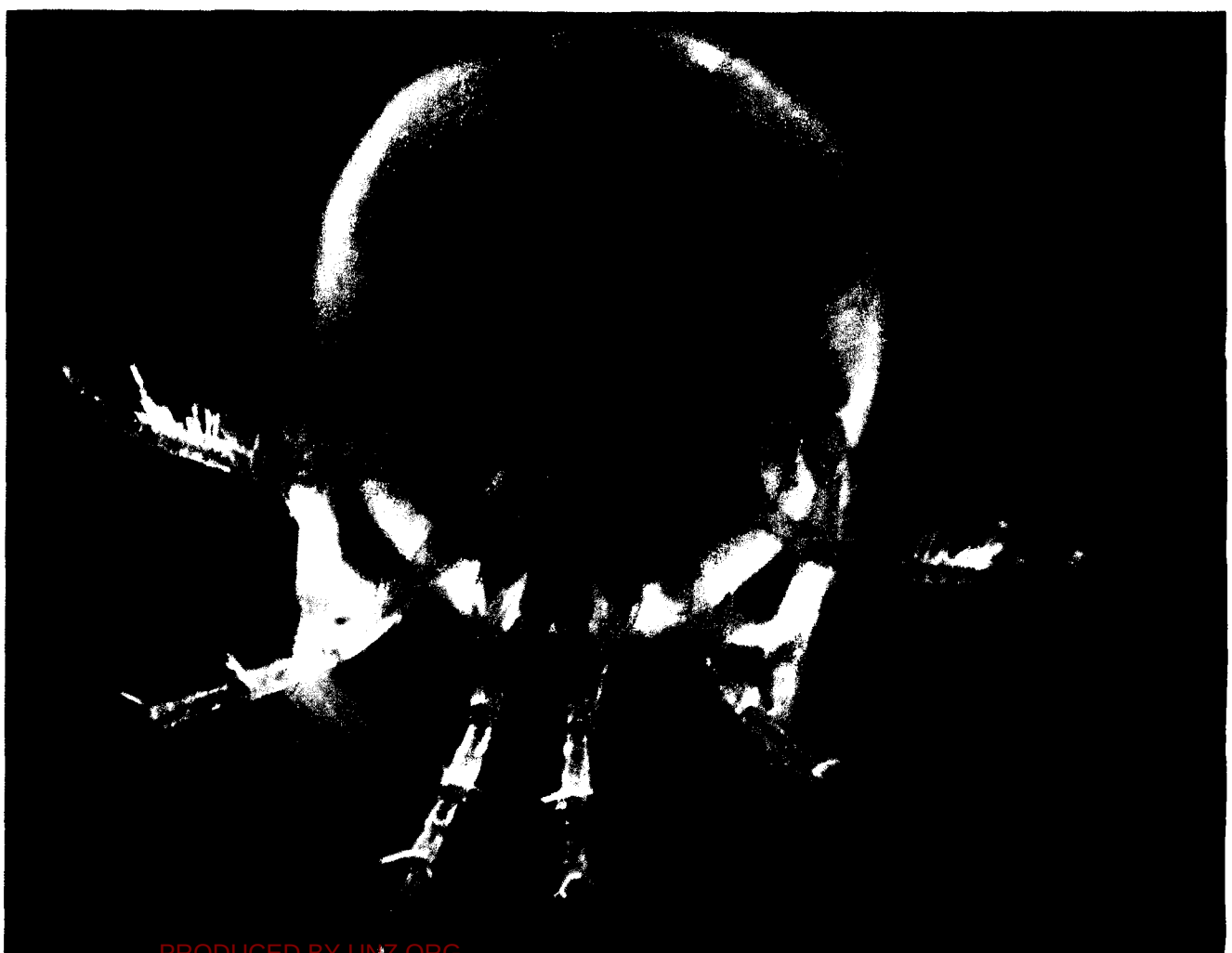
Vishniac takes his pictures by attaching his camera to the viewing apparatus of a microscope with the polarizing filter inside. He lowers the microscope tube under water, then isolates one from the millions of minute specimens that are swimming lazily about and photographs it. How much of the colors which show up under polarization actually belongs to his tiny subjects, Vishniac can't say. They all have varying amounts of transparent tissues, which change in color as the light changes.

"It is like asking," Vishniac says, "how many shimmering colors really belong to mother-of-pearl. Who knows?"

But he does know—as does anyone who sees these pictures—that his insects and animals look more beautiful when seen his way. And that is all Roman Vishniac cares about: to bring the beauty of nature out of its hiding place, for everyone to observe.

...icroscope we get a rare view of the animated and exciting beauty which lives in a single drop of water

...oeba reproduces by dividing (above). Mosquito ...va (below) occurs in invisible abundance in standing ...ter. Water mite (r.) is one sixteenth inch long, ...cks colorless blood found in even smaller animals



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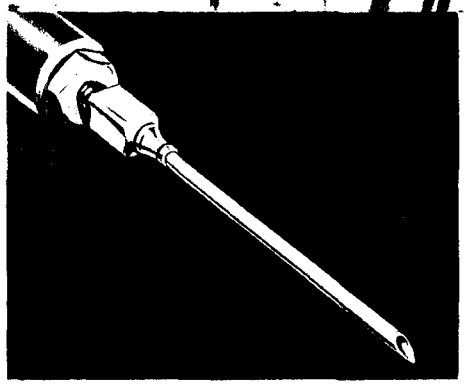

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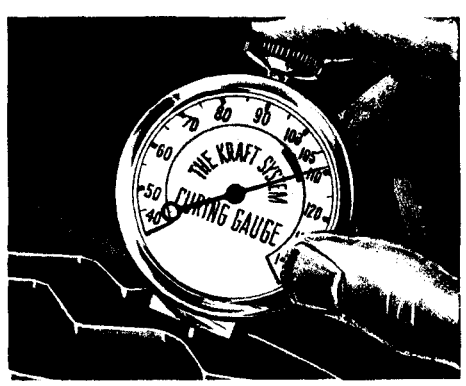

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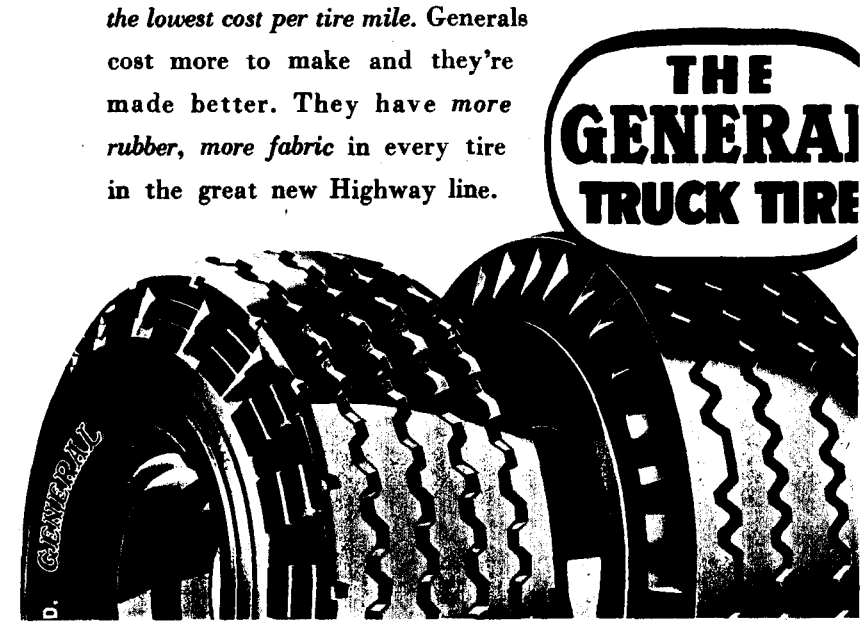

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Lexington, Marlowe General Tire Co.
London, Parsley Service Station
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Jersey City, McGuinness Gen. Tire Co.
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Burlington, General Tire Supply, Inc.
Charlotte, Charlotte General Tire Co.
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Salisbury, Haden's Tire Service, Inc.
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Bismarck, Renz & Zierke Gen. Tire Service
Fargo, Swenberg Tire Company

OHIO
Akron, Bill Paschal's General Tire Service
Akron, Nu-Tread Tire Co.
Alliance, Brown-Holt General Tire Co.
Athens, Buck Auto Supply
Bryan, Mac's Tire Shop
Cadiz, Cadiz Tire Sales & Service
Canton, Sampson General Tire Co.
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Fremont, Hamilton Tire & Battery
Galion, Galion Tire Shop
Hamilton, Bob Shute General Tire, Inc.
Kent, Safety Tire Service
Lancaster, Fred Shaeffer's Tire Shop
Lima, Lima General Tire Co.
Mansfield, Bailey Tire Service
Marietta, Mahone Tire Service
Middletown, Russ Dempster Gen. Tire Sales
Mt. Vernon, Pond's Tire Shop
Newark, Zeiher's Corners Hawkinson Tr'd
New Philadelphia, Fishel Tire Service
Painesville, Hach's Auto Service, Inc.
Steubenville, Shaffer's General Tires, Inc.
Toledo, Gene Richard & Sons, Inc.
Warren, Varley's Warren General Tires
Willard, Heisler, Incorporated
Wooster, Zurcher Sunoco Service
Xenia, Service Tire & Auto Sales, Inc.
Youngstown, Safety Tire Co.

OKLAHOMA
Altus, Foster-Ellis Tire Service
Chickasha, B & M Tire Service Co.
Clinton, Smith Tire Shop
Oklahoma City, General Tire Service Co.
Shawnee, Brewer General Tire Company
Tulsa, General Tires, Inc.

OREGON
Klamath Falls, Monarch Tire Service
Medford, Hawkinson Tire Tread Service
Mehama, Philippi Tire Service
Pendleton, Ford's Tire Service
Philomath, State Tire Company
Portland, Mel Goodin Tire Co.
Salem, State Tire Service
The Dalles, Woolsey Gen. Tire Service

PENNSYLVANIA
Allentown, Lehigh Valley Tire Co.
Bradford, Motor Inn Filling Station
Brookville, Auto Service Station
Butler, Ray Andre
Chambersburg, Ross Gen. Tire Serv. Inc.
Easton, Easton Tire Service Co.
Erie, Chaffee Tire Co.
Greensburg, A. L. McClintock
Hanover, Goodfellow Chevrolet, Inc.
Harrisburg, V. D. Leisure Co.
Indiana, Adams General Tire Service
Jenkintown, W. C. Fleck & Bros., Inc.
Johnstown, The Del Boring Tire Service
Kittanning, Bill Fox Tire Service
Lancaster, Lancaster General Tire Co.
Leechburg, Leechburg Tire Co.
Millvale, Corfield Tire Service
Philadelphia, Carnell & Bradburn
Pittsburgh, Campbell General Tire Co.
Pittsburgh, Maxon Tire Service
Pittston, Consumers Gas & Oil Co.
Pottsville, Leisure-Freed Tire Company
Scranton, A. H. Steppacher
Sharon, John B. Lewis
Sunbury, Leisure-Black Tire Co.
Uniontown, Crawford-Webb
Vandergrift, Gosser Tire Service
Warren, Emblem Oil Company
Washington, Howley Gen. Tire Serv., Inc.
York, Willard General Tire

RHODE ISLAND
Providence, General Tire Service, Inc.

SOUTH CAROLINA
Anderson, McAdams Tire Service
Charleston, Thrower-VanNessTireSer., Inc.
Columbia, Columbia Tire Service, Inc.
Greenville, Hunter's Tire Service
Spartanburg, Whitlock Tire Service

SOUTH DAKOTA
Deadwood, Eddie's Tire & Glass
Rapid City, Eddie's Tire Service
Sioux Falls, Keeler General Tire Service
Watertown, Mel Dahle Tire Company

TENNESSEE
Bristol, Davis Tire & Recapping, Inc.
Chattanooga, General Tire Service, Inc.
Columbia, Russell & Bartlett Tire Co.
Hartsville, T. A. Jones & Son, Recappers
Jackson, General Tire Service
Kingsport, Duffer-Taylor Tire Service, Inc.
Knoxville, General Tire Sales Co.
Lebanon, Hinson Tire Co.
Livingston, Doak General Tire Co.
Memphis, Steepleton General Tire Co.
Murfreesboro, Russell Tire Co.
Nashville, McDowell General Tire Co.
Union City, Better Recappers

TEXAS
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Amarillo, Baker-Askew Tire Co.
Austin, Spires Tire Co.
Beaumont, Beaumont Gen. Tire Sales Inc.
Brownsville, Hunt General Tire Service
Colorado City, Dave Helm Tire Co.
Conroe, Louie Hoopes Tire Co.
Corpus Christi, Dickenson Gen. Tire Service
Dallas, General Tire Service
El Paso, Turner's Gen. Tire Service, Inc.
Ft. Worth, Hertel General Tire Co.
Houston, General Tire Sales of Houston
Longview, McCann Tire Service
Lubbock, Woody Tire Co.
Midland, Midland Tire Co.
Odessa, Garrison Gen'l Tire Service
Pecos, Pecos Tire Company
Plainview, Kiker's Service Station
San Angelo, Red Covington Tire Service
San Antonio, Harper General Tire Co.
Texarkana, Cullom-Walker
Tyler, Prickett-McElroy Tire Co., Inc.
Victoria, Allen Tire & Recapping Service
Waco, Boyle General Tire Co.
Wichita Falls, Earl Hodges Tire Service

UTAH
Richfield, Pearson & Crofts
Salt Lake City, Wheeler General Tire Co.

VIRGINIA
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Bristol, Davis Tire & Recapping, Inc.
Charlottesville, Barr Tire Co.
Danville, Stinson Tire Co.
Harrisonburg, Glen Shomo
Lexington, Spencer Tire Co.
Lynchburg, Lynchburg Ramp Garage, Corp.
Norfolk, Joynes Tire Co.
Norton, Lonesome Pine Recapping Co.
Radford, Wilson Pontiac Co.
Richmond, Gen. Tire Co. of Richmond, Inc.
Roanoke, Boyle-Swecker Tire Co.
Staunton, Dozier Tire Co.
Suffolk, Tadlock Tire Service
Virginia Beach, Bell-Edwards Tire Corp.

WASHINGTON
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Seattle, General Tire Co.
Toppenish, City Tire Service
Vancouver, MacNab's Service
Yakima, Tire Sales & Equipment

WEST VIRGINIA
Beckley, Lucas General Tire, Inc.
Charleston, Park Tire Co., Inc.
Clarksburg, Barman Tire & Sales Co.
Elkins, General Tire & Battery Co.
Parkersburg, Mahone Tire Service
Welch, Welch Tire & Tread Co., Inc.
Wheeling, Wheeling Lincoln-Mercury

WISCONSIN
Appleton, Ray's Tire Co.
Fond du Lac, Hayward Tire Co.
Green Bay, Green Bay Tire Service
Kenosha, Kenosha General Tire Co.
Milwaukee, General Tires, Inc.
Rice Lake, Mathisen Tire Co.
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A Nun's Story: *I Was a Prisoner of*

A Red soldier "found" a package of opium which he had planted in the mission's kitchen. The writer was then seized as a smuggler

I WAS baking a birthday cake when the soldiers came. Sister Alice Ann had just turned twenty-six, and we were going to celebrate in our Catholic mission in the little town of Wee Chao, North China.

We were feeling pretty secure. For some time the Communists had let us alone, and we thought we were forgotten. We even took little evening walks in the convent yard, that June of 1951, and it was nice to get outdoors again instead of staying cooped up in our three rooms upstairs.

I had whipped up a queer conglomeration of flour, brown sugar, buffalo milk and peanut oil which I hoped would turn out to be a cake. I was stirring the batter when I heard the heavy tramp of marching men down the street. They stopped dead at our front door. Twenty soldiers strode into the convent. Then I saw a civilian, and I tightened in fright. I knew he was another investigator from Peiping.

"Everybody out!" he said, and waved us downstairs. Mrs. Plum, as we called the wizened Chinese woman who lived with us, tried to stand her ground.

"You, too," he said, pushing her along with us.

"What are you going to do?" one of the sisters asked.

"Official government search," he replied.

"What, again?" Sister Alice Ann said, grumpily.

As we sat in the room downstairs, we could hear the heavy treads passing and repassing over our heads. One guard watched over us.

"I'm worried about that cake," I said. "I do wish they would hurry."

"They can't take long," Sister Alice Ann said. "There isn't much of anything left to search through."

Mrs. Plum sat apart from us with her eyes on the ceiling, listening. Another soldier came downstairs and nodded to our guard.

"Everybody upstairs!"

I ran up joyfully and went straight to the kitchen alcove. The Peiping investigator was there. He was looking over my cooking utensils, probing into boxes and little cans. He confronted me as I came in. The other soldiers closed in behind me.

"Move that bucket," he ordered, pointing to a wooden bucket in the corner.

I went over and lifted the heavy bucket.

"What's that?" he yelled in mock surprise.

I picked up a small package, maybe three inches square and about an inch thick, wrapped in paper and tied with a coarse string. It fitted perfectly under the flange around the bottom of the bucket. I turned the package curiously in my hands. I had never seen it before.

"I haven't any idea what it is," I said slowly.

"It's opium, foreign woman," the Peiping investigator said. "It's contraband opium. You are an opium smuggler!"

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM SHARP

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...the Chinese Reds

By
SISTER MARY VICTORIA

Chinese Reds burst into a mission and seized a sister on a trumped-up charge. That was the beginning of an ordeal such as few have had to suffer—an ordeal of cramped, filthy jails, of brutality, insult and humiliation. Out of her experience comes a terrible and moving story

By this time, everybody—soldiers, sisters and Mrs. Plum—had crowded into the kitchen.

"You put it there!" Mrs. Plum stormed. "I heard you move those buckets when we were all downstairs." One of the soldiers burst out laughing, like a boy whose trick had failed. But I knew they were going to arrest me.

"Better be quiet," I warned Mrs. Plum. "You may get yourself into trouble over this." But I was too late.

The commander said, "Take that running dog, too." Two soldiers stepped forward to grab her arms.

We were ordered downstairs again. The other soldiers had found a radio in the sealed-up storeroom. It was covered with dust and had not been used for months, for which reason the required registration had been permitted to run out.

Downstairs, they assembled the "evidence" of my crimes—the package of opium, the dusty radio. The Peiping investigator made a little oration on what good citizens do not do, and what Mao Tse-tung, the dictator, had a right to expect of him as a loyal Chinese. He also put in a few words of commendation for himself and the soldiers, "always alert and vigilant for truth and justice."

On the March to Jail with Guards

The other two sisters were sent upstairs. Then, outside, we formed for the march to jail. First in line was the evidence, held high so that the passers-by would see that I had been caught red-handed. Then Mrs. Plum was placed between guards. I was positioned behind her with my guards. Last, in grand style, stood the Peiping investigator.

I waited there for the rest to get into line; my heart was in turmoil but my head was strangely cool, almost cold. I was concerned about the two sisters up in our rooms. How dreadful they must feel to see me go! I tried to be cheerful. I waved and shouted Thomas More's famous line, "We shall meet merrily in heaven."

It was all a brave front. Inside I was sick with fear. I am, frankly, not the heroic type.

A barked command, and we set off down our little main street. Not far from the mission, the Peiping official stopped the parade. He advanced menacingly toward Mrs. Plum. The poor old soul was terrorized.

"Ha, you old witch," he said, "did you say that you saw my men put that package of opium under the bucket?"

"Oh, no, sir!" She had only heard noises.

It was the answer he wanted. He did not wish to bother with Mrs. Plum.

"Go and mend your ways, old woman," he told her and released her.

Mrs. Plum looked at me. Would she be of more use if she stuck it out with me or ran back to the others? I nodded to her with a smile and she went off as fast as her sixty-year-old legs would carry her. We proceeded on to the police station.

They must have been waiting for us. No sooner was I inside than three men rushed at me. They tore off my veil and habit. Rosary, collars and cuffs came off and were investigated minutely. I can still see one man carefully feeling down every seam in the tunic—and there were plenty of seams, for it was well patched. Another examined the veil. He took out the pins which held it to the frame, felt all over the hem for concealed papers and held it up in sections against the light. Then he made a great discovery.

We Maryknoll Sisters wear a bit of cardboard in the front of our veils, to keep them stiff over the forehead. In that particular veil, I had used a menu card of good quality stiff paper which I had cut to fit the frame. The menu read, in irregularly spaced words: *filet of sole,* roast beef *au jus,* creamed carrots, celery, olives, potatoes *au gratin,* rolls and butter, ice cream, *blancmange,* pineapple cake, coffee, tea, milk.

Some were only half-words where I had cut them off in shaping the cardboard.

"Ha, what is this?" the searcher exulted, and he showed it to the local police chief, who knew some English.

He knew English, but he did not know French.

"What does that mean?" he asked. "It does not make sense."

"Those are the names of foods," I tried to explain.

"Potatoes, carrots, pineapple cake, yes," he conceded. "But what is *jus,* what is *blancmange,* what

The nun was caged in many cells in many jails. One was so crowded her sleeping space on the floor was only two feet wide. The cells crawled with vermin. Prisoners were afraid to talk

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In the torture room, Sister Mary Victoria was tied to a chair, her neck pulled backward. Then began the questioning—bullying, endless. The investigator said he was being "very considerate"

All night long, the writer hear

is *au?*" he asked. "Those are not food names in English."

"No, they are French," I said.

"French and English together in one sentence? Why?"

I tried my best to explain, but I got nowhere. He obviously believed the French words were code messages and that even the English meant something else—probably names of spies in an underground apparatus. The queer spacing on the page only made it worse.

Delighted with the find, the police chief took the menu to the Peiping official. This sophisticate understood it at once.

"Stupid!" he said, and tore it to bits.

Thorough Personal Search by Woman

All this time, I had stood before them attired in my underslip. Having found nothing in the habit and the veil, they told a woman to take me into the next room for a personal search. She was extremely thorough. The search over, all my belongings were given back to me, except the rosary and the medal we wear around our necks on a silver chain. I was puzzled as to the reason, but later it became clear that they were afraid I would hang myself with them.

The search had taken many hours. It was nearly seven in the evening now. The woman searcher brought a bowl of rice and *soong* and a pair of chopsticks. I was glad to get it.

"*An yu sim,*" I said to her. It means "You have a heart," and is the common way we say "thank you" in our section of China.

For the first time, she really looked at me. In all our hours together during which she had examined every square inch of me, she had been surly and mean, throwing my underclothes on the dirty floor and roughly handling me.

Now the woman searcher looked at me curiously and our eyes met.

"*An yu sim,*" I said again.

For almost a minute, I thought she was going to turn human. The hard lines of her mouth relaxed; she looked me straight in the face. Then the sneer dragged the corners down again and the eyelids half lowered in hate.

It was dark now. The woman waited until I had finished my supper. The soldiers and police had gone home long ago.

"Come along, now," she barked as the last grain of rice was gathered in by my chopsticks. I rose and followed her through the rear door and down a dark stone corridor.

We turned many corners; walked up many stairs; passed through many corridors. At last, I was pushed into a small room, perhaps 15 by 15 feet. In the faint light of her flashlight, I saw that about 25 women were there, in two layers of sleepers. Half lay side-by-side on the floor; the others slept on a sort of shelf about four feet from the floor.

"Shove over," the woman commanded the group on the floor.

"There!" and she pointed out a two-foot-wide space in the row for me. I was only too glad to lie down between the dark, silent forms.

Soon, the woman beside me shifted position and turned toward me. I had thought she had gone back to sleep when she whispered softly, "Have you got a knife?"

"No," I whispered back. "What do you want a knife for?"

"To cut my throat," she answered matter-of-factly.

We talked a bit. Her husband and father were both in this prison. She had two small children at home. They were starving, she thought, for one was a baby at breast. She had no hope of ever getting out.

Our talk was all in whispers but soon another whisper cut across the dark air.

"Keep quiet! Do you want the guards coming in here?"

That night, and the ones that followed, were a real hell. We were near the torture rooms. All night long, screams, curses and yells resounded through the stone corridors. The pitch black made it much, much worse. I could see then why Satan is called the Prince of Darkness and Our Lord is Lord of Light.

My imagination started working overtime. What would happen to me? What would they do to me? Would I have the strength to withstand torture? Would I reveal the names of Catholics and get them into trouble to save my own skin? If I were hung up by the thumbs—if I were burned with cigarettes all over my body—if I were beaten with chains or rubber hose . . .

Ordered to Come Out of the Cell

It may have been late that night or in the wee hours of the morning when a guard put his head into the women's cell and called, "The criminal *kou niong* (unmarried woman)."

It was for me. I was dreadfully frightened. But I rose, walked over to the door, and followed him outside to the dark corridor. I felt hysteria mounting, but I managed to steel myself. My mind cooled and my heart steadied as though some Great Hand had reached out to my flutterings and gathered the folds into a firm grasp.

"Thank you, God!" I murmured, and followed the guard's flashlight as it illumined the stone floor ahead.

The guard gave me a push and we started down the dark passageway. We passed many cell doors; most were quiet but from two or three came the sounds of maniacs singing, drooling, yelling, laughing. The yells of the tortured, the screams, the blubbering got louder and I knew we must be advancing toward the torture rooms. Finally the guard indicated a door, and I entered the questioning room for the first time. In this old prison, it was just a small chamber ringed with file cases. A single electric bulb hung from the ceiling, unshaded, shedding a glare over the desk, over the chair for the prisoner, and the dusty cement floor littered with a heterogeneous collection of objects made of leather and rope and bits of iron. I had no idea what they were.

At the desk sat the chief investigator, a middle-aged, stocky man, keen of eye and hard of mouth. Cigarette butts polka-dotted the floor around his swivel chair, some still smoking. The inevitable teapot and bowl stood at his elbow; he had a habit of whiffling his tea through his front teeth.

We started off with information I knew they had already. Age? Years in China? Positions held? Residences and years in them? I answered briefly. Then we started on my life before I became a Maryknoll Sister, back in my school days in La Crosse, Wisconsin.

After an hour or so, the questioning began to get rough. The first step was to tie me.

Two men who had been hanging around in and out of the room advanced toward me with a rope. I did no struggling and permitted myself no tenseness. They put the rope around my neck and with it fastened my elbows tight against my waist. Then, they tied me to the chair itself, with my neck pulled backward.

"We are being very considerate of you," the

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investigator said. "But if you do not answer questions adequately, we will be forced to resort to other means."

Then it dawned on me what were the odd contraptions of leather and iron and wires lying here and there on the floor, on top of the files, on the desk. They were instruments for torture.

A guard picked up one of them. He measured it around my thumb and made adjustments. He estimated my height and ran an appraising eye over me to guess at my weight. Plainly, he was getting ready to hang me up by my thumbs.

I felt hysteria and fear rising like a black fog in my mind. What would they do? How could I suffer it? Would I give way?

Time and time again after that day torture came very, very close. I was tied up many times. I was gagged until I thought my lower jaw would drop off. I was hit by revolver butts. But the horrors I feared most never occurred. The sessions with the investigator followed a monotonous but frightening pattern:

"No, I did not say that," I said.

"It is here on the record."

"The record is wrong."

"We'll see about that!"

One day they took me into the torture room next door—a real chamber of horrors filled with all sorts of contraptions I could only guess the use of. They sat me down facing a sort of electric control board. A man brought in a long length of electric wire, looked at me meaningfully and laughed. Another brought something like a leg brace, all of metal and leather, and put it around my leg and foot. There were several others who pulled switches and tested all kinds of heating surfaces which, I suppose, were to burn or brand me.

Then they left me all alone in the dark. All alone and tied up to this electrical monster. One minute passed, two minutes, five minutes. Each one lasted a year. Still, nothing happened.

I don't know if it was planned so, or if the machine didn't work. At any rate, after 10 minutes or so, the men came back in, untied me, and without a word sent me back to my cell.

Preparing to Move to Another Prison

A few days after I was arrested, all of us prisoners were moved to another prison across the river. Our jail was to be remodeled to hold more prisoners. In the last year, the prison populations of our town had trebled.

On that morning, guards came into the cells early and tied us together for the march. I was fastened between two other women, arm to arm. This made it practically impossible for me to carry anything. Yet I had to carry my bedding. This requirement may seem odd to you. But in China a prisoner is expected to get his family or friends to bring him his clothes, bedding, medicines and transportation. Also, any food over and above the basic rice and vegetables. He takes them with him from cell to cell and from prison to prison. Otherwise, he does without.

Every movement of the women beside me, as we stumbled over the rough street, jerked my arms and loosened my hold of this awkward bundle. It was four miles to the new prison. The soldiers set a pretty fast pace because they were unencumbered with baggage. For the first half mile it was dreadful; one of us three was continually dropping her bundle or stopping to re-adjust it.

The usual crowd of pedestrian traffic filled the streets and sidewalks. They looked at us with passing interest, but Hate America was the theme song for the week. Landowners, Nationalists and ex-Communist leaders in bad with the party were of secondary importance. I slipped in along with the rest of the prisoners in the sorry parade.

I had just asked my companions to stop a second while I tried to get a better hold on my bundle when I saw Mrs. Plum. My, it was good to see her! She went up to our guard who had stopped also. "Let me carry her bundle for her," she asked. "You'll get along quicker."

He didn't bother even to look at her. Mrs. Plum hobbled off.

Guards in the new jail were really mean, but Mrs. Plum came often, trying desperately to help us. She applied for a job in the prison, so as to smuggle things in to me. But she soon found out that workers never saw the prisoners. Then, she braved an interview with the authorities to get better food for me. "Let me send in to her the food which she is used to," she asked.

"No!"

"She cannot eat rice all the time."

"She'll eat it here," they told her. "Don't be a running dog for an American."

She shrugged off the insult.

"Very well," she said with affected indifference. "Let her die on your hands and you will see the international complications. I know these foreigners. They cannot live on rice, especially the stuff you people feed them."

She won the day in the end, and the sisters were able to send food to me now and then. Mrs. Plum and a friend of hers whom she pressed into service walked four to five miles each way.

They were not permitted to enter the prison. They gave the food to an outside guard, who passed it to us. One day, there was a rather nice guard on duty, and I mustered the courage to request something of him.

"Will you ask them, please," I said, "to bring me some of that sweet white bread we used to have each morning?"

They brought the Consecrated Bread the next day, but my heart sank when I saw that the nice guard was not on duty, and that his place was being filled by a guard we prisoners called Head of All Devils. More than once, I had seen this guard bring food to the barred window only to throw it on the corridor outside just as the poor prisoner reached for it.

It was terribly hot that year, and the prison gave us only one cup of water a day. Sometimes, friends of prisoners brought extra water, and this monster would pour it on the ground.

When Mrs. Plum handed him the roll of bread, I was afraid he would wreak his evil on the Consecrated Host I had asked for. But he passed it to me.

"Here's your bread," he said. "You foreigners! Bread is everything to you."

Poison Smuggled In with Food

Mrs. Plum and her friends brought sweet bread seven times after that. Then, one day, the Head of All Devils tore my food to shreds before he gave it to me. Luckily, there was no Host in it. It seems that a prisoner had received a package of poison in some food. Mr. Head Devil was taking no chances of robbing the state of a prisoner to execute. I never asked for sweet white bread again.

Our prison routine was the same every day. Up at dawn—if you tried to get in an extra 40 winks, the guards poked at you with their bamboo poles.

"Stand up and sing!"

"I can't sing," I said.

"That doesn't matter," a guard said reassuringly. "Just shout." Well that was what everybody else did, to tell the truth. The songs were all anti-foreign. I was good and tired of them, for this period lasted for a solid hour. Then a study period—new songs to be learned and lectures on dialectic materialism. The first meal of the day came at about 11:00 A.M.—a bowl of thin rice gruel with a few vegetables immersed in it.

More lectures, which sometimes lasted five

Shackled, burdened with their possessions, the sister and other prisoners walked and stumbled four weary miles from one prison to another. Chinese on the streets looked at her without pity

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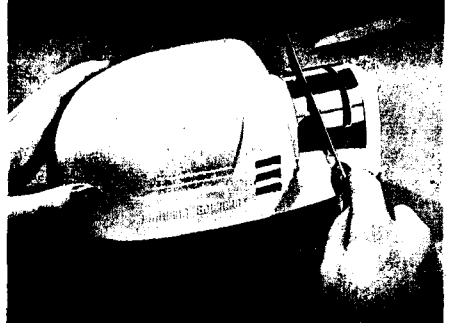

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Tortured prisoners confessed to crimes they had not committed

hours. Different men told us how wonderful the new regime was—how they would one day conquer and rule the world. Half of the time was spent on antiforeign talk; the other half on the marvels of Communism.

The other meal came around 4:00 P.M., a bowl of rice with vegetables on top. Sometimes, on very rare occasions, a bit of meat came with it.

At 6:00 P.M. we had a roll call and the cell was sealed for the night. The keys were sent to the mandarin. This makeshift jail—a pro-tem affair—was a frame building; even the bars were of bamboo, not iron.

Forced to Confess Thoughts

Every evening we had to endure a Communist rally. Everybody had to examine his conscience in public, telling what he had done against the government that day. These included thoughts; it was part of the thought-control technique. "I found myself unable to be interested in the lectures today," was a fairly common self-accusation.

After that, we had to tell how we thought the new regime could be improved. The sessions lasted until ten or eleven, and after they were over I was glad to lie on the hard floor and go to sleep. My clothes and flesh were crawling with vermin. In the beginning, I used to stay awake at night, scratching and hunting through my clothes for the pests. But finally I got so I could sleep—except on occasions when there were screams from the torture room.

One day a guard noticed me sitting very quietly during the period when we were supposed to be studying Communist propaganda.

"You are not looking at your book," he said. "You are praying. You are not allowed to pray."

"You can kill me," I said, "but you cannot stop me from praying."

"I'm not wasting words," he said. "I'm commanding you not to pray. If you pray, I'll put you in chains."

Often, after that, he used to ask, "Are you praying?"

"No," I would say, "I'm studying." I meant that I was studying something far deeper than the book in my hands. I had no desire to be wearing a 13-pound chain around my ankles.

About every third day, an inspector searched through the few belongings each of us had. Anything sharp, even a common pin, with which a person could kill himself was confiscated. This was the rule in every jail I was in. Anything long and thin which could be twisted into a rope was also taken. For this reason, I lost my scapular, a straight piece of material which hangs down the front and back of our habit. It is the distinctive mark of the Dominican Order.

But even so—with all the precautions—several of the prisoners succeeded in committing suicide.

By mid-August, remodeling of the Wee Chao prison had been completed. We moved back.

The four-mile hike was sheer agony for all of us. Many prisoners dragged 13-pound chains around their ankles. The chains gave them just room enough to take one short step, and as each foot went forward, the circle of iron turned around the ankle, rubbing the bone raw.

The author of the accompanying article, a member of the Order of the Sisters of Maryknoll, was one of the many Americans jailed by the Reds to discredit them in the eyes of other Chinese. The article is from a book, Nun in Red China, which will be published by McGraw-Hill late in the summer. The author used a pen name and disguised the names and places mentioned in order to protect Americans still in Red China

We were all tied together in small groups. We dragged, stumbled, limped and fell. When one dropped, he pulled his rope-mates down with him. I had been ill with dysentery, and was very weak. The woman I was tied to was sick; she could hardly stand, much less walk. Every time she fell, the rope tightened around my neck.

The poor woman was carrying a heavy pack, including a thick padded quilt. Somehow—I'll never know how I did it—I managed to hoist her pack over my shoulder and to carry my own bundle over my arm. I put my free hand around the woman's waist and half carried her along.

The remodeled Wee Chao jail was a real Russian-style prison now.

The cells were small and low. The ceilings of red tiles increased the heat. In August, the sun made a perfect oven out of our cell. The window was boarded up except for a four-inch shaft. No air, and practically no light, came in. Six women lying arm to arm, carpeted the floor, leaving only a foot-wide aisle at our feet.

A simple hole in the wall served as toilet. The sleeping shelf was a solid brick platform which was, really, the whole cell. It stretched from wall to wall. The only walking space was the aisle, which was like a trough at the bottom of the sleeping shelf. All in all, I don't think the cell was any bigger than 12 by 7 feet.

Crowding made sleep almost impossible. All during the night, someone's arms or legs were on top of me. Someone's breath was in my face. Screams and wailings of the tortured reverberated through the stone corridors and tile ceilings. The smell was nauseating.

All night long, guards passed to and fro, flashing an electric light on each face in turn, for a long period. Prisoners in chains passed the door, dragging their fettered feet and crying pitifully; they knew that they were bound for the torture chamber.

None of us slept much. Each woman in that cell cringed in fear lest she be called next. If one did go, it was a question whether she would come back. Or, if she did, in what condition. Often I put my arms around some poor wreck as she was thrust back into the cell, hysterical, sobbing, black and blue and often striped with welts from the lash. For hours I comforted them in Christ's name.

Man Shot Sitting Down

Executions went on pretty regularly. One was of an old man, eighty-four years of age, who had been in the prison for five months. He was so feeble they had to carry him. As he could not stand, he had to sit while they shot him.

Prison news seeped in through various channels. I suppose one is so tense all the time that the senses become very alert, like a mole in his burrow listening to the worms gnawing their way through the earth, the plant roots pushing along, the insects holing down for the winter.

At any rate, we always knew who was to be executed that day, who would be released and who was due for solitary confinement.

This last was worse than execution. The prisoner was put in a small room, absolutely black, just big enough to lie down or sit up. A small hole, about 4 inches square, near the floor, let in the only air. The victim lay on his stomach near this hole gasping for breath. Then he would scream and writhe in the pitch blackness; and gasp silent again. Three days and

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three nights of this—and the victim was ready to sign any confession.

One intolerable month after another dragged by—months of angry questioning, of harangues on the evils of "American imperialism" and the glories of Communism, of screams in the night. Then, one day in November, a guard called out my number—197051—and I was sent to the examining room. But this time there were no questions, no threats, no demands that I sign confessions. Instead, an inspector returned everything that had been taken from me—my rosary, even my fountain pen and pencil.

"Is everything there?" he asked.

"Yes!" I said, really not looking at all. My heart was pounding so at the sudden, wholly unexpected vision of freedom after those five horrible months in prison.

"Go to your cell," he said, "and get your blankets and other baggage. The guards will conduct you farther."

At the prison gate I saw the bishop of our diocese and also the parish priest, who had been arrested earlier on trumped-up charges. We were all marched to the police station where we were locked in small, cold cells. A woman guard searched me, stripping me to the skin as soldiers looked in through the bars. I was utterly embarrassed. I could think only of Christ crucified naked on the Cross.

After the searching, the bishop, the priest and I were marched across the street to another building, a storage place for straw, unhulled rice and chopped-up sweet-potato leaves. We were left in the attic unguarded.

Next morning came a wonderful surprise. Mrs. Plum, that dear, faithful woman, appeared, bringing us good, rich, substantial food. I never found out how she learned we were there, for she had been forbidden to speak to us. But every day of the week we spent in the attic, she brought us food. I'll never forget her face as, with tears pouring down her cheeks, she passed us the steaming rice.

I never saw Mrs. Plum after I left that house, but someday in heaven, if I get there, I'll tell her of all the gratitude that welled up in my heart during that final week.

After the week was up, the bishop, the priest and I started the long trip to the famous border between Red China and the British colony of Hong Kong. I was leaving China after 11 years. We walked many weary miles, but sometimes we traveled by jeep or train. We slept in seven other jails. Finally we reached the border, where there was a great bustling of soldiers, passport inspectors and customs men.

It did not take long for the inspector to check my worldly goods. His face had been as stony as the others. How surprising, then, to hear him say, as he bent over my wretched little package, "Don't worry, Sister. You will come back." I didn't believe my ears at first.

"Thank you. God bless you!" I answered. He rose, motioned me to close up the baggage again, and moved on to the next without changing a muscle.

I began now to worry about my passport. Formerly, the Hong Kong police had been sticklers for passports in perfect order. Even in the best of times, you had to report at the police office within 48 hours of landing in Hong Kong. Heaven and the crown help you, if a minute lapsed without a passport renewal! And here I was, without any passport at all. I began to doubt that, even if Red China did want to put me out, Hong Kong would be willing to take me in. Maryknoll Sisters were well known in Hong Kong, of course, but who would ever take me for a Maryknoll Sister? The marks of my ordeal were upon me.

It was foolish—the last of the warped fears one gets into from prison life. Even the bishop and the father could not quite relieve my anxiety.

But at last, the barbed-wire gates opened. Like everybody else, we picked up our luggage and started toward them. Two or three guards came with us. We walked to the gate. There the soldiers stopped.

I stopped, too, out of sheer habit, I guess. I looked up at them. There was no flicker of expression on those hard faces. Then I ran a little to catch up with the bishop and the father.

Just a step or two farther on, the father stumbled against a railroad tie and fell. He picked himself up ruefully, brushed off his legs. "Thus do I come to freedom," he said.

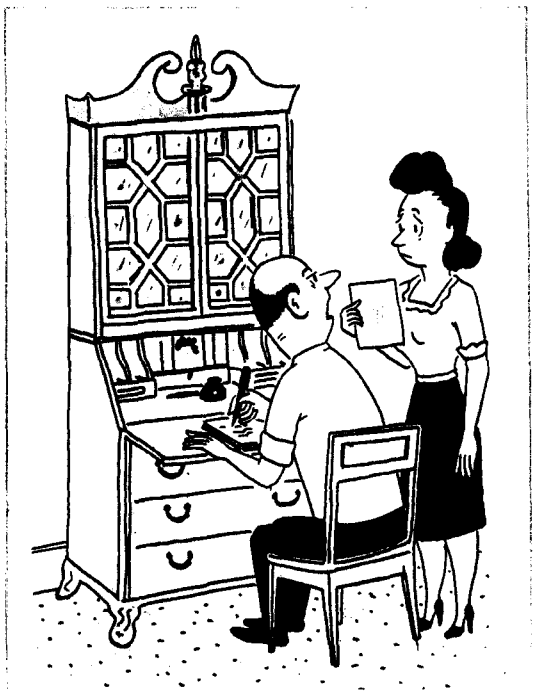
We walked across a short trestle which is the no man's land between the free world and the slave. Each step brought us nearer to the smartly uniformed Hong Kong police. I went up to one of them.

"I'm a Maryknoll Sister," I said hurriedly. "I know I don't look like one and I don't have a passport. But if you will let me go to Maryknoll School in Kowloon, the sisters will identify me."

He smiled a sort of slow, lazy smile.

"You don't need a passport, Sister," he replied. "Your face is passport enough."

I smiled my gratitude. Then I looked back across the trestle. The guards were still there. They hadn't moved. I waved good-by. Was there a slight relaxing of their stern faces? I could not tell, but I waved again. Good-by! God be with you! May He show you the beauty of His Truth and warm you with the Love of His Sacred Heart. And when you have known and loved Him, may we meet merrily in heaven!



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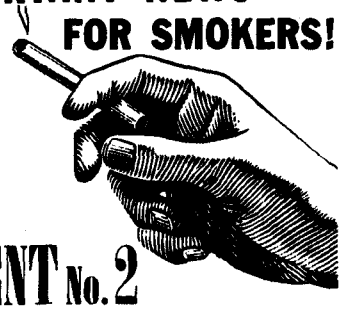

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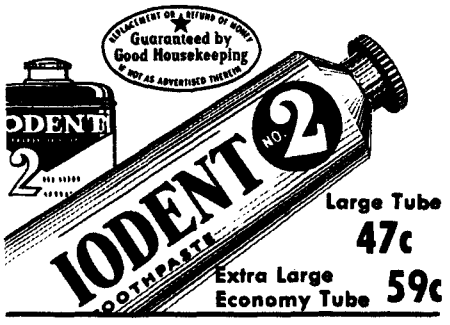

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SAM BERMAN

Why Don't You Take It, Joe?

AT ONE POINT in Senator Joseph McCarthy's bitter but unsuccessful fight against the confirmation of Charles E. Bohlen as Ambassador to Moscow, the senator suggested that Mr. Bohlen be given a lie-detector test. The gentleman from Wisconsin, being a master of innuendo, didn't specify what he would ask Mr. Bohlen. He didn't even specify why he thought the lie detector was necessary. He just wanted it used.

Well, we have a corollary suggestion to make. If Mr. McCarthy thinks that the lie detector is a proper instrument to use when inquiring into the fitness of public servants, we should like to see him volunteer for a test by that instrument. And, when he had done so, we should like to see the Senate or the Justice Department put to him some questions which a Senate Subcommittee on Privileges and Elections included in a report on Mr. McCarthy.

This report was the result of 14 months' investigation of the senator's activities and financial affairs. It made no definite recommendations, since the subcommittee properly felt that it was up to the full Senate and the Attorney General to decide what action, if any, should be taken. But the subcommittee raised some interesting questions which are based on exhaustive inquiry rather than innuendo. So far Senator McCarthy has refused to answer them. He has charged that the subcommittee lacked jurisdiction, but he has declined to bring the charge before the Senate. And, in his familiar manner, he has branded criticism of himself and his actions as Communist-type smears.

The six principal questions that the subcommittee raised in its report are these:

"Whether under the circumstances it was proper for Senator McCarthy to receive $10,000 from the Lustron Corporation;

"Whether funds supplied to Senator McCarthy to fight Communism or for other specific purposes were diverted to his own use;

"Whether Senator McCarthy used close associates and members of his family to secrete receipts, income, commodity and stock speculation and other financial transactions for ulterior motives;

"Whether Senator McCarthy's activities on behalf of certain special-interest groups, such as housing, sugar and China, were motivated by self-interest;

"Whether loans or other transactions Senator McCarthy had with Appleton State Bank or others involved violations of the tax and banking laws;

"Whether Senator McCarthy violated federal and state corrupt practices acts in connection with his 1944-'46 senatorial campaigns or in connection with his dealings with Ray Kiermas (the senator's administrative assistant)."

It is quite impossible here, of course, to go into the mass of evidence which was turned up by the subcommittee's investigators and which forms the basis of these six main questions. So perhaps it is best to set down a few auxiliary and more detailed questions from the text—with the reader remembering again that they are based not on innuendo but on gathered facts:

"How can Senator McCarthy justify acceptance of a $10,000 fee from Lustron (the defunct prefabricated-house manufacturer) which, in effect, was a fee being paid out of public funds, at a time when Lustron's continued operations and financing depended entirely upon the RFC, which agency, in turn, was dependent upon the Congress and, more particularly, the Banking and Currency Committee, of which he was a member, for its continued authority and operation?

"Did Senator McCarthy take advantage of Lustron's sensitive position and its need for continued government financing to induce its president, Carl Strandlund, to pay a fee, set by him at $10,000, for a manuscript which was neither finished nor in publishable form?

"Why would Senator McCarthy borrow money for his fight against Communism, as indicated by Mr. Alvin Bentley . . . for the purpose of depositing it in a savings account? . . .

"Why would Senator McCarthy speculate with funds advanced to him for his anti-Communistic drive, or loan such funds to a friend for speculative purposes, particularly when the friend's only experience in the commodity market was limited and unsuccessful?

"Why did Senator McCarthy advance money to William P. McCarthy (the senator's brother) to speculate in the commodity market at a time when he was heavily indebted to the Appleton State Bank and the bank was constantly calling on him for a reduction in the loan or an increase in the collateral?

"Was it proper for Senator McCarthy, while serving on the Banking and Currency Committee and its Subcommittee on Sugar, to seek and accept the endorsement on his bank note for $20,000 by a person vitally interested in sugar legislation?

"What was the source of funds totaling $17,600 allegedly contributed by Senator McCarthy's relatives to his 1944 primary campaign? . . .

"Why did Senator McCarthy, who had $40,000 at his disposal in 1944, call upon his relatives for financial assistance in connection with the 1944 primary campaign?"

These are by no means all the questions raised in the subcommittee report, and none of the questions is idle or rhetorical. They grow naturally and inevitably from the report of investigation. And the fact that they are raised without being answered by the committee is, we imagine, the result not only of a careful impartiality but also of the fraternal charity which senators traditionally show their colleagues.

But the volume of evidence which the subcommittee presented certainly suggests that Senator McCarthy is a person more earthly and devious than the shining knight who has appointed himself to be the St. George who will slay the dragon of unrighteousness singlehanded. We think the questions which this evidence presents urgently require answers. We hope that the Senate or the Attorney General will demand them. And it seems only right that Mr. McCarthy, as an advocate of lie-detecting, should set an example by letting the man wrap the blood-pressure recorder around his arm, and telling all.

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